

# THE MUNSEY





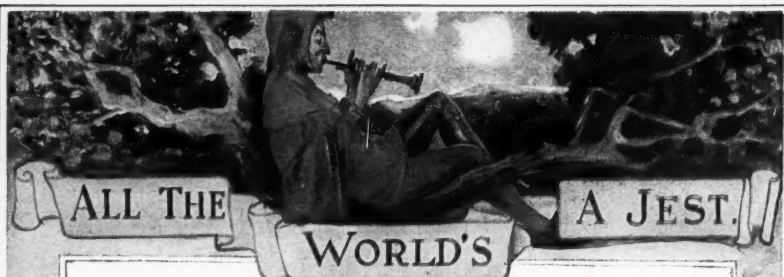
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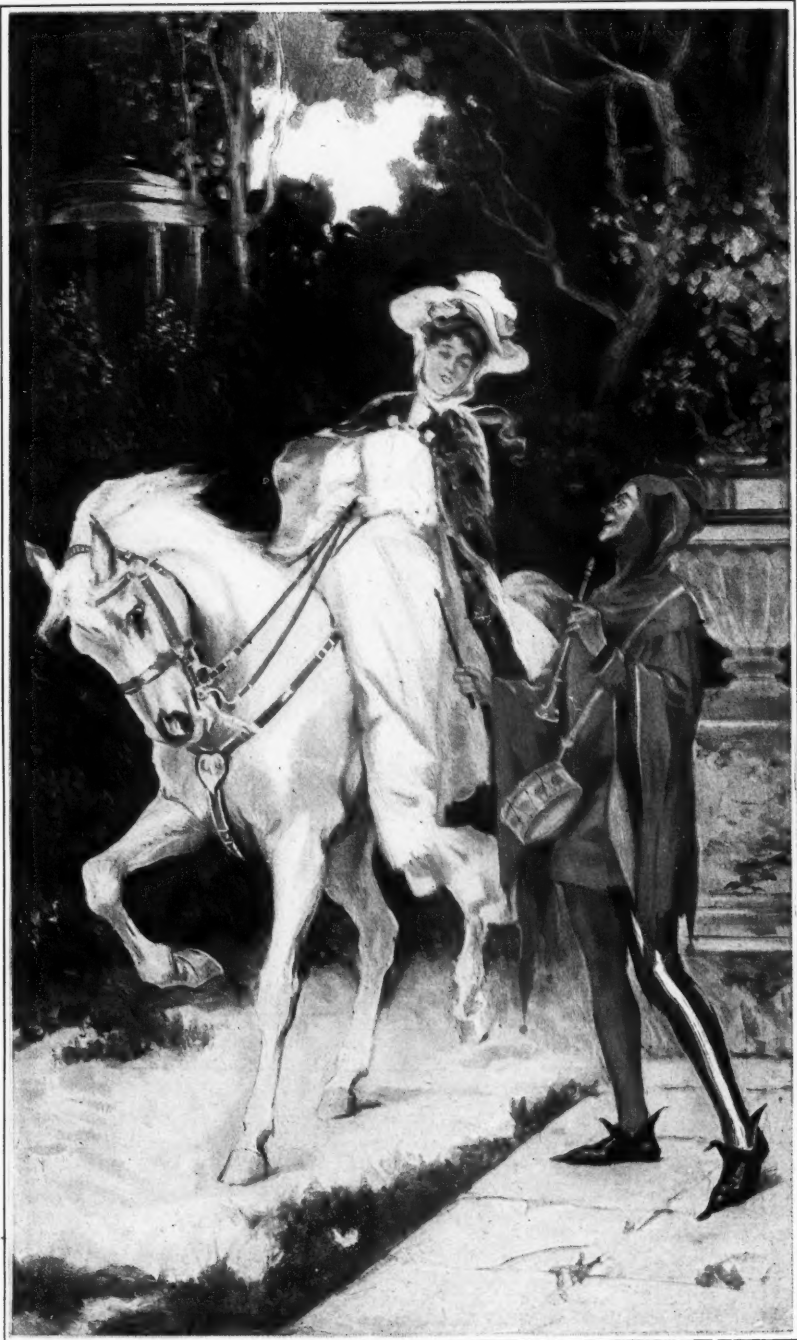


**M**ERRY heart within his breast,  
Fares Sir Folly forth with laughter:  
"All the world's a sorry jest;  
Better far my gleeful quest  
Than the guerdon men strive after."

**M**ADCAP knight at tilt or court,  
Mocking love's sweet melancholy,  
All the world but jest and sport,  
What should woman's heart import  
To thy fickle breast, Sir Folly?

**C**OMES a damsel riding by:  
"Give thee greeting, pretty maiden!  
All the world's a jest, say I;  
Let me woo thee merrily,  
Proffering a heart love-laden."







"WHEN did lover woo," she saith,  
 "Save with sighs and tearful pleading?  
 All the world's a jest?—In faith  
 Here thou dost but waste thy breath;  
 Go thy merry way unheeding!"

DOWN the pathway speedeth she—  
 Silent now thy laugh, Sir Folly!  
 All the world's a jest to thee?—  
 Love bemocked hath suddenly  
 Turned thy mirth to melancholy.

HEAVY heart within his breast  
 Fares Sir Folly sighing after:  
 "All the world's a sorry jest,  
 I, methinks, the sorriest,  
 With the tears beneath the laughter."

*Blanche Trennor Heath*



# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Number IV

## THE TRICENTENARY OF REMBRANDT

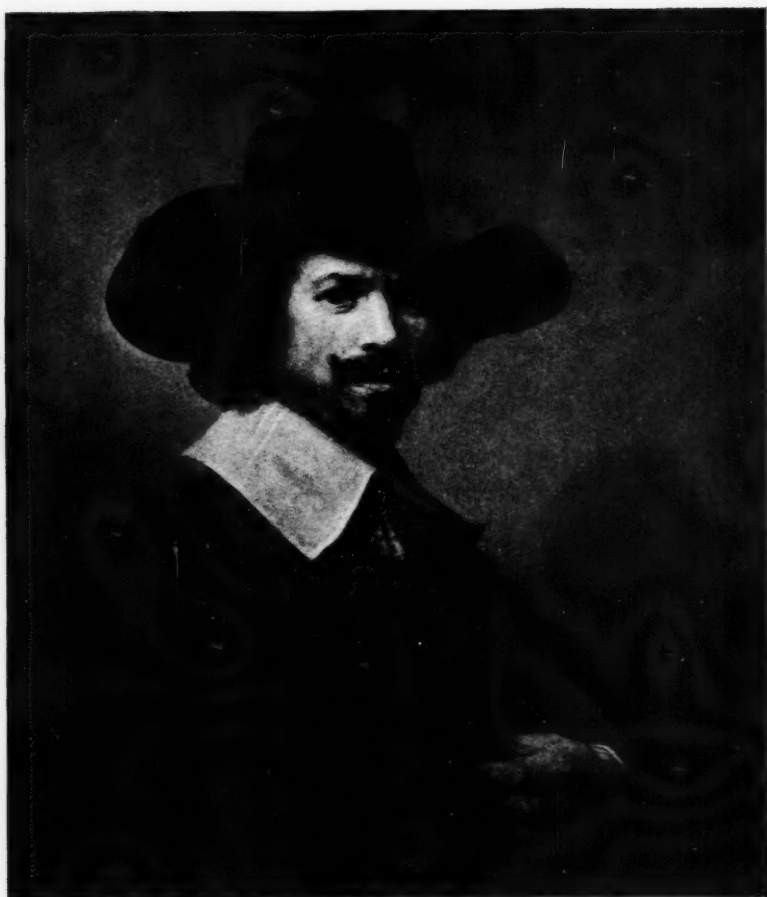
BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE GREAT DUTCH MASTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,  
HIS LIFE AND WORK, AND HIS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF ART

IF you ask an artist to tell you how many of the old masters, in his opinion, knew how to *paint*, he will name, at the outside, only four or five, and perhaps not so many. But three at least he is sure to name—Velasquez, Rem-



"THE MAN IN THE VELVET CAP"—ONE OF REMBRANDT'S MANY PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF  
*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by  
Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*



PORTRAIT OF NICHOLAS BERGHEM, THE CELEBRATED DUTCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTER

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in Grosvenor House, London*

brandt, and Hals. Ask him to explain why he thus restricts his list, and he will say that the old masters used, in the main, a method totally different from our own; that only a scant handful of them treated pigment with a true feeling for its character as pigment.

The layman has to be on his guard in these matters. He has to remember that there are methods and methods, and that the method of the Florentines, for example, was just as valid, in its way, as that of Velasquez or that of Rembrandt. But the difference remains, and the important thing about Rembrandt to fix in the mind at the outset is that he was one of the founders of the modern art of

painting. That is why a special interest attaches to his tercentenary, which is celebrated this year in his native land with all possible pomp and circumstance.

In honoring Rembrandt's memory, artists and art-lovers in Holland, and all the world over, pay tribute not only to a great historical figure but to a source of inspiration which to this day is a practical benefit to the cause of painting. If the truth prevails in art, and if thousands of artists have to-day a better understanding of the resources of their craft, it is largely because Rembrandt passed through the world. We look at the Sistine Madonna, rejoice in its grand beauty, and are content. We look at a

painting by Rembrandt, and carry away from it not only a satisfying sense of beauty but a valuable lesson as to the way in which a picture may be made—a

stances; they appear to have been kindly, sympathetic folk, quick to understand the artistic ambitions which their son developed at an early age. In short,



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT'S MOTHER

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Vienna Gallery*

lesson adapted in every detail to our modern tastes and needs.

#### THE CAREER OF REMBRANDT VAN RYN

The teacher of this lesson was a miller's son, born in a comfortable house on the ramparts of Leyden, on July 15, 1606. His parents were in easy circum-

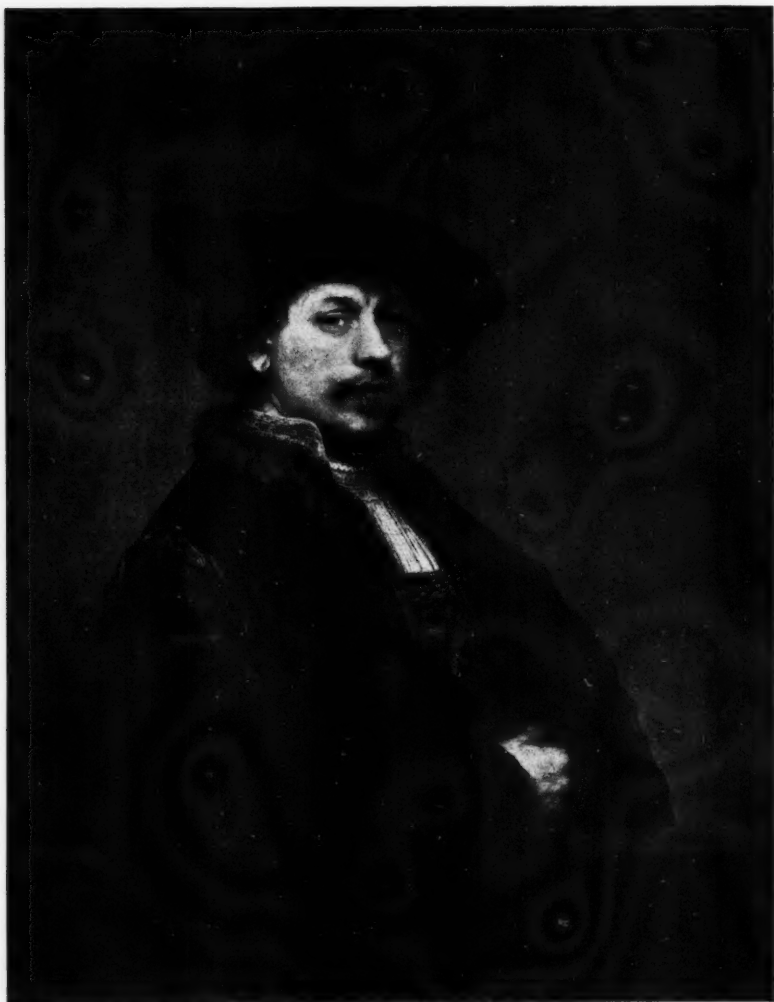
stances; they appear to have been kindly, sympathetic folk, quick to understand the artistic ambitions which their son developed at an early age. In short, Rembrandt experienced none of the usual difficulties when once he had made his choice of a career. The miller and his wife saw no reason why they should compel the lad to study Latin when his heart was set on handling the brush. They released him from school when he was still in his teens, to enter the studio

of Swanenburch, and after three years under that mediocre painter of Biblical and historical compositions they were content to have him leave their house and proceed to Amsterdam, where better instruction was available. He chose for his master Pieter Lastman, who had been to Rome and had brought back with him a Dutchman's version of the classical tradition, which is to say a mode of painting more interesting to his contemporaries than it is to us.

Rembrandt, a man in advance of his

time, was not long in exhausting all that his fashionable master had to teach him. By the time he was eighteen he was ready to return to Leyden, there, in the words of one of his biographers, "to study and practise painting alone, in his own fashion." Henceforth, the story of Rembrandt's life is the story of the development of his art.

It was an art founded upon nature, upon truth, and we shall see Rembrandt trying most of all to make his picture look like the object placed before him;



REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the National Gallery, London*



PORTRAIT OF SASKIA VAN UYLENBORCH, REMBRANDT'S WIFE

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Cassel Gallery*

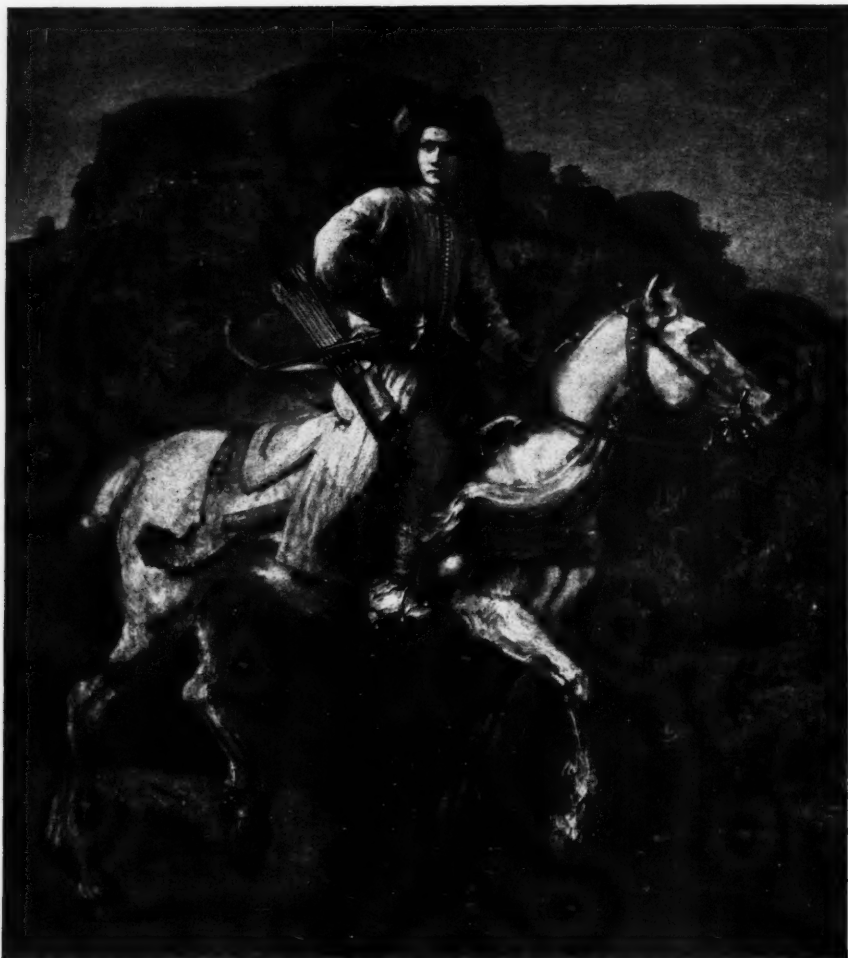
but before we consider his way of going to work we must glance at the social conditions of the period, to which he owed much.

Holland was a wealthy country. Drained as she had been of blood and treasure through her long struggle with Spain, she nevertheless had tremendous recuperative power, and her burghers, having once repaired the ravages of war, devoted themselves with redoubled energy to building up their commerce. They were then, as they are now, a

domestic people, loving their homes, and filling those homes, as a matter of course, with everything that meant comfort and luxury. Rich in artistic talent, they exploited it according to what we may call essentially domestic lights. If they cared for a picture as a picture, as the skilful representation of some interesting scene or subject, they cared even more for the painting which had a direct personal significance. There were collectors in those days, amateurs delighting in all manner of curios, and, in the matter

of painting, responsive to the charm of art for art's sake. But nothing was more acceptable to the prosperous burgher for the adornment of his private walls than a good portrait. He and his

Obviously, a well-trained painter was as sure of his living as was the tailor or the cabinet-maker. I purposely use this homely comparison because, in thinking of Rembrandt, it is important to think of



"THE POLISH RIDER"

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Tarnowski Collection, Cracow*

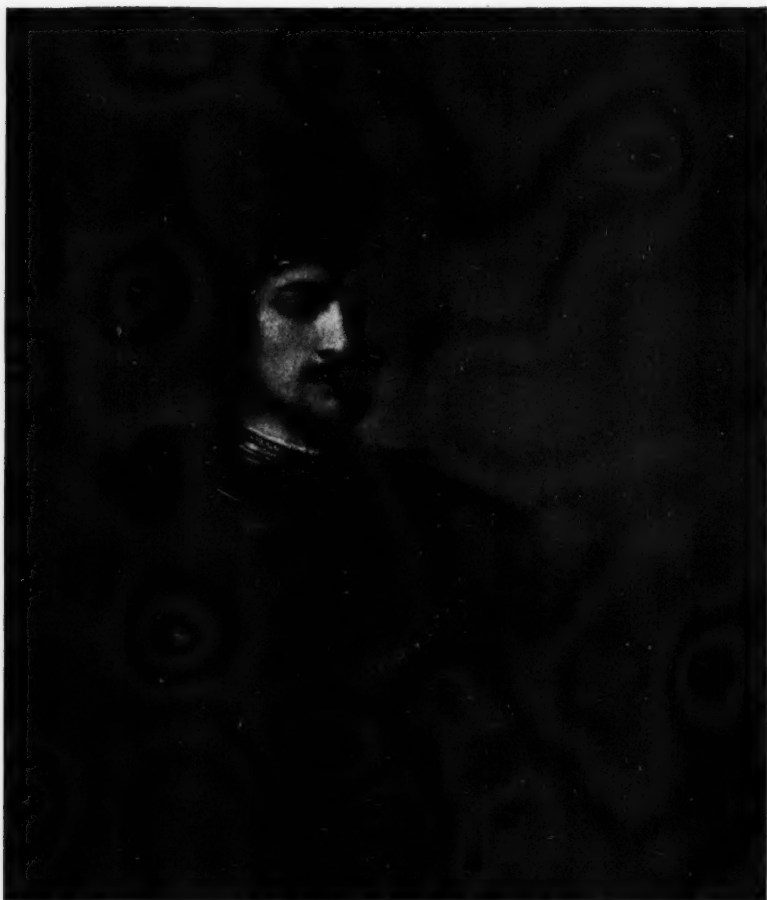
wife, and his children, too, must be painted either in separate canvases or in a group; and when the rich man was not being portrayed for his family he was being immortalized with the other members of his guild in one of those big "corporation pieces" in which the Dutch museums abound.

him as beginning life with his feet firm fixed upon the ground, called upon to paint human beings in a simple, straightforward fashion, and qualified by birth, by breeding, and by his whole natural instinct to enter into the spirit of his surroundings, and execute his task in perfect harmony with them. His time was



STUDY OF AN OLD MAN

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN IN MILITARY COSTUME

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery*

ripe for him, and he was ripe for his time.

In saying that he was a born draftsman we credit him with a gift which he shared with other men; and indeed, in certain other broad characteristics, he was very much a man of his period. Both in his quiet tonality and in the simplicity of his light and shade, he followed the general tendency of his contemporaries in Holland. But what he brought to his work, even as a young man, that was peculiarly his own, was an extraordinary authority in the fusion of draftsmanship, color, and light and shade into a form of art marked by great

feeling for character and by great strength of style.

#### REMBRANDT'S TECHNICAL MASTERY

He began his studies in portraiture by making portraits of himself, and there is a wonderful maturity in these first efforts of his brush. There is a portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, in the museum at The Hague, which dates from about 1629 or 1630, when he was only twenty-three or twenty-four. The head is turned so as to face the beholder, and half of it is in shadow. A steel gorget partly covers the stalwart young shoulders, and just above the gleaming

metal a soft white collar appears, on which a full light falls. Nothing could be simpler than this conception. It breathes the very spirit of Rembrandt's

himself as he saw himself, with a clear, matter-of-fact eye.

What does he do, in addition to all that I have already indicated, to give



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT AND SASKIA, HIS WIFE

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery*

vigorous youth. The bit of armor hints at the love of the picturesque which was in him, but otherwise he gives us nothing of the "studio arrangement"; he paints

this portrait a place apart, to make us realize that he has something new to tell us? He gives to the sheer *paint* of which the portrait is made a rich, warm,

sensuous quality, a character in its very grain that fills us with a sense of individuality and beauty.

The point may be made the clearer if, for a moment, we compare the paint of

out of its surface quite all that there is to be got of texture and color. He does not make you feel the charm that resides in painted surface, simply for its own sake. In a sense, it scarcely matters



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A HAWK

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in Grosvenor House, London*

Rembrandt with the paint of an Italian, say, like Raphael. When the latter has a portrait to make like the famous "Young Cardinal" in the Prado, or the "Baldassare Castiglione" in the Louvre, he makes it one of the world's masterpieces, both as an interpretation and as an example of draftsmanship, modeling, and style, but he does not get

whether he paints his portrait in oils or in water-colors.

#### THE CHARM OF REMBRANDT'S PIGMENT

Now Rembrandt makes you feel that he could not paint his portrait in anything save in oils, and that he is bent upon making every inch of his canvas show the intrinsic charm of oil paint. In

his hands it has a fat, unctuous quality, and it is saturated in light, so that the paint might be described as a kind of skin laid upon the canvas, following all the subtle modulations of form in the

of a jewel, of a flower, of the sea, or of the sky.

Furthermore, and this is the final element in painter's magic, a master like Rembrandt cannot manipulate pigment



PORTRAIT OF COPPENOL, THE WRITING-MASTER

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg*

object represented, and having an organic life of its own. The bony structure in a man's face is expressed in touches having a mysterious life in them. They state the fact, and in stating it they give you a new beauty to admire—the beauty of transparent pigment—which is a beauty as individualized and as haunting as the beauty

in this way without disclosing his own original quality. It is like the touch of the musician; one great violinist or pianist touches his instrument as no one else in the world could touch it. So Rembrandt lends to those rich living surfaces of his an accent which we recognize as though it were the accent of a word falling from his lips.

It was modified, of course, by the passage of time, and it would be very interesting, if the process were not too minute for our present purpose, to follow Rembrandt step by step through his long career, observing the evolution of his art from the productions of his youth to those of his old age. He was always learning, and there is always something to learn in contemplating his passage from one stage to another. But the main point is easily stated.

It is true that in his earlier years Rembrandt painted closely and even sometimes laboriously. He is never, at this time, hard and mechanical, like the mediocrities of his school; but he is very patient and careful in the definition of forms. Both in details of anatomical construction and in matters of costume he is a painstaking realist. But even in his formative years his carefulness has more elasticity than you will find in the freedom of most other men, and as time goes on his art steadily broadens, until, in his prime, his works are executed with superb ease and energy. In complete command of his instruments, knowing just what he wants to do and precisely how to do it, he builds up his massive portraits as though without conscious effort, deepening and enriching his color, making his light and air purer and fuller, more like the light and air of life itself, and altogether putting more clearly and more brilliantly the stamp of greatness upon his work. Armed at all points, a master come into his own, it is no wonder that he took the world by storm.

#### REMBRANDT AND SASKIA

For a number of years his vogue was such that he could scarcely find time to satisfy all of the patrons knocking at his door. He was as fashionable in his way as Lastman had been in his, and with infinitely more reason. Everything seemed destined to contribute to his happiness. Though not a particularly sociable man, he had many stanch friends, and he met in Saskia van Uylenborch the one woman in the world who was formed to make him the wife he wanted. Unavoidable domestic circumstances delayed their union for some years, but in 1634 they were able to

marry, and they then entered upon a life in which Rembrandt's genius expanded as though under the rays of the beneficent sun.

Portraits and other paintings came rapidly from his brush. Heart and mind brimmed over with vitality, and the consummate hand never failed him. Etching occupied him, too, and he added plate after plate to the long list of triumphs associated with his golden age. We see him, in the mind's eye, a type of all that is successful and contented. He rejoiced in his work, and his beloved Saskia filled his cup with bliss. When the little Titus came, it seemed as if the cup would run over. But by this time sorrow had already visited him more than once, death after death occurring in his family circle; and less than a year after the birth of his boy Saskia herself was in the grave. Nor was it by the untoward hand of fate alone that Rembrandt was destined to suffer. In his own character the seeds of trouble were implanted.

I have spoken of his beginning life with his feet firm fixed upon the ground. In just one respect his nature wanted stability—he had no business faculty whatever. As soon as he began to reap the fruits of his success, he took to buying works of art and the many expensive odds and ends that a painter likes to have about him. It filled him with rapture to see his beloved Saskia in fine clothes and jewels, and it never occurred to him that there might be an end to the prosperity which, at the moment, seemed to excuse his extravagance. His natural mood was the mood of that picture in which, with his wife upon his knee, he lifts a wine-glass in his hand and looks laughingly from beneath his plumed hat, a happy man, enjoying mundane pleasure to the full.

He was willing, too, to share his substance with others. His generosity was lavish to the point of indiscretion. It was not in his temperament to take thought of the morrow. Restraint irked him. "When I want to give my wits a rest," he would say, "I do not look for honors, but for liberty." And a flood of light is poured upon his history by that candid saying. His mind rebelled against prosaic cares; he neglected them,



PORTRAIT OF A JEWISH RABBI

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt  
in the Berlin Gallery*



PORTRAIT OF THE PREACHER JAN SYLVIVS

*From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*

and in the long run this neglect made him a bankrupt.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF HIS LATER YEARS

Misfortune, having marked him for its own, resolved to do its work thoroughly. The year of Saskia's death, 1642, was also the year in which he finished one of his greatest pictures, the military subject popularly known as "The Night Watch." This ought to have increased his fame, but Rembrandt unwittingly painted it for posterity

rather than for Captain Frans Banning Cocq and the other civic guardsmen of Amsterdam who commissioned the canvas. Each of those gentlemen wanted his portrait to be clearly visible, if not actually conspicuous in the composition. Rembrandt got interested in the design as a study of light and shade, and subordinated portraiture to dramatic effect. His clients were in a great taking over his indifference to their importance, and as the seventeenth-century Dutch art patron never had any notion of pamper-

ing the seventeenth-century Dutch painter, Rembrandt was the worse off for his independent way of "filling an order." Unwilling to cater to the whims

hand again and again for the gifts of the gods, working valiantly to regain the ground lost in the favor of the public. Though he could never find



"THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE WINDOW"—PORTRAIT OF HENDRICKJE STOFFELS,  
THE COMPANION OF REMBRANDT'S LATER YEARS

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting  
by Rembrandt in the Berlin Gallery*

of wealthy patrons, he ceased to be fashionable, and his financial affairs fell into more and more serious disorder.

There are few pages in the history of the great painters more tragic than those which relate to the second part of Rembrandt's career. He reached out his

another Saskia, he found in Hendrickje Stoffels a companion who comforted him in many ways and was unquestionably a help to him in matters of business. Ultimately, when his home and his collections had been sacrificed to satisfy his creditors, she and Titus put their

shoulders to the wheel and labored strenuously to mend the painter's shattered fortunes. He had made enemies, but some of his friends were faithful, and there was many a commission to

genius shines forth in the mere vitality of his art, in the sweep and power of his stroke, which survives in full effectiveness down to the very end. What a stroke it is, how eloquent not



"AN OLD WOMAN WEIGHING MONEY"

*From a gravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt in the Dresden Gallery*

be executed before he died on Tuesday, October 8, 1669, and was buried in the old Wester Kerk of Amsterdam. But nothing can diminish our sense of the sadness of this period—the mortification, the financial worry, the grief over lost loved ones, the hardships of poverty—nothing unless it is the knowledge of Rembrandt's indomitable genius. That

merely of technical authority but of a lofty soul!

#### REMBRANDT'S HUMAN SYMPATHIES

Rembrandt drank in the inspiration of the Bible at his mother's knee, and he left pictures of religious themes to show that he could illustrate the divine narrative with the highest dignity and the

tenderest feeling. But it is man, in all his infinite variety and in all the chances of daily life, that chiefly serves to stir the depths of his imagination. Character was his ceaseless preoccupation. A great part of the business of his life was the portrayal of his contemporaries, and when he painted them he showed forth their hearts and brains, not only in their faces, but in their bodies, in their hands, in all that is implied by carriage and gesture. His parents occupied both his brush and his etching needle; he was forever making portraits of Saskia, of Titus, and afterward of Hendrickje Stoffels, and all his life long he was pondering his own features and telling as he drew them, far better than words could tell, of what lay beneath their surface.

What manner of ideal is it that we may discern there with his aid? Not an ideal of romantic yearning after beauty. Not the ideal of a poet in the ordinary sense of the word, seeing visions and

dreaming dreams. No, it was the ideal of a profoundly sympathetic human being, fascinated by the poignant meaning of the life around him, and impelled to express its touching beauty in terms of simplicity and truth. In his celebrated lecture Whistler speaks of art as being "selfishly occupied with her own perfection only," as having no desire to teach, but "seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt, when he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks."

I looked with Whistler once at a proof of one of Rembrandt's finest etched portraits, the "Jan Sylvius," and on it the American had written these words: "Without flaw. Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret. A masterpiece in all its elements, beyond which there is nothing." With this tribute we may fitly close.

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#### BECAUSE OF YOU

SWEET have I known the blossoms of the morning,  
Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew;  
But now my flowers have found a fuller fragrance  
Because of you.

Long have I worshiped in my soul's enshrining  
High visions of the noble and the true;  
Now all my aims and all my prayers are purer  
Because of you.

Wise have I seen the uses of life's labor,  
To all its puzzles found some answering clue;  
But now my life has learned a nobler meaning  
Because of you.

In the past days I chafed at pain and waiting,  
Grasping at gladness as the children do;  
Now is it sweet to wait and joy to suffer  
Because of you.

In the long years of silences that part us,  
Dimmed by my tears and darkened to my view,  
Close shall I hold my memories and my madness  
Because of you.

Whether our lips shall touch or hands shall hunger,  
Whether our love be fed or joys be few,  
Life will be sweeter and more worth the living  
Because of you!

*Almon Hensley*

# THE HANDBOOK OF HYMEN

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "TELEMACHUS, FRIEND," "HOSTAGES TO MOMUS," ETC.

THIS is the opinion of myself, Sander-son Pratt, who sets this down, that the educational system of the United States should be in the hands of the weather bureau. I can give you good reasons for it; and you can't tell me why our college professors shouldn't be transferred to the meteorological department. They have been learned to read; and they could very easily glance at the morning papers and then wire in to the main office what kind of weather to expect. But there's the other side of the proposition. I am going on to tell you how the weather furnished me and Idaho Green with a elegant education.

We was up in the Bitter Root Mountains over the Montana line prospecting for gold. A chin-whiskered man in Walla-Walla, carrying a line of hope as excess baggage, had grubstaked us; and there we was in the foothills pecking away, with enough grub on hand to last an army through a peace conference.

Along one day comes a mail-rider over the mountains from Carlos, and stops to eat three cans of greengages, and leave us a newspaper of modern date. This paper prints a system of premonitions of the weather, and the card it dealt Bitter Root Mountains from the bottom of the deck was "warmer and fair, with light westerly breezes."

That evening it begun to snow with the wind strong in the east. Me and Idaho moved camp into an old empty cabin higher up the mountain, thinking it was only a November flurry. But after falling three foot on a level it went to work in earnest; and we knew we was snowed in. We got in plenty of firewood before it got deep, and we had grub enough for two months, so we let the elements rage and cut up all they thought proper.

If you want to instigate the art of manslaughter just shut two men up in a eighteen- by twenty-foot cabin for a month. Human nature won't stand it.

When the first snowflakes fell me and Idaho Green laughed at each other's jokes and praised the stuff we turned out of a skillet and called bread. At the end of three weeks Idaho makes this kind of a edict to me. Says he:

"I never exactly hear sour milk dropping out of a balloon on the bottom of a tin pan, but I have an idea it would be music of the spears compared to this attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought that emanates out of your organs of conversation. The kind of half-masticated noises that you emit every day puts me in mind of a cow's cud, only she's lady enough to keep hers to herself, and you ain't."

"Mr. Green," says I, "you having been a friend of mine once, I have some hesitations in confessing to you that if I had my choice for society between you and a common, yellow, three-legged cur pup, one of the inmates of this here cabin would be wagging a tail just at present."

This way we goes on for two or three days, and then we quits speaking to one another. We divides up the cooking implements, and Idaho cooks his grub on one side of the fireplace, and me on the other. The snow is up to the windows, and we have to keep a fire all day.

You see, me and Idaho never had any education beyond reading, and doing "if John had three apples and James five" on a slate. We never had felt any special need for a university degree, though we had acquired a species of intrinsic intelligence in knocking around the world that we could use in emergen-

cies. But, snowbound in that cabin in the Bitter Roots, we felt for the first time that if we had studied Homer or Greek and fractions and the higher branches of information, we'd have had some resources in the line of meditation and private thought. I've seen them Eastern college fellows working in camps all through the West, and I never noticed but what education was less of a drawback to 'em than you would think. Why, once over on Snake River, when Andrew McWilliams' saddle horse got the bats, he sent a buckboard ten miles for one of these strangers that claimed to be a botanist. But that horse died.

## II

ONE morning Idaho was poking around with a stick on top of a little shelf that was too high to reach. Two books fell down to the floor. I started toward 'em, but caught Idaho's eye. He speaks for the first time in a week.

"Don't burn your fingers," says he. "In spite of the fact that you're only fit to be the companion of a sleeping mud-turtle, I'll give you a square deal. And that's more than your parents did when they turned you loose in the world with the sociability of a rattlesnake and the bedside manner of a frozen turnip. I'll play you a game of seven-up, the winner to pick up his choice of the books, the loser to take the other."

We played; and Idaho won. He picked up his book; and I took mine. Then each of us got on his side of the house and went to reading.

I never was as glad to see a ten-ounce nugget as I was that book. And Idaho looked at his like a kid looks at a stick of candy.

Mine was a little book about five by six inches called "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information." I may be wrong, but I think that was the greatest book that ever was written. I've got it to-day; and I can stump you or any man fifty times in five minutes with the information in it. Talk about Solomon or the New York *Tribune*! Herkimer had cases on both of 'em. That man must have put in fifty years and traveled a million miles to find out all that stuff. There was the population of all cities in it, and the way to

tell a girl's age, and the number of teeth a camel has. It told you the longest tunnel in the world, the number of the stars, how long it takes for chicken-pox to break out, what a lady's neck ought to measure, the veto powers of Governors, the dates of the Roman aqueducts, how many pounds of rice going without three beers a day would buy, the average annual temperature of Augusta, Maine, the quantity of seed required to plant an acre of carrots in drills, antidotes for poisons, the number of hairs on a blond lady's head, how to preserve eggs, the height of all the mountains in the world, and the dates of all wars and battles, and how to restore drowned persons, and sunstroke, and the number of tacks in a pound, and how to make dynamite and flowers and beds, and what to do before the doctor comes—and a hundred times as many things besides. If there was anything Herkimer didn't know I didn't miss it out of the book.

I sat and read that book for four hours. All the wonders of education was compressed in it. I forgot the snow, and I forgot that me and old Idaho was on the outs. He was sitting still on a stool reading away with a kind of partly soft and partly mysterious look shining through his tan-bark whiskers.

"Idaho," says I, "what kind of a book is yours?"

Idaho must have forgot, too, for he answered moderate, without any slander or malignity.

"Why," says he, "this here seems to be a volume by Homer K. M."

"Homer K. M. what?" I asks.

"Why, just Homer K. M.," says he.

"You're a liar," says I, a little riled that Idaho should try to put me up a tree. "No man is going 'round signing books with his initials. If it's Homer K. M. Spoopendyke, or Homer K. M. McSweeney, or Homer K. M. Jones, why don't you say so like a man instead of biting off the end of it like a calf chewing off the tail of a shirt on a clothes-line?"

"I put it to you straight, Sandy," says Idaho, quiet. "It's a poem book," says he, "by Homer K. M. I couldn't get color out of it at first, but there's a vein if you follow it up. I wouldn't be

missed this book for a pair of red blankets."

"You're welcome to it," says I. "What I want is a disinterested statement of facts for the mind to work on."

"What you've got," says Idaho, "is statistics, the lowest grade of information that exists. They'll poison your mind. Give me old K. M.'s system of surmises. He seems to be a kind of a wine agent. His regular toast is 'nothing doing,' and he seems to have a grouch, but he keeps it so well lubricated with booze that his worst kicks sound like an invitation to split a quart. But it's poetry," says Idaho, "and I have sensations of scorn for that truck of yours that tries to convey sense in feet and inches. When it comes to explaining the instinct of philosophy through the art of nature, old K. M. has got your man beat by drills, rows, paragraphs, chest measurement, and average annual rainfall."

So that's the way me and Idaho had it. Day and night all the excitement we got was studying our books. That snow-storm sure fixed us with a fine lot of attainments apiece. By the time the snow melted, if you had stepped up to me suddenly and said: "Sanderson Pratt, what would it cost per square foot to lay a roof with twenty by twenty-eight tin at nine dollars and fifty cents per box?" I'd have told you as quick as light could travel the length of a spade handle at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second. How many can do it? You wake up 'most any man you know in the middle of the night, and ask him quick to tell you the number of bones in the human skeleton exclusive of the teeth, or what percentage of the vote of the Nebraska Legislature overrules a veto. Will he tell you? Try him and see.

About what benefit Idaho got out of his poetry book I didn't exactly know. Idaho boasted the wine-agent every time he opened his mouth; but I wasn't so sure.

This Homer K. M., from what leaked out of his libretto through Idaho, seemed to me to be a kind of a dog who looked at life like it was a tin can tied to his tail. After running himself half to death, he sits down, hangs

his tongue out, and looks at the can and says:

"Oh, well, since we can't shake the growler, let's get it filled at the corner, and all have a drink on me."

Besides that, it seems he was a Persian; and I never hear of Persia producing anything worth mentioning unless it was Turkish rugs and Maltese cats.

### III

THAT spring me and Idaho struck pay ore. It was a habit of ours to sell out quick and keep moving. We unloaded on our grubstaker for eight thousand dollars apiece; and then we drifted down to this little town of Rosa, on the Salmon River, to rest up, and get some human grub, and have our whiskers harvested.

Rosa was no mining-camp. It laid in the valley, and was as free of uproar and pestilence as one of them rural towns in the country. There was a three-mile trolley line champing its bit in the environs; and me and Idaho spent a week riding on one of the cars, dropping off of nights at the Sunset View Hotel. Being now well read as well as traveled, we was soon *pro re nata* with the best society in Rosa, and was invited out to the most dressed-up and licentious entertainments. It was at a piano recital and quail-eating contest in the city hall, for the benefit of the fire company, that me and Idaho first met Mrs. De Ormond Sampson, the queen of Rosa society.

Mrs. Sampson was a widow, and owned the only two-story house in town. It was painted yellow, and whichever way you looked from you could see it as plain as egg on the chin of an O'Grady on a Friday. Twenty-two men in Rosa besides me and Idaho was trying to stake a claim on that yellow house.

There was a dance after the song books and quail bones had been raked out of the Hall. Twenty-three of the bunch galloped over to Mrs. Sampson and asked for a dance. I side-stepped the two-step, and asked permission to escort her home. That's where I made a hit.

On the way home says she:

"Ain't the stars lovely and bright to-night, Mr. Pratt?"

"For the chance they've got," says I,

"they're humping themselves in a mighty creditable way. That big one you see is sixty-six billions of miles distant. It took thirty-six years for its light to reach us. With an eighteen-foot telescope you can see forty-three millions of 'em, including them of the thirteenth magnitude, which, if one was to go out now, you would keep on seeing it for twenty-seven hundred years."

"My!" says Mrs. Sampson. "I never knew that before. How warm it is! I'm as damp as I can be from dancing so much."

"That's easy to account for," says I. "When you happen to know that you've got two million sweat-glands working all at once. If every one of your perspiratory ducts, which are a quarter of an inch long, was placed end to end, they would reach a distance of seven miles."

"Lawdy!" says Mrs. Sampson. "It sounds like a irrigation ditch you was describing, Mr. Pratt. How do you get all this knowledge of information?"

"From observation, Mrs. Sampson," I tells her. "I keep my eyes open when I go about the world."

"Mr. Pratt," says she, "I always did admire a man of education. There are so few scholars among the sap-headed plug-uglies of this town that it is a real pleasure to converse with a gentleman of culture. I'd be gratified to have you call at my house whenever you feel so inclined."

And that was the way I got the goodwill of the lady in the yellow house. Every Tuesday and Friday evenings I used to go there and tell her about the wonders of the universe as discovered, tabulated, and compiled from nature by Herkimer. Idaho and the other gay Lutherans of the town got every minute of the rest of the week that they could.

I never imagined that Idaho was trying to work on Mrs. Sampson with old K. M.'s rules of courtship till one afternoon when I was on my way over to take her a basket of wild hog-plums. I met the lady coming down the lane that led to her house. Her eyes was snapping, and her hat made a dangerous dip over one eye.

"Mr. Pratt," she opens up, "this Mr. Green is a friend of yours, I believe."

"For nine years," says I.

"Cut him out," says she. "He's no gentleman!"

"Why, ma'am," says I, "he's a plain incumbent of the mountains, with asperities and the usual failings of a spendthrift and a liar, but I never on the most momentous occasion had the heart to deny that he was a gentleman. It may be that in haberdashery and the sense of arrogance and display Idaho offends the eye, but inside, ma'am, I've found him impervious to the lower grades of crime and obesity. After nine years of Idaho's society, Mrs. Sampson," I winds up, "I should hate to impute him, and I should hate to see him imputed."

"It's right plausible of you, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "to take up the curmudgeons in your friend's behalf; but it don't alter the fact that he has made proposals to me sufficiently obnoxious to ruffle the ignominy of any lady."

"Why now, now, now!" says I. "Old Idaho do that! I could believe it of myself sooner. I never knew but one thing to deride in him; and a blizzard was responsible for that. Once while we was snow-bound in the mountains he become a prey to a kind of spurious and uneven poetry, which may have corrupted his demeanor."

"It has," says Mrs. Sampson. "Ever since I knew him, he has been reciting to me a lot of irreligious rhymes by some person he calls Ruby Ott, and who is no better than she should be, if you judge by her poetry."

"Then Idaho has struck a new book," says I, "for the one he had was by a man who writes under the *nom de plume* of K. M."

"He'd better have stuck to it," says Mrs. Sampson, "whatever it was. And to-day he caps the vortex. I get a bunch of flowers from him, and on 'em is pinned a note. Now, Mr. Pratt, you know a lady when you see her; and you know how I stand in Rosa society. Do you think for a moment that I'd skip out to the woods with a man along with a jug of wine and a loaf of bread, and go singing and cavorting up and down under the trees with him? I take a little claret with my meals, but I'm not in the habit of packing a jug of it into the brush

and raising Cain in any such style as that. And of course he'd bring his book of verses along too. He said so. Let him go on his scandalous picnics alone! Or let him take his Ruby Ott with him. I reckon she wouldn't kick unless it was on account of there being too much bread along. And what do you think of your gentleman friend now, Mr. Pratt?"

"Well, 'm," says I, "it may be that Idaho's invitation was a kind of poetry, and meant no harm. Maybe it belonged to the class of rhymes they call figurative. They offend law and order, but they get sent through the mails on the grounds that they mean something that they don't say. I'd be glad on Idaho's account if you'd overlook it," says I, "and let us extricate our minds from the low regions of poetry to the higher planes of fact and fancy. On a beautiful afternoon like this, Mrs. Sampson," I goes on, "we should let our thoughts dwell accordingly. Though it is warm here, we should remember that at the equator the line of perpetual frost is at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. Between the latitudes of forty degrees and forty-nine degrees it is from four thousand to nine thousand feet."

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "it's such a comfort to hear you say them beautiful facts after getting such a jar from that minx of a Ruby's poetry!"

"Let us sit on this log at the roadside," says I, "and forget the inhumanity and ribaldry of the poets. It is in the glorious columns of ascertained facts and legalized measures that beauty is to be found. In this very log we sit upon, Mrs. Sampson," says I, "is statistics more wonderful than any poem. The rings show it was sixty years old. At the depth of two thousand feet it would become coal in three thousand years. The deepest coal mine in the world is at Killingworth, near Newcastle. A box four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet eight inches deep will hold one ton of coal. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. A man's leg contains thirty bones. The Tower of London was burned in 1841."

"Go on, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson. "Them ideas is so original and soothing. I think statistics are just as lovely as they can be."

But it wasn't till two weeks later that I got all that was coming to me out of Herkimer.

One night I was waked up by folks hollering "Fire!" all around. I jumped up and dressed and went out of the hotel to enjoy the scene. When I seen it was Mrs. Sampson's house, I gave forth a kind of yell, and I was there in two minutes.

The whole lower story of the yellow house was in flames, and every masculine, feminine, and canine in Rosa was there, screeching and barking and getting in the way of the firemen. I saw Idaho trying to get away from six firemen who were holding him. They was telling him the whole place was on fire down-stairs, and no man could go in it and come out alive.

"Where's Mrs. Sampson?" I asks.

"She hasn't been seen," says one of the firemen. "She sleeps up-stairs. We've tried to get in, but we can't, and our company hasn't got any ladders yet."

I runs around to the light of the big blaze, and pulls the Hand-Book out of my inside pocket. I kind of laughed when I felt it in my hands—I reckon I was some daffy with the sensation of excitement.

"Herky, old boy," I says to it, as I flipped over the pages, "you ain't ever lied to me yet, and you ain't ever throwed me down at a scratch yet. Tell me what, old boy, tell me what!" says I.

I turned to "What to do in Case of Accidents," on page 117. I run my finger down the page, and struck it. Good old Herkimer, he never overlooked anything! It said:

SUFFOCATION FROM INHALING SMOKE OR GAS.—There is nothing better than flaxseed. Place a few grains in the outer corner of the eye.

I shoved the Hand-Book back in my pocket, and grabbed a boy that was running by.

"Here," says I, giving him some money, "run to the drug store and bring a dollar's worth of flaxseed. Hurry, and you'll get another one for yourself. Now," I sings out to the crowd, "we'll have Mrs. Sampson!" And I throws away my coat and hat.

Four of the firemen and citizens grabs

hold of me. It's sure death, they say, to go in the house, for the floors was beginning to fall through.

"How in blazes," I sings out, kind of laughing yet, but not feeling like it, "do you expect me to put flaxseed in a eye without the eye?"

I jabbed each elbow in a fireman's face, kicked the bark off of one citizen's shin, and tripped the other one with a side hold. And then I busted into the house. If I die first I'll write you a letter and tell you if it's any worse down there than the inside of that yellow house was; but don't believe it yet. I was a heap more cooked than the hurry-up orders of broiled chicken that you get in restaurants. The fire and smoke had me down on the floor twice, and was about to shame Herkimer, but the firemen helped me with their little stream of water, and I got to Mrs. Sampson's room. She'd lost conscientiousness from the smoke, so I wrapped her in the bed clothes and got her on my shoulder. Well, the floors wasn't as bad as they said, or I never could have done it—not by no means.

I carried her out fifty yards from the house and laid her on the grass. Then, of course, every one of them other twenty-two plaintiffs to the lady's hand crowded around with tin dippers of water ready to save her. And up runs the boy with the flaxseed.

I unwrapped the covers from Mrs. Sampson's head. She opens her eyes and says:

"Is that you, Mr. Pratt?"

"S-s-sh," says I. "Don't talk till you've had the remedy."

I runs my arm around her neck and raises her head, gentle, and breaks the bag of flaxseed with the other hand; and as easy as I could I bends over and slips three or four of the seeds in the outer corner of her eye.

Up gallops the village doc by this time, and snorts around, and grabs at

Mrs. Sampson's pulse, and wants to know what I mean by any such sand-blasted nonsense.

"Well, old Jalap and Jerusalem oak-seed," says I, "I'm no regular practitioner, but I'll show you my authority, anyway."

They fetch my coat, and I gets out the Hand-Book.

"Look on page 117," says I, "at the remedy for suffocation by smoke or gas. Flaxseed in the outer corner of the eye, it says. I don't know whether it works as a smoke consumer or whether it hikes the compound gastro-hippopotamus nerve into action, but Herkimer says it, and he was called to the case first. If you want to make it a consultation, there's no objection."

Old doc takes the book and looks at it by means of his specs and a fireman's lantern.

"Well, Mr. Pratt," says he, "you evidently got on the wrong line in reading your diagnosis. The recipe for suffocation says: 'Get the patient into fresh air as quickly as possible, and place in a reclining position.' The flaxseed remedy is for 'Dirt and Cinders in the Eye,' on the line above. But, after all——"

"See here," interrupts Mrs. Sampson, "I reckon I've got something to say in this consultation. That flaxseed done me more good than anything I ever tried." And then she raises up her head and lays it back on my arm again, and says: "Put some in the other eye, Sandy dear."

And so if you was to stop off at Rosa to-morrow, or any other day, you'd see a fine new yellow house with Mrs. Pratt, that was Mrs. Sampson, embellishing and adorning it. And if you was to step inside you'd see on the marble-top center table in the parlor "Herkimer's Hand-Book of Indispensable Information," all rebound in red morocco, and ready to be consulted on any subject pertaining to human happiness and wisdom.

#### THE STREAM

A-GIPSYING, a-gipsying, on silver feet I run;

I pity all earth's prisoners held captive by her bars.

By day my spray glows bright with all the colors of the sun;

At night my pools spread black and still to hold God's glorious stars.

Grace MacGowan Cooke

# SPEAKER CANNON

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR.

THE VETERAN REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS WHO HOLDS THE OFFICE THAT STANDS SECOND ONLY TO THE PRESIDENCY AS A PRACTICAL POWER IN AMERICAN POLITICS

THE floor of the House of Representatives was wind-swept, one afternoon not long ago, with oratorical pleas urging the faithful of both parties to save the nation according to the widely conflicting plans of the leaders. Only the old hands were allowed to get into the debate. The others were there to vote as they were told; and among them were two young Congressmen sent to the capital from Illinois, who stood like outsiders just in front of the chairman of the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

If they felt as much out of their element as they looked, those two youthful members were lonely indeed. Yet in a moment they were set entirely at their ease. Some one had touched them from behind, his arm had gone round each man's shoulder, and when they saw who it was, instinctively their arms had gone around his. The Speaker, the source of all present power in that body, had come along to "make friends."

Hardly any happening, important or unimportant, could have been more characteristic of Joseph G. Cannon, or could have revealed more of his personality. The debate was a strenuous one, but not strenuous enough to disturb him in the least. The issue pending was not in so much danger that he did not have time to be kind to youngsters from his own State. He put his arms around them, as a moment later he might put his arms around the two Democrats then engaged in rhetorically belaboring all his fellow Republicans. Yet all the time he had his eyes on the business of the House.

Affection, subjective and objective, and

business, public and private, adjusted in that nice proportion which makes life happy for a man's self and useful to his neighbors, have been the springs of Uncle Joe Cannon's success—to use the homely title by which he is best known to Washington and the world at large. If he has any enemies—it would be a long hunt to find them—they are not likely to deny that, however keenly he fought them, he offered them, both before and after the fight, all the good-fellowship of his nature. That has always been his way—the way in which he has risen, step by step, from a country grocery to the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

## HOW CANNON CAME TO THE FRONT

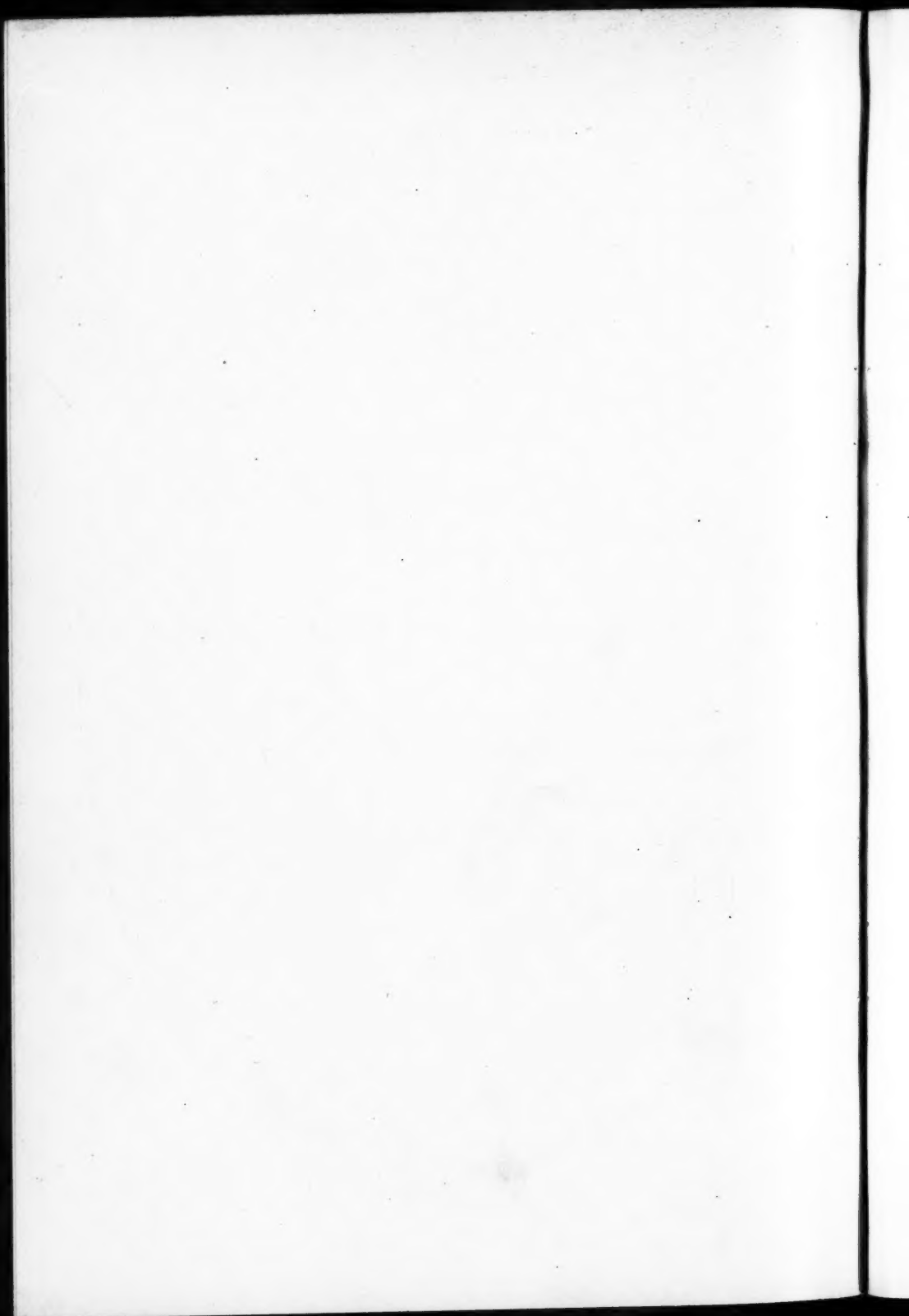
Thirty-four years ago, when he first made up his mind to go to Congress, he was a self-taught young lawyer in eastern Illinois, who knew the world from practical experience of its rough places, and who had a natural aptitude for politics. He was elected largely because he "got out the Quaker vote." The son of a Quaker from North Carolina, he knew every Quaker family of consequence within driving distance. When he wanted office, therefore, though the mud was as sticky as glue and the streams were swollen to the danger-point, and there were no bridges, he made a house to house campaign throughout the district, told all the Friends who he was, and asked them for what he wanted. The good old people would listen gravely, he says, and reply:

"Yes, Joseph. We know thy good mother and we knew thy good father. We



JOSEPH G. CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*From a stereograph—copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



know thee as a good son. We will vote for thee."

That was in 1872. Every second year since, except in 1890, when McKinley and nearly every other Republican in the House was beaten also, he has been re-nominated by acclamation and reelected against the strongest opposition the Democrats can provide.

The Joe Cannon we know has been matured in the course of this long service in Congress. Some one has described him as a product of the Civil War. He is not so much of the war school, however, as of the Congressional school which had to wrestle with the problems entailed by the great conflict. He was seeking Republican leadership at the very epoch in the party's history when its highest places were sought by the greatest number of men and by the strongest men. It is not always easy to get the lead in a minority of two. What a developing fight it must have been, then, to contend for it in a majority which included such chieftains as Conkling, Frye, Blaine, and Reed!

#### A WATCH-DOG OF THE PUBLIC TREASURY

Cannon earned his position in Congress. Year by year he accumulated the equipment which means influence there. He did not rely primarily upon oratory, or wit, or organization, but upon his sympathetic knowledge of the American people and his practical understanding of their business interests. For twenty years he accustomed his colleagues to trust his mastery of industrial statistics and his wide acquaintance with the world of commerce. It is no wonder that he was soon a member of the committee on appropriations, or that he was chairman of that committee for a decade.

All this time Cannon was following a program which would have made enemies by the score for most men. It was his business to oppose any Congressman who appealed to the House for an increase over the allowances fixed by the committee. No one who can recall those days will suggest that he did his appointed work with any effort at conciliating his antagonists. On the contrary, he over-rode them without mercy. Yet to-day, after all the years he spent in that militant service, it is a matter of real doubt

if "Uncle Joe" ever alienated a single friend or acquaintance by fighting his plea for more money.

#### A SHREWD AND KINDLY PERSONALITY

What is the explanation? It is the other half of the combination suggested at the outset—affection. Like Abou-ben-Adhem, he is a man who loves his fellow-men. There is not a member of the House who has not felt the force of that regard. It exhales from Speaker Cannon as unconsciously as his smile. It is the key to his personality.

On the day of the vote on the rule to bring in the Statehood Bill without amendment, Representative Bede, of Minnesota, found occasion to reply to Mr. Payne, of New York, floor leader for the Republicans. The latter had argued against having the vote of New York's two Senators canceled, as might happen, by the vote of two Senators from Arizona.

"The gentleman refers to the two Senators from New York," observed Mr. Bede with a drawl which cleared the way for a good laugh. "Most people are trying to forget them."

"Bang!" went the Speaker's gavel, and there followed a severe admonition to Mr. Bede to show due respect to the members of the other House.

A few days later some one referred to Bede's joke.

"I should have been put to it to find the rule which declared Bede out of order," said the Speaker slowly; "but I know Adam Bede. I've campaigned with him; and I like him. I wasn't willing that he should stand up there and make a joke of a man we were all glad enough to go to see last year, just because he happens to be down this year."

There is one illustration of Uncle Joe Cannon's ways. Those two young Congressmen from his own State, to whom he paid more attention than to the floor leaders, could give another. Men who have gone to him in trouble could give a thousand. All would reveal the same quality—a kindly interest which strikes through all reserve because it is so clearly genuine. It was that, coupled with confidence in his proven business capacity and unassailed integrity, which elected him Speaker three years ago, practically without opposition. It was that, at the

close of his first Congress, which drew from the minority leader a resolution, adopted in what was called a joint caucus, crediting to him not alone the "fair, impartial, and able manner" which is ascribed to all retiring Speakers, but "sturdy common sense and genial good-humor, which have induced the members of the House itself at this session, in a degree almost unprecedented, in imitation of him, to display the same sterling American characteristics in their deliberations and mutual dealings."

Affection is, in fact, the most charac-

teristic thing about Joe Cannon. The cartoons have emphasized his cigar. The funny papers dwell constantly on his supposed tendency to indulge in profanity. The eye fixes itself on a short, extremely slender figure, garbed in flapping cloth, and surmounted by a mass of white beard and one of the keenest and kindest faces in the world. History will have much to say of the eventful record of his public service; but memory will regard him chiefly as one who instinctively puts his arm about his fellows and wakens in them the same simple affection.

## MUSICIANS AND THEIR EARNINGS

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE LARGEST FINANCIAL REWARDS, IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC, ARE THOSE OF THE GREAT OPERA SINGERS; BUT HANDSOME INCOMES ARE ALSO EARNED BY SOME OF THE LEADING COMPOSERS, CONDUCTORS, PIANISTS, AND VIOLINISTS

IN the musical world, as elsewhere, it is unfortunately true that those who earn most money are not those who do the most important work. The shower of gold falls not alike upon the just and the unjust, but appears to seek those who are most in the public eye. Creative genius is not paid as it ought to be. The easy-going world is prone to regard the person who presents the product of the creative mind as of far more value than the creative mind itself. The interpretative artist gets by far the largest financial rewards, most of the newspaper publicity, and pretty nearly all the public worship.

It has always been so, and probably will always be so. Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini are but names to the public. They are not personalities. No one takes any direct interest in them. They have lived, or still live, somewhere in the indefinite east, and cut musical garments of glory to fit the lords and

ladies of the world of song. We see and hear the lords and ladies. They convey to us the messages of the masters, and we lay our tributes at their feet.

When Beethoven was in the land of the living, he was always poor. He lived meanly and faced poverty often. He never knew luxury, and had only a distant bowing acquaintance with comfort. Since his time conditions have materially altered. Such a master would not to-day be continually obliged to look for help to some rich patron, unless he was a wild, impracticable fellow, like Wagner, with new notions not immediately acceptable to the world.

### THE MAKERS OF OPERA

Wagner struggled almost in vain till the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria came to his aid. After that, he had plenty, and when he died he left to his widow and son copyrights worth some thirty thousand dollars a year, besides the exclu-

sive possession of "Parsifal," which has not yet been performed in Europe outside of Bayreuth. The revenues of the Wagner family are equal to an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year in this country. Hence it is safe to say that Wagner is the best-paid composer of the present. "Lohengrin" is performed oftener in Europe than any other opera, and Wagner's representations far outnumber those of any other master. His name and fame were in more than one sense a precious heritage to his family.

Next to Wagner, the most successful composer in Europe just now is Puccini, the creator of "Tosca," "La Bohème," and "Madame Butterfly." An estimate of his earnings is almost impossible to get, because he draws royalties from so many different sources and in so many different ways. A conservative calculation of his earnings, however, puts them at about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, which in the economical land of Italy makes him a prince. And although he does not earn so much as Wagner, he has one tremendous advantage over that master in that he is still alive, and may add to his list of successes.

Coming over the ocean to our own country, we find that we are conspicuously without any Wagners or Puccinis. Our great composers are yet in embryo. The money earned in the United States by the composition of high-class music is so little that it would scarcely be worth while to search for it. On the other hand, we are not wholly without producers of music which pays, and pays very well. The field of profit in this happy land lies in the composition of comic operettas and songs.

#### TWO WELL-PAID AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Reginald de Koven is the dean of the guild in this branch of industry. He has long been engaged in turning out operetta scores and songs suited to the atmosphere of the drawing-room in the hazy hours that follow dinner. Naturally his profits fluctuate. When he has a successful operetta on the boards, his royalties will easily reach a thousand dollars a week. That sum would come to him from one theater; but he sometimes has two or three pieces before the public in different places. It would probably

be a conservative estimate to say that he averages twelve hundred dollars a week for twenty-five weeks each year.

We must add to this his earnings from his songs. These compositions have a large sale, though it is seldom that any particular one proves to be such a favorite as was "Promise Me." Still, Mr. de Koven has written so many popular ballads that his income from this source must be somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars a year. He may therefore be rated at about thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which is good pay for a workingman, even in this country.

Quite as successful as Mr. de Koven is his colleague in the operetta field, Victor Herbert. This gentleman makes money by writing music which tickles the popular fancy, and as a rest and refreshment to his own mind composes serious music for connoisseurs. He is an all-round musician, who can turn off a slashing cake-walk or a soulful symphonic poem. He makes money out of the cake-walks and gets pleasure out of the symphonic poems. He can write songs, too, and some of his compositions in this line are among the most popular on the shelves of the dealers. His yearly income is quite equal to that of Mr. de Koven, and probably runs a few thousands beyond it.

There are other American writers of music who make huge profits. These are the carpenters of the vaudeville songs, the tunes intended for the gallery god to whistle as he leaves the theater. Such things are not compositions in the fair sense of the word. In almost every instance the melodic ideas are stolen from better music and adapted by these clever mechanics to the market which they supply; but as much as twelve thousand dollars has been made from a single song of this variety, and therefore as earners of money in the world of music the writers must have a passing mention.

#### THE SPOILED DARLINGS OF OPERA

The greatest money-getters in musical life are the spoiled darlings of the operatic stage. It is generally believed that their earnings are much exaggerated in the accounts printed in the daily newspapers. As a matter of fact, some of

them do not actually receive as much as we are told; but others get every cent of the published amounts. There have been cases of a singer having two contracts, one of them legally binding, and one for exhibition. The legal contract in these instances names a salary from two to three hundred dollars a night less than the figures in the paper intended, not as an evidence of good faith, but wholly for publication.

There has been a tendency recently to decrease operatic salaries. Heinrich Conried's earnest and devoted labors toward this end have not been entirely in vain. But there are some cases which even his far-reaching influence cannot touch. There is Adelina Patti, for instance. True, she is no longer an opera singer. True, she is in the sere and yellow leaf. True, her last tour in America was a pitiable failure. Nevertheless she gives her one or two concerts a year in the Albert Hall, in London—where two-thirds of the audience cannot hear her—to houses which are limited only by the capacity of the building. When Patti sang in opera for the late Henry E. Abbey, she received five thousand dollars a night—which is probably the highest salary ever paid to a musical performer of any kind.

#### JEAN DE RESZKE'S EARNINGS

Next to Patti in earning ability stood, and perhaps still stands, Jean de Reszke. When M. de Reszke first came to this country, he received a thousand dollars a performance; but so great was his success that he demanded higher terms, and Maurice Grau was glad to grant them. For some time his nightly honorarium was twelve hundred dollars, and later on it was raised to still higher figures. During his last season in New York he averaged about twenty-four hundred dollars a night, which included a guarantee of eighteen hundred dollars and a percentage of the box-office receipts. He is now living on his well-gotten gains in his Parisian home, and is teaching singing to forty pupils at the comfortable rate of twenty-five dollars an hour. It is hardly necessary to say that he does not teach them all in one hour.

Mme. Melba is another of the large earners of the opera stage, though her

income is by no means as good as it was some years ago, when her voice was in better condition. She is still able to command a fee of a thousand dollars a night, and an equally large one for singing two or three songs at a drawing-room function. Her vogue in London continues, and much of her prosperity is derived from it.

#### SEMBRICH, NORDICA, EAMES, AND CALVÉ

One of the richest women in the operatic world is Marcella Sembrich, the adorable colorature soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House. Her salary here is a thousand dollars a performance. It is frequently stated at higher figures, but these appear to be the true ones. They are large enough. She gives two song recitals in New York each season, which net her something like ten thousand dollars, so that with thirty appearances in opera she can count on forty thousand dollars for her winter's work. Nor is that all. She is a favorite star at private concerts, and those who engage her have to pay Mr. Conried double the amount of her fee, half for the singer and half for the manager. She appears at recitals in Boston and elsewhere, and at the close of the operatic season she sometimes remains in America to sing in music festivals. She also gives concerts during her vacations in Europe, and it is perfectly safe to put down her total income as not less than sixty-five thousand dollars a year. She lives moderately for one so well-to-do, and will leave a large fortune behind her when she is called away.

Lillian Nordica has been earning a thousand dollars a night for years, but she is receiving more than that now. Her fee is believed to be the largest paid to any of Mr. Conried's singers, but the exact sum is questionable. The best information puts it at eleven hundred and fifty dollars a performance. Mme. Nordica is a woman of wealth, a property-owner, and a shrewd buyer. Her annual earnings must be in the neighborhood of seventy thousand dollars. Emma Eames is another of the highly paid company. She has a palatial residence in Paris and a magnificent villa in Italy. Her salary is said to be eight hundred dollars a night, but her appearances are not very

numerous. She has, however, amassed a fortune in past years. Mme. Calvé belongs in the thousand-dollar class of singers, and her annual income is about forty thousand dollars.

#### THE TWO LEADING TENORS

Of the male opera singers now before the American public, only two belong to the highly paid class—Heinrich Knote and Enrico Caruso. Knote, capital performer that he is, owes his present place in the list rather to the crying scarcity of good German tenors than to any great drawing power as a popular attraction. Caruso, on the other hand, holds an assured position as the reigning favorite, and can command almost any figure he may choose. It so happens that Mr. Conried picked him off the bargain counter, and is reaping an enormous profit from him.

Caruso was engaged by Maurice Grau after his first success in London. When Mr. Grau gave up the Metropolitan, Mr. Conried took over the Caruso contract at one thousand dollars a performance, with a small increase each season. The agreement was for four years, and under it the great Italian tenor received last winter a nightly fee of eleven hundred dollars, although as a business proposition he is worth to the manager as much as Jean de Reszke ever was. However, Caruso sings in London each summer, and sometimes on the Continent. A year ago he visited Germany, and aroused great enthusiasm there. His fee never goes below a thousand dollars, and occasionally rises well above that figure, so that it is quite safe to say that he earns seventy-five thousand dollars a year. When he goes into retirement he may imitate the example of Farinelli and purchase a dukedom.

#### THE WIZARD OF THE PIANO

Among the instrumental performers, the greatest earner of money is Ignace Paderewski. Indeed, a pianist once said: "The only way to get rich in this profession is to be Paderewski."

The Polish player has made several visits to America, and each time has earned at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a season. Once his receipts topped two hundred thousand.

In Europe he does not make so much, but he takes in a sum almost equivalent in value. Paderewski's recitals in New York always crowd Carnegie Hall to its capacity, which, at his prices of admission, means the taking of five thousand dollars at the box-office. Four-fifths of this is clear profit. At this rate Paderewski is the most highly paid musician in the world. He is, however, a remarkable exception among instrumentalists, and no one else approaches him in earning power.

After Paderewski, the largest fees probably go to the youthful violinist Kubelik, who receives for his concerts in America five hundred dollars a performance. Josef Hofmann may be ranked third among the instrumentalists. Of the others, there are very few who get more than three hundred dollars a night, and as a rule their engagements are comparatively infrequent.

#### THE WIELDERS OF THE BATON

Lastly, mention should be made of the conductors, to whom not inconsiderable money-earning possibilities are open nowadays. At the head of this class stands Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and several other organizations. Herr Nikisch's income is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Theodore Thomas used to get thirteen thousand dollars a year for leading the Chicago Orchestra, but he had to purchase all his music. Wilhelm Gericke, who recently resigned from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received ten thousand dollars a year. Wasili Safonoff, who is to come from Moscow to direct the New York Philharmonic next season, will get twenty thousand dollars—the largest salary ever paid to a conductor in America; but he will have other duties besides that of training and leading the famous New York orchestra. He is also to teach harmony, orchestration, and the piano at the National Conservatory of Music.

To the vast majority of those who follow the magic wand of the tone-goddess, the calling cannot be called a lucrative one, for the rank and file of music's noble army are poorly paid. Still, as will be seen from the present article, the prizes of the profession are both numerous and handsome.

# A DAUGHTER OF STORMS

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE DECENNIAL OF THE BLACK SHEEP," ETC.

ETHERIDGE wrote a letter to Miss Demerest by the light of a candle in his bedroom.

"Dearest Cicely," he began, "at last I have found lodgings in a farmhouse about a mile along Flint Mountain from the new reservoir dam. Zenas Middleton is my landlord—a prosperous Yankee with a wife who looks, oddly enough, like a Swede or a Dane, and a daughter whom I haven't seen yet. Our dam goes on according to schedule, and my share in the supervision of it will be finished in a fortnight. Then I am promising myself a day or two with you before I am sent West on the canal job. When will our waiting be over, my dainty flower? How did a delicate bit of fairyland like you ever chance to care for a hulking human machine like me?"

"This New Hampshire hilltop is a bleak wilderness. While I am here in my attic room, listening for the supper-bell, the wind blows the rain against the shingles so that it sounds like the surf at Nantucket which you detested so much. Good night, Titania, and——"

Some one knocked at the door.

"Tea's ready," said a dull voice from the threshold.

The young engineer looked up from his table. He thanked his landlord's daughter and chuckled at the heavy, clumping footfall as she descended the stairs. Then he finished his letter.

"Mlle. Middleton has just appeared," he wrote. "Weight, one hundred and sixty pounds; height, five feet and nine inches; a blonde bruiser. You needn't be jealous. As ever, Lucas."

After supper, while the two women washed the dishes, Etheridge and Middleton sat smoking by the open door of the generous, pleasant kitchen. The

rain was unabated, but the strong easterly wind blew it away from the door.

"Up-stairs in my room," said Etheridge, "the noise on the roof made me think of the seashore."

The girl turned abruptly toward him, clasping a plate in the tight grip of her masculine hands.

"Of the sea?" she drawled. "Yes, I thought so, too."

"Come, Thora!" called her mother sharply. "Don't dawdle!"

At the tea-table Etheridge had not particularly regarded Thora, but now a momentary glimmer in her childish eyes arrested his attention. The impression which the girl made upon him was that of a docile animal. There was no life in her square face. She was well, if too strongly, featured, but her tightly rolled, lusterless yellow hair and the weary, submissive droop of her broad shoulders emphasized the picture of a typical farm woman overworked before her time. She resumed her task mechanically, and old Middleton sucked at his corn-cob pipe.

"We can't none of us say as to the noise of the seashore, Mr. Etheridge," he remarked affably. "None of us has been nigher to it than this farm—cept mother, of course. Her kin followed the sea, but me and Thora was never in sight nor hearin' of it."

Etheridge went early to bed, although the following day was Sunday. His chamber was the only room on the attic floor. As he lifted his latch he heard a board creak complainingly behind him in the gloomy cavern of the garret.

"Anybody there?" he demanded, shading his lamp.

Thora advanced in the wavering circle of light.

"I came up here to listen," she said, "but it has died down. When it rains again I mean to get closer under the roof and listen. Good night." She descended a few steps down the stairs. "Is there any sound like that," she asked, "in the open sea?"

"Why, no," said Etheridge, puzzled. "There's no surf in the open sea."

"What kind of sound does it make out there, then?"

"I don't believe I could describe it very well, Miss Middleton, to one who doesn't know what the sea is like."

"I suppose not," Thora said, nodding gravely. "Good night," and she vanished down the blackness of the stairwell.

## II

ETHERIDGE spent Sunday morning over the blue prints on his table. When he had finished, he encountered Thora Middleton on the steps of the farmhouse. Her sleeves were rolled up over her graceful, rounded forearms, and she wore a man's cap, pulled not unbecomingly over her yellow hair.

"You don't seem to be bound for church," observed Etheridge. "Neither am I. I'm going to measure some stonework at the dam before dinner."

"Well, I'm going for a row on the pond," said Thora. "You didn't know I had a boat on the reservoir, did you?" She questioned him with her placid eyes. "I'll row you down to the dam if you wish," she proposed shyly.

"All right," agreed Etheridge.

He was a young man who did not like to be puzzled, and this girl puzzled him persistently. She led the way to the pond. It was a gusty morning after the rain, and the sky was dotted with drifting feathers of clouds. The flattened top of the hill stretched for perhaps half a mile, bared of trees save for dwarfed pines. Flint Mountain was the highest of the range, and the horizon was as straight as that on a Western prairie. A distant red barn stuck up against the sky like a fisherman's cottage on a sandy coast.

"You wouldn't think we were on a mountain, would you?" Thora said. "You'd hardly guess there was any land at all over yonder."

"That's so—we might be on an island," Etheridge suggested.

"Except we can't smell the salt, and except that the wind would be steadier. Out in the middle of the lake it will blow steadier, anyhow. We don't get many such lively mornings like this in summer. My boat is pulled up beyond those bushes."

They launched the clumsy skiff, and Etheridge examined the unpainted, box-like affair somewhat dubiously.

"Not very new, eh?" he commented.

"I've had it for a long time," said Thora, with frank pride. "Isn't it a fine boat? I don't know what I'd do without it." She stooped to adjust the oars, and rubbed her hand along the gunwale with a gesture that was almost a caress. "Get in, please, and I'll push off."

"Shan't I——"

"No, I'm going to row," insisted Thora, looking eagerly at some miniature whitecaps. "It will be splendid out there among the waves."

"Waves?" said Etheridge, laughing. "What, those ripples?"

She was facing him, and he noticed that her lips straightened wistfully.

"Maybe they are only ripples compared to real water," she said. "I call them waves. Sometimes they splash up so as to wet you." Her stroke was free and manly in spite of the awkward oars and fittings. "Have you been in boats much, Mr. Etheridge?" she continued.

"I helped build a lighthouse once," replied Etheridge. "The boating at Thunder Inlet was not so pleasant as this. It was hardly safe at times."

"But in a good boat like mine, so"—Thora paused, as if afraid to use an unfamiliar word—"so seaworthy," she said.

Etheridge laughed again.

"Why, Miss Middleton," he exclaimed, "this plaything couldn't last a minute in a capful of wind on salt water."

One of the oars jammed suddenly, and she turned sideways to release it. Etheridge, with a qualm of self-reproach, saw that he had hurt her, although she smiled bravely and tugged at the oars with redoubled vim.

"I'm afraid you don't understand

how savage Thunder Inlet can be," he said kindly. "Most people who have never seen the ocean fancy it is always blue and lovely, but——"

"It isn't blue," interrupted Thora. "I know the color of the sea in a storm. Look!" She pointed to a patch of pine-trees. "A sort of greenish black—a hungry color, I call it. And the foam when the waves break isn't white, as it is here, but—well, like old snow. And it hisses."

"I dare say your mother has described it to you," said Etheridge, rather startled.

"My mother will tell me nothing about the sea," sighed Thora. "I have never heard her speak of it. All her brothers were drowned on the Banks. Do you know where the Banks are, Mr. Etheridge?"

As she paddled along the narrowing lake, Etheridge talked to her of the Banks and of their dangers. He described a gale which he had witnessed from a Cunarder's deck off the Irish coast, and he told the story of the Samoa hurricane as he had heard it from an old sergeant of marines. Thora leaned forward, holding her chin in her hands, while the boat drifted with the current.

They grounded the boat and followed a path to the dam. Etheridge tried to explain the different features of the work, but Thora did not seem to understand, and responded with listless monosyllables. Piqued a trifle by his inability to interest her in a thing that was so interesting to him, Etheridge guided his companion to the top of the dam and pointed at the view of the valley, which opened out over the course of a mountain stream. The peaceful landscape was softened by the mantle of September haze.

"It's like a picture in a fairy book, isn't it?" he said.

"How should I know?" said Thora sullenly. "All I know is that I am sick of it. I hate it!" She mounted a higher stone. "Will the water ever run over here where we are standing?"

"I hope not," Etheridge answered. "If it does, our firm will be minus some reputation—look out!"

The girl, leaning forward, had lost her balance. Etheridge jumped up be-

side her on the insecure pinnacle of the rock. The impetus of his spring tilted the stone ever so slightly, but enough to jeopardize their footing. Beneath them was a sheer fall of twenty yards into the oozy slime. Etheridge slipped; his knee cracked against the jagged edge, and his wits floated away from him in a mist of pain. Thora caught his forearm, bracing backward.

"All right!" she said.

But their plight belied her words. She had nothing to cling to. Etheridge was a heavy man, and his dead weight was pulling her with him.

"Let go!" he gasped, fighting white-lipped against dizziness.

"All right!" repeated Thora.

She flung herself breast down on the boulder, and anchored her knees about it so that she was astride. Etheridge's left leg dangled helplessly, but he managed to dig his other foot into a crevice. Thora raised him, inch by inch. They were both breathless, and after Etheridge was out of danger neither of them spoke for nearly a minute.

"Can you walk?" at length asked Thora.

"I can try," said Etheridge, and felt his knee-cap gingerly. "Must have torn a sinew," he reported. "Bone seems to be all there. No, you needn't lift me. You've done enough"; and he groaned in masculine disgust at his physical dependence on a woman.

"I'd have done more than that," Thora said simply.

"Well, I owe you a great deal," mumbled Etheridge.

He was afraid to say more, and he tried to rise. Thora supported his elbow in the crook of her arm. The injury was not very severe, after all, and Etheridge was able to limp to the landing-place. She rowed him across the glassy lake and helped him to hobble ashore.

"It's been of some use," she asserted. "It's not altogether a—plaything."

"Oh, you mean the boat!" said Etheridge. "Yes, it's been of use to-day, certainly. And I can never thank you enough, or in——"

He was about to add "in the right way," when he checked himself. Nevertheless, this was the thought uppermost in his mind—that even a man of grace-

ful speech could not have hit upon the apt phrase of gratitude for this girl.

### III

His stiffened knee housed Etheridge only for three or four days. Mrs. Middleton took good care of him, and he amused himself by composing for Cicely a semi-burlesque account of his misadventure. He received an answer from his *fiancée*, written in a similar vein, but the concluding paragraph made him think.

"Of course," wrote Cicely, "the Amazonian damsel is wildly in love with you. You say that you haven't been able to thank her. Well, Lucas, the best way for you to show your gratitude would be to leave your quarters in the farmhouse and keep yourself secluded among your Italians until it is time for you to quit that romantic mountain forever."

Etheridge smoothed the letter on the arm of his rocking-chair and gazed moodily out of the kitchen window at Thora, who was picking flowers in the old-fashioned garden. Mrs. Middleton was fond of sweet peas, and her daughter made it her duty to gather them, but with an indifference which was comic, tearing at the stems without seeming to notice what sort of blossoms they bore, if, indeed, they bore any blossoms at all.

He read again Cicely's final paragraph. Etheridge was a wholesome-minded young man. He did not propose to speculate whether Cicely had hit upon the truth or no, and much less was he inclined to experiment with the situation. He had interested Thora strangely with stories of the sea. A lonely farm girl in a New England solitude would be interested naturally and inevitably in anybody who could tell her things she liked to hear. So he dismissed the matter from his attention, and next day he resumed work at the dam.

Etheridge saw little of Thora after that. He spent the evenings at his table with his plans. On Sunday he drove to the village to interview some local contractors. Later in the week his strapped valise was ready on Mr. Middleton's front steps. A brisk wind swept over the hilltop.

"Good-by, Mrs. Middleton," said

Etheridge, climbing into the buckboard. "Good-by, Zenas. I won't forget your hospitality, and—where's Thora?"

"I guess Thora's on the lake," replied the farmer's wife. "She wouldn't miss weather like this."

"Tell her good-by for me. It's a breezy day for boating."

"I'd ought to smash up that boat for kindling," grumbled Middleton, "but nothing's happened to Thora yet in it."

"You must see that nothing ever does happen to her," concluded Etheridge cordially. "I wouldn't like to hear of trouble coming to anybody who'd saved my life, or the next thing to it. If a way should turn up by which I can repay her goodness and yours, you'll let me know, won't you?"

### IV

THE Western canal and a government levee on the lower Mississippi consumed Etheridge's winter. He sandwiched in a brief visit to Cicely. A visit of four days, he afterward assured himself, could hardly have been otherwise than unsatisfactory. Miss Demerest spent most of her winter in Florida and Egypt. She had many friends. The beginning of May found Etheridge on the northerly coast of Massachusetts, building a breakwater at Buryhead.

One morning he received a letter from Zenas Middleton, which had been forwarded from his firm's office.

"You instructed me that I needn't balk at asking a favor," wrote Zenas. "Mother has been sickly, and the doctor says how she needs sea air. I thought you might know of a handy place on the shore where mother could board for a spell. She wouldn't want anything high-toned. She'll be there about a month, leaving me and Thora to tend farm."

Etheridge answered immediately, advising Mrs. Middleton to come to Buryhead, which was not more than a day's journey from Flint Mountain. He could secure quarters for her in the modest hotel where he was staying. The landlady would take excellent care of her. Etheridge had not forgotten, nor did he intend to forget, the kindness of the Middletons when he was crippled; and he was genuinely glad to do them a service. He would have told Miss Dem-

erest about it had she not been yachting with the Gorhams in their schooner, the Cleopatra, and temporarily out of reach of correspondence. On the day appointed for the invalid's arrival Etheridge left his work and drove a mile inland to the Buryhead station. He saw two feminine figures instead of one waiting for him on the platform.

"Yes, Thora came along too, at the last minute," explained Mrs. Middleton. "Zenas reckoned it would be safer. He's silly, the way he worries over me!"

Thora's speech did not extend beyond the formalities. She sat beside the driver, and kept her back uncompromisingly turned toward her mother and Etheridge on the rear seat. From a rise of ground near the railroad they had their first glimpse of the ocean, stretching off to meet the sky, and motionless as a sheet of burnished steel. Etheridge noted a nervous tremor in Mrs. Middleton's eyes as she watched her daughter. Thora did not move. She did not speak until they had dismounted and her mother was making friends with the ample widow who presided over the little hotel on the harbor front.

"My boat could weather that!" said Thora, waving her hand at the afternoon glint of the lifeless sea.

She was paler than usual, Etheridge thought. When he returned for supper the table had been cleared of all plates except his own. On the porch he stumbled against Thora. The night was still and breathless, and the harbor was without a sound except that from far out in the darkness came the faint rattle of an anchor-chain.

"That's funny," commented Etheridge. "I saw no vessel come around the point before sundown. Did you?"

"No," said Thora. "I think she's just sailed in. There's a ship's light out there. Perhaps she's getting out of the way of the storm."

"What storm?"

"There ought to be a storm pretty soon," the girl said quietly.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," laughed Etheridge. "There's no more chance of a wind than there would be of thunder on Christmas."

He joined the loungers on the long wharf, and gossiped with Captain Bun-

ker, an ancient salt for whom he had a liking. While they were discussing the strange arrival in the harbor, an electric launch nosed its path through the shadow to the landing-stage and a yacht steward climbed up the steps.

"By nation, it's just as well ye put in!" said old Bunker to the sailor on the launch. "It's going for to blow come morning. What vessel, mate?"

"Schooner yacht Cleopatra, out of Boston," the sailor answered.

"Mr. Gorham's?" demanded Etheridge incredulously.

He scrawled a note to Cicely by the glare of the launch's stern light, promising to visit her the next forenoon if the Cleopatra was in port. When he went back to the hotel, Thora was still on the veranda, leaning listlessly against a narrow pillar. The night had thickened, and the harbor moaned softly and timidly, as if with a newly found voice.

"What in the world put the notion of a storm in your mind?" asked Etheridge.

"Oh, I don't know," she said slowly. "I sort of felt it. Sometimes you feel things you can't talk about. You're sorry I came with mother, aren't you?"

"Good heavens, no!" blurted Etheridge in bewilderment. "Why should I be?"

## V

A BANGING blind roused Etheridge at dawn, and he sprang to the window anxiously. There did not seem to be much wind. The morning, indeed, was foggy, and the off-shore breeze blew clouds of coppery mist intermittently toward the harbor. Etheridge tossed on his oilskins and hurried out to the half-finished breakwater. Haynes, his foreman, was there before him.

From the extremity of the stonework Etheridge could make out that the gale blew stronger beyond Topsail Point, piling up great waves in the open sea. He left Haynes on guard at the breakwater with a dozen laborers, and outlined every precaution.

After an hour or so, Etheridge tramped for the village. He could not escape a certain apprehension. Of course it was highly improbable that anything could happen to a vessel of the

rating and equipment of the Cleopatra—and yet, Cicely was Cicely.

He determined to carry out his promise to board the yacht, and went to the hotel to change his working clothes. He was halted in the corridor by Thora. She beckoned him silently into the gloomy little parlor.

He could not see her face plainly, and he was quite unprepared for the hardened, steady, metallic tone with which she spoke.

"Some ladies have visited you," said Thora. "Two ladies—Miss Demerest and another. Men on the wharf told them you lived here. Then Miss Demerest called me by my name without being told. And she wrote this letter to you and went away."

"Went away?" echoed Etheridge. "Went where?"

Thora withdrew from him to the window and contemplated the whirling fog. Her fists were clenched, and she sobbed once, dry-eyed.

"Good Lord!" groaned Etheridge, half suspecting.

He read Cicely's hastily penciled note. As he feared, it was the senseless outburst of a hysterical girl, shaken by a sleepless night of fear and by what had seemed to her the perilous expedition of making land.

Cicely was sorry to *intrude*—underlined—upon the Middletons and Mr. Etheridge. She had come to the hotel with Mrs. Gorham because there was nowhere else for them to stay. Under the infamous circumstances she could not remain. So now she had insisted that they should go back to Mr. Gorham's yacht in spite of the *danger*—much underlined. Cicely hoped that Etheridge would never insult her by attempting to explain.

Etheridge's first impulse, on the contrary, was to smile tenderly at poor Cicely's wild imaginings. The whole silly affair would be soon a nightmare to her. He must lose no time, and he moved hastily toward the door.

"Wait!" said Thora.

"I'm going to persuade those ladies to come ashore again," explained Etheridge. "Miss Demerest—who wrote this——"

"Yes," interrupted the girl. "She

wrote what she had to say to you. But what she had to say to me—she spoke." Etheridge winced. "She spoke to me," went on Thora wearily, "and she said that she would leave you to me—and she said other things I will not remember—and then the older lady came in and took her away, crying."

"Of course she cried," said Etheridge. "Miss Demerest was not herself. You will forgive her after you know. I will see that you do know, Thora. I will see that you do know how good and kind Miss Demerest really is. It will torment her cruelly when she realizes what she has said to you. So we must make it easy for her——"

"Oh, yes, we must make it easy for Miss Demerest."

"Exactly," pursued Etheridge eagerly. "That is why I am going to her at once."

He buckled his coat and put on his dripping sou'wester.

"Miss Demerest told me," said Thora in her mechanical monotone, "that I kept you from her wrongfully."

"Wrongfully?"

"Because you belonged to her. Did she speak the truth when she told me I was keeping you from her?"

"Oh, it is absurd to hold her to what she said!" protested Etheridge. "You shall see how quickly she will confess the injustice she's done you. Why, I believe the storm has stolen your brains as well as hers! It shall be as clear tomorrow as to-morrow's sun."

Etheridge hastened to the nearest strip of beach, where half a dozen boats were grounded. He could see in the cove of Topsail Point the Cleopatra, phantom-like in the swirl of mist. A solitary boy lay on the sand in the shelter of an overturned dory.

"Want to row with me to the yacht?" queried Etheridge.

"Don't guess so," retorted the youth, grinning vacantly. "Maybe ye'll find somebody over t' the wharf. I got suthin' else to do." Etheridge looked at the harbor. There was a heavy, oily swell, but it did not appear in the least dangerous. "I'll go holler for Abe Hutchins," proposed the boy. "He'll put ye aboard. Shucks! 'Tain't nothin' to do."

"All right," said Etheridge. "Holler for Abe."

"Well, durn me," exclaimed the youngster, "if that schooner ain't gettin' ready for to make sail!"

Etheridge started. In fact he could dimly distinguish some sort of activity on the Cleopatra's deck.

"Hang Abe Hutchins!" he sniffed energetically. "Here, shove me off, will you? I'm bound to board that yacht, whatever happens."

The thought of missing an immediate interview with Cicely clinched his determination, and he appropriated a boat haphazard. The boy shoved him off. Etheridge shipped the oars and pulled for the yacht with all his strength.

The boat slid easily over the long, rolling waves. The scurrying wreaths of fog which skimmed the water now and then were Etheridge's only difficulty. They hung lower than he had anticipated, and occasionally he lost his course. Emerging once from the mist, he stood up to recover the direction of the schooner, and thought he heard the faint clank of hoisting tackle. His next stroke was doubly vigorous, and one of the rotten oars snapped short. Etheridge sprawled ignominiously on his back. The other oar slipped from his grasp, and the boat wallowed sideways. The fog descended on him again. It was so thick that when he yelled through his hands, trumpet fashion, his voice was muffled and sodden.

Except to shout, there was nothing for him to do until the fog rose. It did not seem possible that he should drift out to sea into the gale beyond the point before being discovered either from the yacht or from the shore. While he shouted he measured the visible water around him, thinking at every breath that it was increasing, and that the cloud of mist was breaking away.

Suddenly he saw a boat's black prow poking through the gray shroud. The streaming yellow hair of the single oarsman glowed against the murky background.

"Thora!" he cried.

She did not speak until she had laid her boat alongside his with unexpected skill, holding to the gunwale by her powerful hand.

"Come!" she commanded. "Can you?"

Etheridge floundered at her feet, and Thora resumed her oars. The man, mastered by wonder and admiration, stared at her blankly. His spirit was touched and awed as by a miracle in the uncanny solitude of that fog-cloaked sea. Thora's eyes, habitually dull, now shone like twin sapphires enchanted into life. Her figure, no longer drooping and overburdened, seemed to be transformed so that every curve and line of it was vibrant and beautiful, and around her glorified, eagerly joyous face danced the halo of golden hair.

"So," she said, speaking in rhythm to the sweep of the oars, "we will find what this sea has to give. It is good when a dream comes true!"

She laughed with infinite satisfaction, tossing up her happy face to the wind. Etheridge marveled that he had ever thought her uncomely. Her deep voice rang like the strings of a 'cello.

"Let me take an oar," he faltered. "You're heading too far to the right, I think. Better try for the beach below the point. There's quiet water there."

"Oh, no!" said Thora. "Oh, no, I will take you to her."

"To the yacht?"

"Yes," she declared. "And to her who is there—your lady who fears the sea—my sea!"

The fog lifted, and the Cleopatra swung not a hundred yards away.

"To be in love!" breathed Thora contentedly. "That is life, is it not?"

"Well, we—Miss Demerest and I—have been in love for a long time," stammered Etheridge. "It's no secret."

"Before you came to the mountain?"

"Why, yes."

"I was in love before then, too," said Thora. "But it was a secret!"

Etheridge's heart gave a tiny leap of relief.

"If I have a right to say so," he hazarded, "I wish you every happiness."

"And I shall have it!" Thora cried boastfully. "It has been given to me. Everybody to his own!"

She grasped both oars in one hand, and waved her arm with a curious movement at the ragged horizon. Beyond Topsail Point the gigantic green rollers were

flecked with white. A vagrant, storm-perplexed gull dipped out of the sky.

"Everybody to his own," repeated Thora more quietly. "And I bring you to your own, Mr. Etheridge," she added with a gay intensity which was not quite mirth. "To the lady who told me—what I have forgotten!"

Half a dozen sailors in oilskins shimmering like bronze leaned over the rail of the schooner, where a rope ladder hung. A thin line whirled into Thora's arms. Etheridge gripped the ladder. To steady himself, he rested his hand on Thora's shoulder, and against his will he fancied that her lips brushed it.

"Leave me the line, and up you go," he said.

"You first!" she insisted.

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Etheridge.

Suddenly Thora pushed an oar-blade against the yacht's white side. The maneuver left Etheridge dangling to the ladder helplessly. A sailor guffawed, and Etheridge, swallowing his wrath, climbed to the deck. He was conscious that he was cutting a contemptible figure, but the sight of Miss Demerest, huddled in a companionway, drove from his mind all thoughts of chagrin, and indeed of everything except her penitential face. He was glad enough to follow her to the lee of a deck-house, and to tell her over and over again that she was forgiven.

## VI

At length Cicely, tearful and subdued, introduced Etheridge to the Gorhams in the cabin of the yacht.

"A risky little voyage you had through the fog," said Mr. Gorham; "but your crew seemed to know her business."

Etheridge tried to joke at the inglorious episode, and turned to Cicely with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll fetch Miss Middleton below," he suggested. "This is twice she's rescued me from an ugly scrape."

He hastened with Gorham to the deck. It had escaped his attention that a reeking smother of mist was settling on the Cleopatra.

"Young woman cast off and started ashore, sir," said a stupid-eyed sailor, "maybe five minutes ago."

"What?" expostulated Gorham.

"Couldn't stop her, begging your pardon, sir."

Etheridge darted to the rail and peered toward the wharves. He could not see ten feet.

"She was headed the other way," the sailor said. "Toward the point. Weather thickened quick, sir."

"Can't you lower a boat?" asked Etheridge of Gorham.

"Of course," replied the other, pursing his lips. "But it will be like looking for a needle in a haystack until this stuff clears. Besides, as I said before, the girl seems to know her business. Knew what she was doing, didn't she, Olaf? Wasn't afraid, eh?"

"She was singing a song of the old country when she pulled off, sir," chuckled the Norwegian.

"I shall have to ask some of your men to put me ashore anyhow, Mr. Gorham," said Etheridge ruefully. "Perhaps at the same time we might——"

A vagary of the gale lifted the misty barrier which had screened the headland of Topsail Point. The picture of the tossing sea beyond was framed on one side by the swirl of fog, on the other by the rocky bluff. Midway between them, poised bird-like on the snowy crest of a great wave, a black rowboat made a distant blot against the lurid sky. A yellow-haired girl stood upright in the boat, stretching out her hands to welcome the oncoming rush of the remorseless tempest. Then the fog drew together sharply, like the stage-curtains of a theater.

Men on the Cleopatra's deck bustled about, making ready the cutter. Etheridge's deadened brain finally became aware of the speech of the yacht's sailing-master.

"It's no use, Mr. Gorham," the grizzled veteran was saying. "No use, sir, on earth! The wind has caught her. It's blowing her out faster than four men could row in that blind mess. And it's a lifeboat's work yonder. She's found the open sea by this!"

"That settles it, then!" sighed Gorham, striking his fist on the rail.

Etheridge groped for a stanchion.

"Yes, she's found the open sea!" he repeated senselessly. "She's found the open sea!"

# LIGHT VERSE

## THE BOOKWORM'S PLAINT

ONE night a bookworm crawled out lazily,  
And, sitting on my ink-well, gazed at me  
With air forlorn and manner somewhat stale.

I asked him why it was he looked so pale.

"I fear," said he,

"This diet's killing me.

Of late I've had to feed too much on Style;  
I've found no beef of substance this long while.

It seems to me that in our modern books  
We get too much of sauces from our cooks,  
And not enough of solid, wholesome food  
To satisfy our appetites for good.

It seems as if our literary clan  
Were victims to some culinary plan  
In which it makes no difference 'neath the sun

Just what you cook, but how the thing is done.

And as for me, who have to eat my way  
Through all the new creations of the day,  
Must feed on words full of fine technique,  
On poems that to me are so much Greek,  
On highly polished sequences of words  
As void of meaning as the chirps of birds,  
Through which to-day our writers win their bays—

I feel as if I'd dined on mayonnaise;

And who'd grow fat

On that?"

Poor worm! Indeed his was a sorry plight

As he presented it to me that night,  
And taking pity on him I straightway  
Gave him a meal of Mr. Thackeray,  
With just a slice or two of good old Lamb,  
Topped off with one deep draft of O.

Khayyam—

Whereat with grateful look back home he crept,

And from his later snores I judge he slept  
The good sound sleep of those who are discreet,

And, 'stead of sauces, feed on solid meat!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

## A YEAR IN SUMMER

I WOULD gladly be a bummer,  
Through the green and drowsy summer,

In some shady, undulating, soporific little place.

In a hammock lying prone,  
Never moving, breathing only,  
With an African attendant hired to fan my glowing face.

I should like to sit in porches  
By the starlight's twinkling torches

Close to some delicious maiden dowered  
with fascinating looks;

One of those attractive creatures  
Of such perfect form and features  
As you always meet in summer-time—ac-  
cording to the books.

Through the dells I'd fain skedaddle—  
I should like to wade and paddle,  
I should like to "make the welkin ring,"  
however that is done;  
I should like to drop a hooklet  
In some little babbling brooklet,  
Catching fishlets—also snaglets—which I'm  
sure is rare good fun.

Or upon a yacht expensive  
I should like a trip extensive,  
With a coterie of kindred souls to be the  
vessel's crew;  
And we'd sail to Umatilla,  
Madagascar, and Manila,  
Making glad the golden moments as we  
bounded o'er the blue.

I'd enjoy a hand at tennis;  
Or I'd like to go to Venice,  
There to sweep along the Grand Canal be-  
hind a gondolier;  
Or I'd like to be devoting  
Days and nights to motor-boating  
Or to racing in an auto on a roadway flat  
and clear.

I should like to ride and bike, too—  
There are lots of things I'd like to  
Do if any one should ask me what vaca-  
tion I'd prefer;  
But I find that my vacations  
Are not swamped with invitations  
Since I'm living in a hall-room at eleven  
dollars per!

*Wallace Irwin*

## BEWITCHED

ARE you sorceress or Circe,  
Never warmed with thought of mercy,  
Calmly binding me within your cruel  
snare?

Have you charmed the tender skies

Till they linger in your eyes?

Have you deftly wound the sunlight in  
your hair?

Deep enchantress, witch, or fairy,  
Do you join with comrades airy,  
Swiftly flying on the racing clouds  
above?

Are you these, oh, nymph unruly?

Are you these, or are you truly

A distracting mortal maiden, whom I  
love?

*Doris Webb*

## THE STRIKING STORKS

THE storks went on a strike one day  
 For shorter hours or bigger pay,  
 Maintaining that it wasn't right  
 That they should work both day and night.  
 "Besides," they said, "the crop this year  
 Is very much too large, we hear.  
 We'll hold all babies now in sight,  
 And make a corner, good and tight."

At first the world was rather glad;  
 It slept at night, which wasn't bad,  
 It used no anticolic pills,  
 And saved a lot on doctor bills.  
 The nursing-bottle companies failed,  
 Perambulator dealers railed,  
 The milkmen ceased to Pasteurize,  
 And Christmas trees grew quite a size.

But having had things all its way,  
 The world got tired of too much play.  
 It missed the shoes with battered toes,  
 It missed the little frilly clothes,  
 It longed for drums and horns and dolls,  
 For pencil-scratches on the walls,  
 It wanted babies, good or bad—  
 In short, the world was baby mad!

And so one day, in Babyland,  
 With hollow stumps on every hand,  
 The striking storks, no longer tired,  
 Perceived that mischief had transpired.  
 A doctor, large and fat and round,  
 His satchel open on the ground,  
 Was stealing babies, black and white,  
 From all the stumps, with all his might.

The storks had no redress, they knew,  
 For "scabs" were plenty, storks were few;  
 And so, from being in arrears,  
 The census boomed the next few years!

Mary Roberts Rinchart

## CANDIED SWEETS

BONBONS bought from Cuyler—  
 She is fond of sweets!  
 Caramels beguile her,  
 And a lot she eats:  
 Sweet-tooth—you would guess it  
 From the lips of rose!  
 Sweetheart—I confess it,  
 And she knows!

When I lean above her  
 And in rapture say  
 How I dare to love her  
 Better every day,  
 She knows how to smother  
 Her emotion well;  
 She just takes another  
 Caramel!

Some time, never doubt it,  
 She will answer me—  
 No *perhaps* about it,  
 All sincerity!

I, if ever man did,  
 Candid love prefer;  
 It is always candied  
 Sweets from her!

Julian Durand

## MODES, MOODS, AND A MAID

BERYL in a bathing-suit rather takes  
 my eye;  
 Pert insouciance marks her now, with her  
 cap awry.  
 Curls a-flutter, sandals trim, little feet a-  
 twinkle,  
 Taffetas and braid soutache—salt sea just a  
 sprinkle!

Beryl in her winter furs somehow seems so  
 frigid;  
 Freezes me with dignity, most polite but  
 rigid.  
 Gorgeous in an opera gown she frowns at  
 love's insistence,  
 So, perforce, I too must frown and sadly  
 keep my distance.

Beryl in a party frock, furbelowed and  
 fussed,  
 Says caresses will not do lest her frills be  
 mussed.  
 Some day, surely, she will don veil and  
 orange-flowers;  
 Time, you slow poke, whet your scythe;  
 mow away the hours!

Meanwhile in her bathing-suit, Beryl takes  
 my eye—  
 Pert, insouciant, sandal-shod, and her cap  
 awry!

Grace Stone Field

BALLADE OF THE DISCONSOLATE  
HEART

THE rose of June had breathed her name  
 Into the moonlit summer air;  
 The fragrant rumor stirred to flame  
 A hundred hearts from pale despair;  
 An envious bloom the roses wear  
 Since, tripping in her stateliest gown,  
 More sweet than they, more debonair,  
 The Lady Betty came to town!

Through many days the beaus' acclaim  
 Hath held her queen beyond compare;  
 Through many nights the ancient game  
 The beaus have played, though none  
 might dare

To step within the silken snare;  
 For none there are to brave her frown,  
 Though stout hearts strive her smile to  
 share

When Betty holds her court in town!  
 The rout is done; the beaus proclaim  
 Their brows the gloom of night must  
 wear:

The roses fall; the poets frame  
 Their sunset songs, and joys forswear;  
 Mayhap the maidens rend their hair,  
 And sage and minstrel, beau and  
 clown,

Fare on beneath the cloud of care—  
 The Lady Betty's left the town!

## ENVOY

Princess, through all the praise and prayer  
 I bring this rhyme thy day to crown;  
 More humbly than these brave and fair,  
 I prithee, sweet, come back to town!

Thomas Wood Stevens

# THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA—THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES, AND A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BILLION-DOLLAR STEEL TRUST

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

## IV—THE CARNEGIE COMPANY UNDER FRICK

The Rise of Henry Clay Frick, Who Was for Years the Active Head of  
the Carnegie Company—His Mastery of the Coke Business and  
His Feats of Financiering—How He Fought the Battle of  
Homestead and Ushered in the Era of Machinery—  
The Dramatic Story of Henry W. Oliver, and  
an Inside View of the Workings of  
the Famous "Carnegie System"

THE year before Andrew Carnegie entered the iron business, a shy fourteen-year-old boy got his first job as errand-boy in a village store at Mount Pleasant, forty miles from Pittsburgh. It was the year in which Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant, a time of tremendous excitement and anxiety. There were not as many people in Mount Pleasant as there are to-day in the Frick Building, Pittsburgh; but it seemed like a populous place to the boy who had been brought up on a lonely little farm half a mile from the nearest neighbor. His parents were quiet, plodding Swiss-Germans, who made the least possible amount of money by doing the greatest possible amount of work. In the winters he had learned to read and write at the schoolhouse. In the summers he had carried buttermilk to the pigs and oatmeal-water to his father. He seemed in every

way an ordinary, barefooted little youngster, with nothing in his favor except that he had been born in the United States.

The boy's name was Henry Clay Frick.

There is a little village called Frick in the Swiss canton of Aargau, not far from Basle; and a century and a half ago several families left the village and settled in Pennsylvania. Their descendants were plain, inconspicuous people. One of the boy's grandfathers made horse-shoes and the other made whisky. The boy was not fond of mischief, like Bill Jones, nor a student, like Andy Carnegie. He was serious, self-contained, and more dignified than most boys. He had few of the privileges of childhood, for the few dollars he earned were spent for his board and clothes. At eighteen he had become a man.

"Away back in 1867," said an old

Pittsburgh iron-maker, "I was tramping through western Pennsylvania, looking for ore. At night I came to a small village, and at once went to the store to

plate of cheese and crackers. The young man's name, as I learned afterward, was Henry C. Frick."

There was a strange new trade just



HENRY CLAY FRICK, FORMERLY A PARTNER OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, AND NOW A POWERFUL FACTOR IN THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

*From the portrait by Theobald Chartran, by courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company, New York*

get some food. There was a bright young fellow behind the counter. 'I'll give you the best we have,' he said, when I asked for something to eat. He went to the rear of the store and came back with a

beginning near the village of Mount Pleasant, where the boy was working. It was called coke-making. Coal was dug up and baked in brick ovens until it turned into crisp gray lumps. Then it



JULIAN KENNEDY, FORMERLY IN CHARGE OF THE HOMESTEAD WORKS, AND NOW THE DEAN OF THE STEEL ENGINEERS OF PITTSBURGH

*From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh*

was used by the iron-makers when they smelted the iron ore. It was a picturesque process, with its blazing ovens and fierce-looking workmen. The boy was only earning three dollars and fifty cents a week, but in four or five years he had saved enough to buy a small piece of coal land, and his brain was full of schemes to get capital. He was determined to make coke. At nineteen his grandfather noticed what an able young man he had become and employed him as book-keeper in a distillery. There were coke ovens near the distillery, and the boy was not satisfied until he had persuaded his grandfather and uncle to buy some of them.

Then came the panic of 1873. The price of coke dropped to ninety cents a ton—less than cost. The coke-makers lost hope and wanted to sell at any price. Half of them toppled over into bankruptcy. By this time the boy had become a full-grown man of twenty-four. At the time when every one in the district was cursing coke, he quietly made up his own mind to stake his future on it. Public opinion had no more effect upon

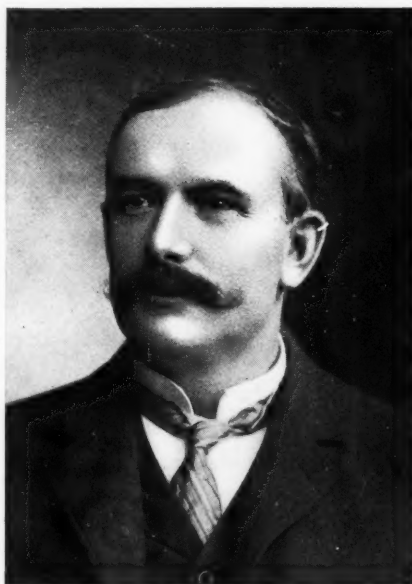
him than the spray has upon Gibraltar. And so it happened that Mr. Mellon, a Pittsburgh banker, received a letter requesting the loan of twenty thousand dollars, signed with the unknown name of Henry C. Frick. The writer offered no security, but promised big profits if the money was invested at once.

"Better investigate this man's proposition," said the banker.

His partner went to Mount Pleasant and inquired for H. C. Frick.

"That's the young fellow that keeps books for his grandfather, old Oberholt," said a villager. "He's got a room in one of them little cottages over near the distillery."

The banker had expected to meet a man of wealth and property. Instead he found a short, thick-set young clerk who was living in one room of a coal-miner's shanty. It was nothing but a shack of rough boards, with a miner and his family occupying the remaining rooms; but the young clerk's corner was so clean, neat, and businesslike that the banker was impressed very favorably. The man who to-day occupies a Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, and



AZOR R. HUNT, THE PRESENT MANAGER OF THE IMMENSE HOMESTEAD STEEL WORKS, NEAR PITTSBURGH

*From a photograph by Rosser, New York*

owns the finest skyscraper in Pittsburgh, was at that time putting every possible cent of his nine-hundred-dollar salary into coal lands, and had nothing left for luxuries.

The banker had worked his own way up from poverty. He had been a Mississippi pilot and coal-dealer. Conse-

Frick was the coke king, with eleven thousand workmen obeying his orders. His twenty thousand dollars of borrowed capital had grown to five millions, mostly his own. There were fifteen thousand coke ovens in the entire Connellsville region, and ten thousand of them belonged to the resolute, masterful



IN THE CONNELLSVILLE REGION—PART OF A ROW OF COKE OVENS, SHOWING HOW THEY ARE FILLED WITH COAL FROM ABOVE

quently he gave a fair hearing to the young clerk, and saw that the scheme was safe and well planned. He was also a well-known Methodist and prohibitionist, and when the shrewd clerk suggested that the distillery should be shut down and its warehouse used for a Methodist church, there was no longer any hesitation about closing the deal. The twenty thousand dollars was given to young Frick, and he became at a bound the foremost coke-maker in the district.

#### FRICK AS THE KING OF COKE

In two years more the pendulum had swung back to prosperity. Coke leaped to three dollars a ton, then four, then five. Frick & Company made a hundred per cent in 1875, and every dollar of profit was spent in buying more land and building more ovens. By 1889 Henry Clay

man who had not only dared to dream of millions in a coal-miner's shanty, but had made that dream come true.

Frick brought order out of chaos in the coke business. He invited his ablest competitors—such men as E. M. Ferguson and S. L. Schoonmaker—into partnership, and forced out or bought out the others. This prevented the cutthroat competition which had kept the coke-makers poor. Next came the question of labor. Frick tried making contracts with the trade unions, and failed. Then he took a step which entirely changed the whole labor situation in western Pennsylvania—he brought in the Huns and the Slavs. For a time this meant a race war, but with the aid of Pinkertons Frick utterly destroyed the unions.

It was not so much a question of wages as of authority. Frick was not a labor-



A NEW MACHINE WHICH DRAWS COKE FROM THE OVENS AND LOADS IT UPON CARS

*From a photograph by Downs, Uniontown, Pennsylvania*

crusher; but he abhorred revolt and disorder. On the whole, he has raised wages, abolished abuses, and improved the mines and villages since his word became law. His first trouble with the Huns and Slavs was, in fact, to prevent them from compelling their wives, mothers, and sisters to work at the scorching ovens. A State law had been passed forbidding female labor at the ovens, and the newcomers declared a strike when Frick enforced it.

Whatever Mr. Frick touched he improved. He found two dozen coke ovens in the Connellsville region, and left twelve thousand belonging to his own company. He found shanties and left comfortable cottages. He found a few hundred laborers, with irregular work and small pay, and left eighteen thousand workmen with steady jobs and fair wages. He found crude little plants, operating on a small scale at high cost, and left a ten-million-dollar corporation. In his childhood village of Mount Pleasant, where he worked for sixty cents a day, there stands to-day the largest coke plant in the world, operating nine hundred and eighty ovens and filling one hundred and twenty-five cars every twenty-four hours.

#### THE REGION OF THE "H. C. F. C. CO."

This province of Connellsville, over which Mr. Frick had become the indus-

trial governor, contains about a hundred and fifty square miles. Underneath its grassy slopes lies buried an immense field of coal, peculiarly suitable for coke-making. To most people, all coal looks alike; but to the "coal sharp," there are as many kinds of coal as there are of breakfast food. And it is generally agreed that Connellsville coal makes the highest-grade coke. It has a harder fiber, carries the burden of a furnace better, and gives a hotter fire, than the coke made from other coals. At the Chicago World's Fair, Mr. Frick called attention to Connellsville by giving an eighty-thousand-dollar exhibition of its coke.

To-day the Connellsville region is from end to end the Land of Frick. On every hand you see the symbol of his ownership, "H. C. F. C. Co.," although his company is now only one of the counters of the Steel Trust's department store. It is a land of flame and smoke, of rusty rivers, green hills cleft by winding railroads, checkerboard villages, and sullen, swarthy Huns and Slavs. Here muscle still holds the fort against machinery. Workmen dash like salamanders from fire to fire. A stranger from Mars might easily imagine that it was a region of little walled towns, with fires built in the walls to repel invaders.

The long rows of ovens curve around

each cluster of cottages, and as the men shout and shovel around the blazing ramparts, their desperate vigor is far more suggestive of war than peace. The men battle with fire and the women with smoke. Everybody works. The superin-

control of the Frick company. Mr. Carnegie's keen eye took notice of the unerring judgment of Frick. Here, at last, was a real industrial general, to whom he could entrust the command of his whole army. For seven years he watched



HENRY W. OLIVER, THE FIRST PITTSBURGHER WHO APPRECIATED  
THE IMPORTANCE OF LAKE SUPERIOR ORE

*From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh*

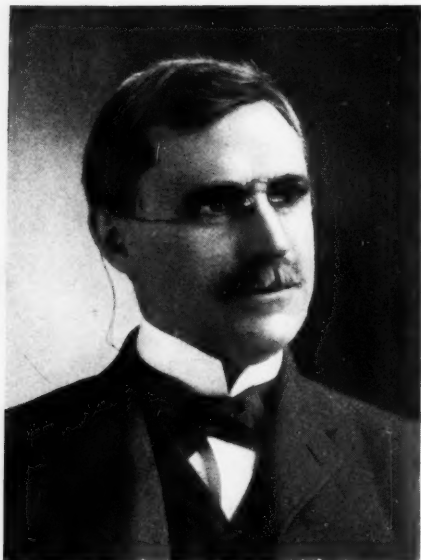
tendents look forward to offices in the steel and marble Frick building, in Pittsburgh; the workmen dream of five thousand dollars apiece and little farms on the Danube. It would be impossible to live in the Connellsville region without hopes and dreams.

#### FRICK ENTERS THE CARNEGIE COMPANY

Until 1882, the Carnegie company owned no coke ovens. Then it bought

Frick, and every year his admiration increased. His growing company needed an organizer. And so, in 1889, he appointed Frick commander-in-chief of all his forces.

Without the investment of a dollar, Frick became a partner in the Carnegie company. Carnegie gave him five per cent of the stock, for which Frick gave his notes. The stock paid for itself in a few years of big profits. Later, Frick



THOMAS LYNCH, OF PITTSBURGH, PRESIDENT  
OF THE H. C. FRICK COKE COMPANY

got six per cent more, on the same terms; but in a year of low profits he sold back five per cent to Carnegie.

The Carnegie company moved now from the age of millions to the age of many millions. Instead of fourteen partners, there were practically only three—Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps, and Henry C. Frick. As the business grew, the number of original partners diminished. Some had died; most of the others had withdrawn willingly, leaving Andrew Carnegie, as they thought, to be the Casabianca of the Pittsburgh steel trade.

All other iron and steel magnates, with the exception of Carnegie, lived in Pittsburgh and were swayed constantly by the local gossip, by the labor troubles, and by the rumors of competition and low prices that floated from office to office. To-day they were elated; to-morrow they were depressed. To-day they bought; to-morrow they sold.

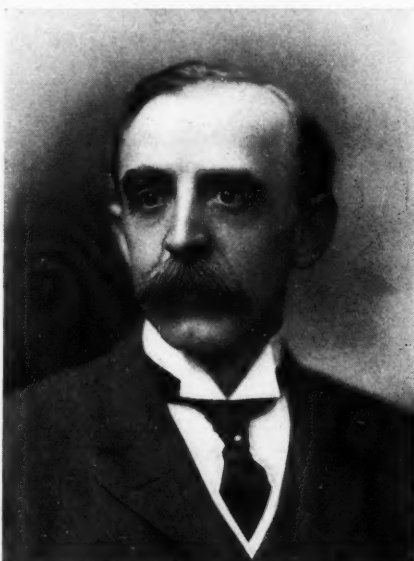
Carnegie, on the other hand, deliberately placed himself where these little ups and downs were unnoticed. As he sat on the deck of a Pacific steamer, or fished for trout in a Highland loch, the news that Coleman had quarreled with Shinn, or that the coke-drawers wanted five cents a day more, was of small

consequence. One thing he knew—that civilization needed steel and was able to pay for it. All else was not worth troubling about. And so in good times he whipped on his workers to beat every previous record; and in bad times, when prices were low, he bought other plants or built new ones.

#### THE ANNEXATION OF HOMESTEAD

The way in which he came into possession of the great Homestead works is a striking illustration of what his competitors called "Carnegie luck." In 1880 seven of these competitors, all able and wealthy men, raised a quarter of a million and built a steel-mill to get some of the Carnegie company's business. Up to this time Carnegie had been the only maker of steel rails in the Pittsburgh district; but this new plant promised to produce three hundred thousand tons a year. For a while it looked as if the profits would be cut in two; and if the Homestead mill had been ably managed, the history of steel might have had a different set of heroes.

The new plant was running full blast fifteen months after the first spade had been put into the ground—a record-breaking achievement. It began with a



S. L. SCHOONMAKER, OF NEW YORK, ONE OF  
H. C. FRICK'S FIRST PARTNERS

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*

blare of trumpets. Two hundred tons of rails a day were squeezed into shape between its whirling rollers. Its equipment was the best that money and brains could make. Advance orders had been booked. Apparently, the new firm had a mort-

outs, strikes, riots, and quarrels among the partners. The price of steel began to fall. Trade grew worse daily. More capital was demanded of the stockholders. It was only an eclipse of the sun at noon, but the owners of the new concern



ALVA C. DINKEY, OF PITTSBURGH, THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF  
THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Patton, Pittsburgh*

gage on prosperity, when suddenly the whole enterprise was paralyzed by a series of labor troubles. The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers rose up and dealt the company blow after blow.

The association was not then the fragment that it is to-day. It numbered seventy thousand members. There was scarcely a non-union steel worker in the United States. It was six years old, and flushed with a dozen small victories.

For several months there were lock-

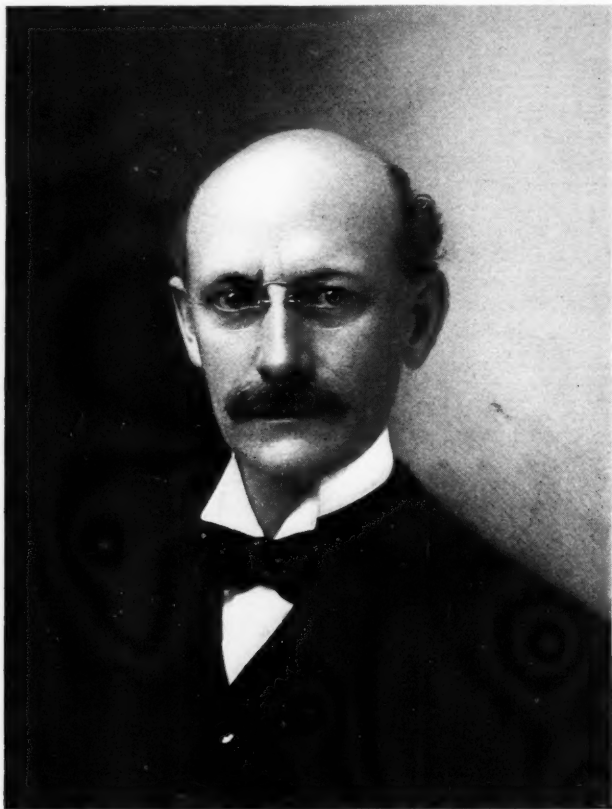
believed that night had come. They decided to sell out to Carnegie, but they were afraid that he would get the best of the deal, and held several meetings to rehearse what they would say to him. Then they called him in. It was one of the dramatic moments of the story of steel.

"Gentlemen," said Carnegie, "I am willing to do what you say—and more. I will give you every dollar that Homestead has cost you, and I will invite you all into our company as partners."

The partners were speechless. They were loaded to the muzzle against trickery, but this square deal disarmed them. They moved to adjourn. Next morning one of them, W. H. Singer, entered Carnegie's office and said:

Carnegie with the feeling of complacency which a man possesses after having traded a balky horse for a corner lot.

In a short time the labor troubles were smoothed out. Prices rose. Business revived. And in two years the Homestead



JAMES GAYLEY, OF NEW YORK, ONE OF THE CARNEGIE PARTNERS,  
NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES  
STEEL CORPORATION

*From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York*

"Were you in earnest yesterday? Would you really take me for a partner?"

"Of course I would," replied Carnegie. "Shake, pard."

Singer remained a partner of Carnegie to the end, and saw the fifty thousand dollars which he had invested swell into many millions. As for his associates, they were suspicious of Carnegie and disgusted with steel. They took their pay in notes, and handed Homestead to

plant had paid for itself. Practically, the Carnegie company got it for nothing—nothing but pluck and enterprise and faith in the future of steel.

To the further amazement of Pittsburgh, as soon as the company had bought this "gold brick" Homestead plant, hundreds of thousands were spent in improving it. Julian Kennedy was put in charge—a man who, as an all-around steel engineer, has probably never had a superior in any country. Kennedy had

beaten even Captain Jones as a steel-maker, and now he set to work to make a steel-mill which was then, and is to-day, the wonder of the engineering world. Instead of making steel ingots and bars, which had to be sold as mere raw material, the Homestead works began to produce beams, girders, and all manner of structural shapes. At that time there was no strong demand for such things, and Pittsburgh once more prophesied failure for Carnegie and Phipps.

As if the very stars in their courses were silent partners of the two comrades who had battled up to greatness from Barefoot Square, the skyscraper age began in the same year that this Homestead mill was finished. The Rookery, in Chicago—first of all the giant steel buildings which give distinctiveness to American cities—was built in 1887, and others followed in quick succession. At the same time came a boom in the building of steel bridges. The Pittsburgh croakers gasped to see the Homestead "failure" running night and day to catch up with its orders. Carnegie had foreseen the coming of a steel-ribbed civilization, and his company was now the owner of the best steel-works in existence.

Years afterward, Mr. Carnegie was sitting in the home of his friend, James G. Blaine. Pointing to the ceiling, he said:

"There is a steel beam there that was made in my Homestead mill. The mill cost me a million to build, but I made a clear million in profits before any one else had time to build one like it. I started ahead of them all, and so I was able to hold the cream of the business."

#### THE CONQUEST OF DUQUESNE

Take one more illustration of the "Carnegie luck" and the Frick financing—the acquisition of the magnificent steel-works at Duquesne without the outlay of a single dollar. Nothing that equals this financial legerdemain has ever been known before or since in the iron and steel trade. Among all the industrial battles fought and won by Carnegie and his captains, the victory of Duquesne will always stand out as the most complete and decisive.

Three years after the capture of Homestead by the Carnegie group, three or four of the seven defeated competi-

tors took their purchase money, added twice as much to it, and began to build a second steel-mill. They had realized their mistake in parting with the Homestead works, and they were determined to "beat Carnegie this time." They bought a tract of land on the Monongahela River, a few miles above Homestead, and in three years had a plant which was a marvel for handiness and speed. It was practically a "continuous" mill—one in which the steel ingots did not require to be reheated, but were sent continuously through the whole process of rail-making. Dozens of new labor-saving devices were introduced. The partners had lost Homestead because of labor troubles, and in the Duquesne works they had as few workmen as possible. In fact, so successful were they in replacing men by machinery that the labor cost of their steel was cut exactly in half.

The Carnegie company at once showed fight. The Duquesne company was kept out of the rail pool. It found itself fenced out—ostracized—boycotted. It was compelled to pick up the crumbs from the table at which its competitors were dining. Necessity compelled it to accept undesirable contracts. The steel went out, but the money did not come in.

Then the Duquesne manager repeated the mistake of Homestead, and picked a quarrel with the Amalgamated Association. Offensive signs were nailed up at the gates, announcing that "No Union Men Are Allowed on These Works." All these difficulties set the partners wrangling, as they had before; and at the psychological moment Frick made an offer of six hundred thousand dollars for the plant. This was about half what it had cost, and the suggestion did not help to put the partners in a more optimistic mood. A year later he raised the price to a million dollars, payable in bonds, not cash, and his offer was accepted.

The Carnegie company took possession, speeded up the steel-mill to a Captain Jones gait, and in less than one year cleared a million dollars' profit. Carnegie had captured the Port Arthur of his competitors, and it had not cost him a drop of blood nor an ounce of powder. In twelve months there was not

a nickel less in the Carnegie treasury, and he was the master of a steel city which to-day makes more than three per cent of all the steel in the world. By the time the bonds came due, the Duquesne plant had paid for itself six times over. And so, in 1890, Carnegie, Phipps, and Frick secured another province in the steel world for nothing—nothing except the skilful use of those business methods which our generals of industry have either practised or permitted.

#### A MARVELOUS INDUSTRIAL MECHANISM

Thomas Morrison, a distant relation of Andrew Carnegie, was put in charge of Duquesne. He was young and inexperienced; but the responsibility ripened him at once into an able manager. He made peace with the workmen and started the immense plant on its record-breaking career. For four years the Duquesne furnaces held the world's record. In one month they made more iron than all the furnaces in the United States had produced during President Monroe's first term of office. An output of twenty-six hundred and fifty tons of iron a day from four furnaces was an achievement that would have seemed absolutely incredible not long before.

Money was lavished on Duquesne to make it as nearly as possible automatic. It is said that an inventive friend of Charles M. Schwab approached him one day and said:

"Will you back me in selling a non-nicotine, continuous tobacco pipe?"

"No," replied Schwab, "but I'll back you if you'll invent a continuous steel-mill."

This incident implanted the project of a wholly continuous steel-mill in the mind of Mr. Schwab. He proposed it to Mr. Carnegie, who said:

"Good! Go ahead and build one."

The final result is a mill which is so well arranged as to be practically one great machine. At one end stand the furnaces and ore piles; at the other the steel bars drop into the cooling-pit at the rate of one a second, and the loaded freight-cars twist noisily out of the yard.

By 1892 the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, had grown into a twenty-five million dollar concern, and under the

leadership of Frick it was becoming a complete industrial unit. The scattered works were unified by the building of the Union Railway. The different railroads had been making trouble about their "rights" inside the yards of the steel-plants. Frick settled the dispute by putting all the railroads outside the fence, and constructing a company road. This improvement at once saved enough in switching-charges alone to pay interest on the cost of the whole railroad. The ejected railroads, to prove that they cherished no resentment, granted a rebate of twenty-five cents a ton on ore. Which of them could dare to quarrel with a company that handled sixteen million tons of freight a year? Thus the Union Railroad, like the Homestead and Duquesne steel-works, was made to pay for itself in a few months.

The fourth step in the development of this corporate socialism was the acquiring of ore mines in the Lake Superior region. This, too, was managed so that the property did not cost the company a dollar. It was also a miracle of "high finance," but one in which no competitor was disabled.

#### OLIVER AND THE ORE FIELDS

Among the boyhood companions of Andrew Carnegie in Allegheny there had been a boy called Harry Oliver. He had grown up to be a shrewd business man—one who made fortunes cheerfully and lost them cheerfully. He was a steel-maker, but had never been in any Carnegie enterprise. Harry and Andy had been messenger-boys together. Soon after Lon Merritt had opened up the Mesaba Range in 1892, Oliver saw its value, and bought a large tract of land there. About the time his mines were beginning to ship ore, he met Frick one morning in Pittsburgh.

"Why cannot we go in with you in this Mesaba ore business?" asked Frick.

"On what terms?" replied Oliver.

"Well," said Frick, "give us five-sixths of your ore stock and we'll lend you half a million dollars to develop the mines."

"Agreed," said Oliver, and so a property which is to-day worth tens of millions was obtained as a gift from Oliver, who did his best day's work when he

made an alliance with the powerful Carnegie group.

Four years later, Frick and Oliver joined forces with John D. Rockefeller in the Lake Superior ore business. This combination created a panic among the other mine-owners. Ore dropped from six dollars a ton to less than three. Dozens of mines, worth millions, were tossed on the bargain counter and sold to Frick and Oliver for thousands. Rockefeller showed no desire to buy mines, but merely stipulated that his railroads and steamships should have the carrying of the ore to the Lake Erie ports. He went further, and leased the mines which he had already acquired to Frick and Oliver, for a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton. This was forty cents below the usual price, and meant more millions to the Carnegie-Phipps-Frick combination.

For a year or more Oliver worked like a beaver, buying in mines from the demoralized owners. When the panic was over, the Carnegie company figured up its winnings, and found that it was the possessor of a hundred million tons of ore, which Charles M. Schwab has since valued at a dollar a ton. It had bought in a hundred million dollars' worth of raw material for the price of a few farms.

#### OLIVER'S PICTURESQUE CAREER

Henry W. Oliver was one of the most picturesque knights errant of Pittsburgh. His life was a series of magnificent climaxes, of startling successes and crashing failures. He packed the experiences of half a dozen lifetimes into one. As a business man he was a marvel of force and elasticity. The harder he was thrown down, the higher he would rebound. His optimism was at all times invulnerable. In his power of recuperation he had no equal in his generation. His parents were poor Irish people, who emigrated from County Tyrone when he was a small boy. His first job was as messenger in a Pittsburgh telegraph-office. When the first shot of the Civil War was fired, he sprang to the defense of the Union, and continued to be a prominent Republican until his death.

His first rise and fall was in the nut and bolt business. In this enterprise his

employees at one time saved him from failure by working for two weeks without wages. For years he plunged from one scheme to another, incidentally founding the pressed steel car industry. In 1892 he was elected a delegate to the national Republican convention at Minneapolis. While there, he heard for the first time of the discovery of the Mesaba Range, and hurried up to Duluth. He found the town crowded with spectators. Every hotel was full, and he was obliged to sleep on a billiard-table.

The next morning he bought a horse and rode through the wilderness to the new ore mines. It was a rough ride for a man unused to the woods. At nights he lay on the ground and listened to the howling of the timber-wolves. When he reached the camp of the Merritt brothers, they showed him iron mines out of which the ore could be dug like sand. Here were scores, perhaps hundreds, of millions of tons, and no one in Pittsburgh had as yet bought a pound of it. Oliver leased a large mine from the Merritts, and on his return to Pittsburgh Frick became his partner. Nine years afterward that ride through the wilderness netted him thirteen million dollars. It made him, in the Carnegie company, the man behind the ore.

As Carnegie said to me, "Harry Oliver was a man who saw far ahead. He could not carry all the game he had captured, and appealed to the Carnegie company to join him. It did, and carried the treasure safely through with its money and credit."

"The Oliver luck" is a Pittsburgh phrase. Strictly speaking, it meant a compound of one part chance and two parts energy—the "luck" of a man who falls out of a three-story window and invents a flying-machine. His creditors were always the first to lend him more money when he was in difficulties. When he bought his first Mesaba mine, he gave a check for the price—five thousand dollars—although he had not a cent on deposit at the time. He telegraphed to the bank to cash the check, and had no trouble in carrying the deal through. The insignificant fact that he had no money available never blocked the plans of Harry Oliver.

He was never the servant of other

people's opinions. On one occasion he sent an agent to report on a piece of mining land. The agent wrote back a long report, unfavorable in every particular.

"I think he's mistaken," said Oliver. "I'll take it."

In a short time the land proved to be worth double what he had paid for it. No one bore the risks of commerce more easily than Oliver. When his partners grumbled at the large amount of money that he was spending on a new mine, he replied cheerily:

"Well, if it does fail, we'll have the finest mining-shaft in the world!"

After Rockefeller had squeezed out the Merritt brothers, he became Oliver's landlord, and during 1894 Oliver was forty thousand dollars behind in his payments. The Rockefeller agents demanded an immediate settlement. Oliver hurried to New York, but was not allowed to see Rockefeller.

"I trust you will remember that this is not a charitable institution, Mr. Oliver," said one of the junior partners.

As Oliver walked out of the office, he met a negro porter in the hall. Slipping a twenty-dollar bill in the porter's hand, he said:

"See here, George, is Mr. John D. Rockefeller in that inside room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Oliver, "when these other men go to lunch, you might accidentally leave his door unlocked, that's all."

Oliver waited in the hall until he saw the junior partners vanish down the elevator; then he slipped into the inside room and found his dreaded creditor fast asleep, with a handkerchief over his face. In about ten minutes Rockefeller awoke, and Oliver told his story. It impressed Rockefeller favorably, and in a few minutes more he wrote a short note, affixed his magic signature, and Oliver was saved.

#### BRINGING THE ORE TO PITTSBURGH

The Carnegie company had now ore enough to last for generations; but it was a thousand miles from Pittsburgh, over land and lake. The next problem to solve was that of cheap transportation. There was a rickety, penniless little rail-

way which owned a "right of way and two streaks of rust" from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie. It had terminal facilities at Conneaut, and there was no reason why it should not have done business. But it had been a failure from the first, staggering from one misfortune to another. Andrew Carnegie went to its president and said:

"Your railroad is on the verge of bankruptcy. Let me reorganize it. I will extend it to our steel-works and make it one of the best roads in the world. I will pay you in bonds, which our enormous traffic will make gilt-edged."

The president consented, glad to escape from his financial difficulties so happily.

In fifteen months the two hundred and twelve miles of this road were entirely rebuilt. They were laid with heavy steel rails, and strong steel bridges replaced the ramshackle wooden trestles. The most powerful locomotives ever built, up to that time, were put on the line. To-day the Bessemer & Lake Erie, as it is called, has a hundred locomotives and ten thousand cars. Its cost of carrying freight is less than that of any other American railroad; and it was acquired without the withdrawal of one dollar in cash from the Carnegie treasury. Carnegie himself deserves all the credit for this purchase, as all his partners disapproved of it.

Until 1899 the Rockefeller ore fleet carried all the Carnegie ore. Then a small fleet of six vessels was bought—by means of an issue of bonds, as usual. This fleet has grown yearly until to-day it has one hundred and sixteen vessels, carrying more than ten million tons of ore in a season, and earning a gross income of nearly ten million dollars. This was the last link in the chain. The Carnegie company had wiped out all the middlemen, and now owned all its means of production and distribution. It pocketed all the profits, from the ore in the ground to the finished rail and girder. As an elaborate industrial machine for making and marketing steel, it had no equal either in Europe or the United States. And at the top of this mammoth structure of commercial feudalism stood three men who had been

moneyless clerks less than two-score years before. In the short span of a single lifetime they had made themselves the masters of a wealth so great that it surpassed all the hereditary fortunes swollen by centuries of privilege.

#### THE DANGERS OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY

It must not be inferred from this romance of easily won wealth that every steel-works is a gold mine. Far from it. Few industries, if any, have been as hazardous, as variable, as full of whims and sudden changes. Mr. Carnegie loves to quote the lines of "Hudibras":

Ah, me! What perils do environ  
The man who meddles with cold iron!

A steel-mill requires more varieties of skill than almost any other industry. The work is complex at every step, and one mistake may mean wreckage. The first owners of the Homestead plant failed because they lacked one species of skill only—the skill to manage the workmen. The first owners of Duquesne had an almost perfect plant, but failed to make profitable sales. In the eighties, when the Carnegie company was making forty per cent, a body of English capitalists spent a million dollars on the Victoria furnace at Goshen, Virginia, and failed completely through bad management. The same furnace is running full blast to-day, pouring out fifty thousand tons a year.

Even the largest steel corporations have had their serious troubles. The Cambria plant was twice in difficulties, and once sold by the sheriff. The Joliet works was sold at auction. The Bethlehem company was twice compelled to mortgage its plant. The Chicago steel-works was mortgaged and its shares sold at fifty cents on the dollar. The Troy Iron & Steel Company was reorganized several times. The Superior Iron Company's shares dropped to less than sixteen. On several occasions the Carnegie company had to squeeze through such narrow channels that some of the frightened partners leaped overboard. Many a time Carnegie had to call a halt in some department that was losing money. In 1887, for instance, there was a loss of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on

one order for armor-plate. Four-fifths of the plates had been rejected.

"Take no more orders," telegraphed Carnegie.

Soon afterward, his partners took an order at an advance of twenty-two dollars a ton and made large profits.

In his earlier days, Mr. Carnegie appeared to have no clearly defined policy; but he learned by mistakes, and never made the same mistake twice. On one occasion he and Pullman, of Chicago, were talking over their early days.

"Andrew," said Pullman, "the fellows that knew us in those days said we were making mistakes."

"So we were," responded Carnegie, "but the percentage was on our side."

Carnegie was always teachable, and large enough to associate himself with men who had the qualities which he lacked. To paraphrase Marcus Aurelius, he might well declare:

"To Colonel Thomas Scott I owe the ambition to conduct large and venture-some business operations.

"To my brother Thomas I owe my appreciation of the value of friendship in business affairs.

"From John Vandevort I learned to value travel and play.

"From Andrew Kloman I learned the profitableness of iron.

"From Henry Phipps I learned the necessity of patiently mastering details.

"From Captain W. R. Jones I learned to appreciate intelligent and free-spirited workmen and superintendents."

And so on. If this list of instructors were made complete, it would fill several pages. With the exception of Frick, Carnegie's later associates were mainly energetic young men who were content to be part of the Carnegie machine. When compelled to choose between ability and faithfulness, he has invariably chosen the latter. His motto has generally been, "Better have an obedient young mediocrity than a mature genius who is self-willed and disloyal." But in most cases he gave a free hand to every man who produced results.

#### THE CARNEGIE SYSTEM

Little by little what we may call the Carnegie system was developed.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Carnegie was the first steel-maker who introduced department-store principles into the iron and steel business. His corporation was a large establishment run by a few highly skilled superintendents, and by a crowd of young clerks who were taught to do one thing fairly well. Partnerships were dangled before the eyes of these young clerks until they were fevered with ambition. It was a system of make or break. Every young officer who served under General Carnegie was either a millionaire or a physical wreck in a few years. "No system has ever made so many men wealthy in so short a time," says Jeans, the steel historian of England.

Carnegie made every moment of the working day important. Every job was a race. In the selling of his steel he hamstrung competition by a high tariff and a rail pool; but in the making of the steel he stimulated competition almost to the point of ferocity. Every superintendent was pitted against every other. The heaven of a partnership and the hell of dismissal goaded the bosses and sub-bosses into a furious activity that put the Carnegie company far in advance of all its competitors. No matter how much the sweltering furnacemen toiled, no matter how amazing was the achievement of to-day, to-morrow the same order came from the terrible general—"More!"

But it was a Napoleonic republic, this Carnegie corporation. Every private soldier felt that he carried the baton of a marshal in his knapsack. Never before, in so prosperous a business, were there so few stupid relatives and favorites in places of authority. Out of thirty-three superintendents, only three were school-trained. The others had risen from the ranks. Not one had invested a dollar, yet all held stock. They were the "fittest" who survived. There were no figurehead directors. Every man had his work, and he held his place just as long as he could do the work better than any one else. The moment a man showed signs of weakness or inefficiency, he was immediately dropped, or pigeon-holed into some political office. There was a scrap-heap for men as well as for machinery.

"Take away all our factories," said Carnegie in an eloquent moment, "take away all our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money. Leave me nothing but our organization, and in four years I shall have reestablished myself."

He imprinted this idea indelibly upon the mind of an English editor on one occasion. The editor had asked him to write an article on "Organization in Business."

"Yes," replied Carnegie, "I can write you an article on that subject, but my price may be too high for you."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the delighted editor. "Name your own price, Mr. Carnegie."

"Well, I couldn't let you have it at less than the knowledge has cost me, could I?" responded the steel king. "Suppose we say five million dollars, which will be very much less than cost!"

#### CARNEGIE AS A BUSINESS MAN

Andrew Carnegie was never a speculator, seldom a pioneer. He had millions for an improvement, but not a cent for a gamble. He never bought or sold a share of stock through a stock exchange. The moment Wall Street stepped in he stepped out.

"Speculation is the counterfeit of business," he says. "It is a parasite which feeds upon values, and creates none."

Much of his commercial daring was more apparent than real. Generally, he waited until a new invention had been thoroughly tested by other men; then, if it was satisfactory, he rushed in with a vigor and vim that caused the outside world to regard him as the original pioneer. This occurred in the making of iron bridges, Bessemer steel, open-hearth steel, structural iron, and in the owning of Lake Superior ore lands. Others did the exploring and cut the first paths; then Carnegie transformed the rough paths into wide, smooth roads.

No business man ever scattered his interests so widely at first, nor concentrated them so completely as soon as he had established himself, as Andrew Carnegie. After 1873, there was nothing in the world for him but steel. Almost every rich American who has made his fortune in industry has shifted his cap-

ital into railroad, bank, or real estate investments, for the sake of security and social standing. To this rule Mr. Carnegie is the most notable exception. He became, and he remains, the greatest of all steel capitalists.

Year after year the bulk of his profits went back into the business. No alluring scheme could side-track him. No persuasive company-promoter could make the slightest impression upon his armor-plated indifference. And he inspired the same spirit of concentration in his partners.

"I would no more have thought of buying stocks than of flying," said Clemson, one of the young partners. "If any one of us had dickered with stocks, I'm sure Carnegie would have discharged him."

Carnegie never impoverished his business by squeezing out of it the highest possible dividends. Not one of his steel-mills was allowed to go begging.

Carnegie's unwavering policy was to fertilize the soil from which his millions grew. He pushed past failures with the brute force of capital. In dull times he spent the money he had made in good times, repairing, improving, and enlarging his works. During the stagnant year of 1876 he ordered a new big furnace built at the Edgar Thomson works, to the surprise of Pittsburghers.

"Carnegie must have faith in the future," wrote a puzzled editor.

At every yearly meeting of the partners, Mr. Carnegie asked the question:

"Well, what shall we throw away this year?"

He was the first steel-maker to throw good machinery on the scrap-heap merely because it was a little out of date.

"If I could reduce the cost of rails ten cents a ton, I'd spend a million dollars gladly," he said to his friend Miller.

At one Saturday noon meeting of the Carnegie directors on January 7, 1899, in less than thirty minutes the immense sum of two million, five hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars was voted to be spent on improvements. In two years twenty millions were expended.

"I gave Thomas a quarter of a million for his patents, and as there was some little indefiniteness about one point in the

contract, I gave him fifty thousand more," said Carnegie airily to the writer. Thomas and Gilchrist, two young English chemists, were the inventors of the "basic process," by means of which steel could be made from ores that were high in phosphorus. "Those two young men did more for England's greatness than all her kings and queens put together," said he. "Moses struck the rock and brought forth water, but they struck the useless phosphorus ore and transformed it into steel—a greater miracle."

When the pioneers had demonstrated the value of chemistry to the iron and steel industry, Carnegie brought Dr. Fricke from Germany and paid him a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year to be the company's chemist. "This was considered an enormous salary," he said to me. "The other steel men said, 'We cannot afford to pay such salaries to German scientists.' But I replied, 'We cannot afford to be without them.'"

Before the first year was out, Dr. Fricke had earned his salary over and over again, by enabling the company to use ores that were considered by steel men to be unavailable.

#### PROFITABLE PUBLICITY

And while his partners and forty-five thousand swarthy workmen labored on under the blackened skies of Pennsylvania, Carnegie himself was waging a politico-social campaign in all parts of the world. He became the personal friend of every political leader of national prominence. He was always ready to subscribe to a worthy campaign fund.

"How would you like to invest ten thousand dollars in the Senatorial fight in ———?" wrote James G. Blaine in 1886.

Congressmen were invited to select theater parties, or to dinners at which they met literary and philosophical celebrities. Titled Europeans were taken to see the wonders of Homestead or Duquesne. Speeches were made and books were written.

All this was publicity. It was the most effective sort of advertising. It was an essential part of the Carnegie system. There was nothing sordid about it. The simple fact was shown that a man of many friends and many interests

is more likely to succeed in business than a man of few friends and few interests. More things than kissing go by favor, and on several occasions the friendly offices of the government enabled the Carnegie company to collect debts or secure orders.

Every sales agent imitated his chief on a smaller scale. He was ordered to join the most fashionable clubs, to subscribe generously to all popular causes, and to keep himself favorably in the public eye. "Big contracts are always more likely to be made over the nuts and wine than across a desk," said Mr. Carnegie. When Millard Hunsiker was sent to get orders from Japan, for instance, he went in a blaze of military glory and social prestige. Hunsiker was a tall, well-built man, the Beau Brummel of the Carnegie company. A few months before sailing he secured an appointment as colonel on the Governor of Pennsylvania's staff. This gave him a right to a title and to a uniform, both of which proved astonishingly effective in smoothing his path in Tokio and Yokohama. The Asiatic mind was doubly impressed by his prices and his full regimentals, and he was soon cabling back to Pittsburgh the most satisfactory orders for steel rails and armor-plate. To-day Colonel Hunsiker is in charge of the London office of the United States Steel Corporation, and deserves a large share of credit for its exports of more than a million tons a year.

#### LARGE SCHEMES AND SMALL DETAILS

The daily report from every department was a strong feature of the Carnegie system. It made the yesterdays into a whip of many lashes to urge to-day on to still greater speed. It transformed the iron and steel business from a monthly to a daily affair. Instead of being an absentee employer, Carnegie became practically ubiquitous by means of these reports.

"We always felt as if he were right behind us," said one of his younger partners.

Without the use of any spy system, he often surprised his superintendents by knowing more about their department than they did. On one occasion the superintendent at Homestead made a

mistake in calculating the cost of some improvements. The work when done cost a hundred thousand dollars more than his estimate. Thinking that this might escape Carnegie's notice, he avoided any mention of it at the next stockholders' meeting. The meeting concluded, and Carnegie showed no sign that he was aware of the superintendent's blunder, not wishing to humiliate him in the presence of the others. But as the superintendent was about to leave the room, Carnegie took him by the arm and said quietly:

"By the way, John, what about that extra expense in your mill?"

Everything on a large scale—quantity, quantity, quantity—this was the keynote of the system. Customers looking for small lots might go elsewhere and welcome. So might those who wanted steel of unusual shape or quality. The Carnegie company waged a stubborn battle with the architects of bridges and skyscrapers, to compel them to standardize their material. According to British and German custom, every architect at first designed all manner of unique and artistic structures, which the steel-makers were supposed to reproduce. In the early eighties architects knew little or nothing of steel, or of the limitations of a rolling-mill. Moreover, the idea of buying bridges by the yard and buildings by the story threatened both the prestige and profit of their profession. So they fought the Carnegie plan of making structural steel into standard sizes, and lost, as every profession must that puts its own convenience against the onward march of the world. To-day, if a builder orders a special size, the steel company will say:

"We don't make that size, but if you'll pay three thousand dollars for a new set of rolls, and give us a big order, we'll make 'em for you. Otherwise, we shall have to ask you to select from our catalogue."

With all his caution in new departures, it may fairly be said that Andrew Carnegie was as a rule about ten years ahead of Pittsburgh. The average citizen regarded him as a reckless plunger. Most Pittsburgh steel-makers in their hearts considered him an impertinent outsider, who has blundered into their world by

accident, and who would soon find his level again in a railroad clerkship. Even now his success is looked upon by many as having been an industrial miracle, a phenomenon which can never occur again.

The older men remember when he was the biggest borrower in Pennsylvania. He bought the brains of the State, even when he had to borrow the money to do it. Again and again, when his fellow steel-makers were scrambling to get out of their hazardous business into something "safe," such as real estate, or banking, or railroads, Carnegie deliberately staked his whole winnings upon the future of steel. He never bought a foot of land nor a share of stock except in the building up of his own business.

Pittsburgh has moved ahead, but it is always the same distance behind Carnegie. In 1898, at a Chamber of Commerce banquet there, the steel king said:

"If I were Czar of Pittsburgh I would buy a large tract of coal land as near by as possible, and give the city a municipal gas plant."

That was eight years ago, yet the leading citizens and Chamber of Commerce officials still refer with amused unbelief to "Mr. Carnegie's Utopian plan," and all the while they are paying a double price for illuminating gas to a private company.

#### HAND LABOR AND MACHINERY

The year 1892 marked a turning-point, both in the history of the Carnegie company and the iron and steel world. The long war between labor and machinery ended in a complete victory for machinery. Since 1892 labor has been a passive factor in the steel business, without a will or a voice with regard to the sale of itself. The era of machinery, which had begun about 1870 with the Bessemer converter and the improved rolling-mill, became supreme with the failure of the Homestead strike. In the long history of labor wars there was never one as bitter as this, nor one in which the real issue was so completely overlooked by the general public.

The Homestead strike was not a matter of wages, or hours, or conditions of employment. It was not a duel between Frick and the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. It was not a

struggle between individuals or organizations. It was much more. It was a conflict between the old way and the new way—between production by muscle and sweat and production by automatic machinery.

Before the decisive battle of Homestead the workmen had names; after it they had numbers. Especially in the earlier days of the puddlers, when iron was refined by strong arms and skilful hands, the labor union was a power. Its officials went to Congress on tariff-raising expeditions in the same Pullman car with the steel barons. They had to be consulted with regard to improvements, as well as with regard to matters of hours and wages. In the steel-mill the chief roller, invariably a man of force and skill, was the king-pin of the whole plant. He stood practically above both employers and workmen.

But after the Waterloo of Homestead the union official became as extinct as the dodo, and the "high roller" was brought low. Henceforth the iron-worker of the stage, brawny, deep-chested, and defiant, became an almost unknown type. In his place stood a narrow-chested, pale-faced young man, or a stolid Slav, pushing buttons or pulling levers.

Captain Jones—who, strangely enough, was more responsible for the dawn of the era of machinery than any other one man—came into close personal touch with his workmen, and tolerated the unions.

"I have always found it best to treat men well," he said. "They should be made to feel that the company is interested in their welfare. Make the works a pleasant place for them. All haughty and disdainful treatment of men has a decidedly bad effect on them."

In his day the question of labor was of first importance. Success or failure depended upon whether the workmen were willing or unruly. Captain Jones went so far as to draw up a labor formula, which he gave to the Carnegie company.

"We must steer clear of the West," he said, "where men are accustomed to infernally high wages. We must steer clear, as far as we can, of Englishmen, who are great sticklers for high wages, small production, and strikes. My ex-

perience has shown that Germans, Irish, Swedes, and what I denominate Buckwheats—young American country boys—judiciously mixed, make the most effective and tractable force you can find. Scotchmen do very well, are honest and faithful. Welsh can be used in limited numbers. But mark me, Englishmen have been the worst class of men I have had anything to do with."

To an old-timer like David Thomas, an iron-works was a school as well as a money-making enterprise. Men, as well as iron, were to be refined. It was even more important to get a high grade of men than to dig a high grade of ore. Every workman was studied and trained as far as his natural ability would permit. He was regarded by his employer, not as a mere automatic unit of energy, but as a human being with likes, dislikes, and possibilities.

When John Fritz first took charge of the Bethlehem works, for instance, the sub-bosses said to him:

"Now, the first thing to do is to fire Parry."

"What's the matter with Parry?" inquired Fritz.

"Oh, he's one of our best furnace-men," replied the sub-bosses, "but he keeps the whole works in a state of turmoil. No living man can get along with him."

"Well, we'll see later about Parry," said Fritz. "At present I've neither friends to reward nor enemies to punish."

In a couple of days Parry, an able but crotchety fellow, strode into Mr. Fritz's office.

"See here, Mr. Fritz," he said, "I've got a new idea for the furnace."

"Good, Parry," replied Fritz; "take this sheet of paper and show me what it is."

Parry made a clumsy drawing, but Fritz saw at once that while the idea was crude, it was new, and could be improved.

"It looks like a fine idea, Parry," he said; "give me a couple of days to think it over."

Parry went back to his furnace highly pleased with the new superintendent, and Fritz altered the original suggestion until it became workable.

"I find your invention is a good

thing," reported Fritz. "You can go ahead and have it done."

After this the aggressive Parry became one of the most tractable men in the works. The incident illustrates the close personal relation that existed between master and man before machinery came between them.

#### THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION

In such conditions the labor unions flourished. A few years before the Civil War, when the price of bar iron had jumped to eight cents a pound, the United Sons of Vulcan was organized, and in 1865 employers and workmen met for the first time in Pittsburgh to make a wage contract. Ten years later the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers was formed, and soon claimed eighty thousand members. All through the eighties it held its men together and wielded great power. Even employers admit that it did useful work for the whole trade. It equalized conditions and steadied business.

But as the use of machinery increased, the labor unions became intolerable, from the employers' point of view. They had based wages upon output, and as machinery increased the output, they demanded that wages should be raised accordingly.

"The profits of machinery should go to capital," said the employers, "because it is capital and not labor that has paid for the machinery."

The workmen, on the other hand, being accustomed to measure a day's work by the amount of iron and steel that they produced, felt that they were being robbed of their rightful dues when they compared their pay-envelopes with their output.

The old trade union motto, "Labor creates all wealth," was passing out of date in the steel-mills. For example, in one of Carnegie's new mills, three thousand workmen made as much steel as ten thousand could have made a few years before. A wire rod roller in 1882 got two dollars and twelve cents a ton; to-day he gets twelve cents only, yet his wages are higher now than formerly. If he were paid at the old rate to-day, he would make more than four hundred dollars a week. A century ago, when

iron was made by labor alone, all the forty-four furnaces in Pennsylvania produced no more iron in a year than the nine Edgar Thomson furnaces can make now in a week. Two centuries ago, a furnace that made four hundred tons a year was prosperous; to-day a furnace makes about eight hundred tons per man per year. Such has been the extraordinary shrinkage of labor as a factor in the production of iron and steel.

For several years before the Homestead strike it was seen by employers that the Amalgamated Association would have to adapt itself to the new conditions or be broken up. But the association was strong and obstinate, and they were afraid of it. B. F. Jones, steel baron and apostle of high tariff, dared not fight the association because of the danger to his political prestige. Andrew Carnegie dared not for fear of loss to his general reputation as a philanthropist and friend of labor. Yet both Jones and Carnegie were anxious to go to its funeral. Happily for them, at the right time came the right man to do the work—a man who was unhampered by social or political prestige, who was in himself the incarnation of the new period of machinery and organization.

"It was a question," said Frick, "as to which should manage the works—the proprietors or the workmen."

#### THE GREAT HOMESTEAD STRIKE

The immediate cause of the strike was trivial. It involved only three hundred and twenty-five out of the thirty-eight hundred men; and the tragic nature of the five months' struggle, upon which the greater part of the public attention has been concentrated, was trivial in comparison with the real issue which it decided.

As this is a story of money and the men who got it, it is not necessary to retell the battle of Homestead. The main fact to remember about the downfall of the Amalgamated Association is that it was broken to pieces, not by Henry C. Frick, but by the inventor and the chemist. It was a puddlers' organization that outlived the trade of puddling. It went down because it had its face to the past. It was practically a labor feudalism, in which a small number of high-

wage workmen ruled a dues-paying mob of low-wage workmen.

"The Amalgamated Association was putting a tax on improvements, and it had to go," says Lovejoy, who acted as Frick's chief aide-de-camp.

As so often happens with labor organizations, the Amalgamated was again and again sacrificed by leaders who developed political ambitions. Its presidents were bagged, one after another, by political bosses. Joseph Bishop, its first president, was given a State House job in Columbus, Ohio. William Weihe became an immigration judge at Ellis Island. M. M. Garland was made surveyor of the port at Pittsburgh. Miles Humphreys entered the Pittsburgh fire department as chief. John Jarrett became a high tariff orator in the famous tin-plate campaign. All five were men of character and ability, but they forsook the organization that had chosen them as its leaders.

Since the Homestead defeat, the steel trade has been practically unorganized. To-day the Amalgamated has not more than ten thousand members. There is not a union steel-mill in the United States. Frick made the fight, but all steel-makers shared the spoils of victory. Capital was set free for the first time to make sweeping improvements.

"A few months after the strike was ended," said Mr. Frick to the writer, "we put machinery in the beam-yard that displaced four hundred men."

Whether labor has suffered in the long run is still a matter of bitter debate.

"After all," said one of the ex-presidents of the Amalgamated, "there are more men employed in the iron and steel trade to-day than ever before, and the work is easier."

The more machinery, the more workmen, has been the rule. Machinery means cheaper steel; cheaper steel means more uses and a greater demand. From the social point of view, the fifty-year fight against machinery made by the workmen was in every way a blunder.

#### THE FACTS ABOUT THE STRIKE

Now that the smoke of the battle has cleared away, the facts may be told without prejudice or passion. It should be stated, in the first place, that the

workmen of Homestead were not lawless rioters. No more orderly community could have been found than Homestead, before and after the Pinkerton invasion. In the six months previous to the strike there had been but three arrests, and those for drunkenness only. There are no people so law-abiding that they cannot be irritated into violence, and Homestead felt itself to be in a state of siege. A nine-foot fence, topped by barbed wire, and defended with search-lights and port-holes, had been built around the works. Stories were told about the shooting of strikers by Pinkertons, hired by Frick, in the coke regions. The workmen had a conviction, almost a religious belief, that no outsiders had a right to come in and take their places during a strike. Andrew Carnegie himself had said, a few years before:

"There is an unwritten law among the best workmen, 'Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job.'"

A Presidential election was at hand, and the partisan howling of politicians made cool reasoning impossible. Democratic editors were shrieking that "slavery had its *Legree*, protection its Frick." Free-trade propagandists stood behind the strikers and cheered them on to the bitterest resistance. Every incident was exaggerated. It was not the loss of life which attracted attention, but rather the dramatic and political nature of the struggle. Twice the damage has been done in other strikes of which the public has heard comparatively little.

While the question was not in reality one of wages but of authority, the immense profits of the Carnegie company were held to be sufficient reason why it should surrender to the workmen. On the day before the Homestead mills were closed, all the Carnegie properties were organized into the Carnegie Steel Company, capitalized at twenty million dollars—twice their previous capitalization. "Millions for them, and Pinkertons for us," said the workmen.

Grover Cleveland, who, as many think, owed his first election to the Homestead strike, became the spokesman of the strikers when he said:

"Scenes are enacted in the very abiding-place of high protection that mock

the hopes of toil and demonstrate the falsity that protection is a boon to toilers."

And so the violence that occurred at Homestead was practically predestinated by a series of circumstances outside and inside of the steel business.

#### CARNEGIE AND FRICK AS EMPLOYERS

In the second place, it should be stated that neither Carnegie nor Frick was unfair or oppressive as an employer.

"Carnegie was always the first to sign the scale," said a veteran unionist.

"He was the best employer in the world," said Thomas N. Miller. "There was not a mean bone in his body when it came to paying his men. His idea of retrenchment was not to order a reduction of wages, but to cut out middlemen, buy better machinery, and goad managers. Most of the early iron and steel men were hard and close-fisted; but Carnegie was always both just and generous. In fact, his idea was that the workmen should receive all the profit of their work just as soon as they showed themselves competent to take charge of the business."

Carnegie had been an employer for twenty-six years, and had never had a serious dispute with his men. He had a knack of going over the heads of walking delegates and reaching the rank and file. He was the "little boss." He knew hundreds of his workmen by name, and their affection for him was increased by his cheery friendliness.

His partners, Mr. Phipps informs me, thought that he was too yielding to the labor unions. They rejoiced that he was in Scotland when the Homestead clash occurred, and when he cabled that he would start for Pittsburgh by the next steamer, they begged him to stay away.

"The welfare of the company," said Mr. Phipps, "required that Mr. Carnegie should not be in this country, because he was always disposed to grant the demands of labor, however unreasonable."

As a keen man of business, Carnegie knew that it was foolish to hire Pinkertons and strike-breakers. Green hands are useless in a steel-mill, and skilled men are scarce. Better wait six months than ruin the whole plant. He knew

human nature better than Frick did. To him labor meant living people, not a mere productive force.

"It is subjecting men to too great a strain," he said, "to stand by and see their places filled by outsiders."

Neither was Frick a labor-crusher, at any period of his career. He never opposed unions that would make and keep contracts, and permit him to introduce improvements. He was always approachable, and ready to hear a grievance. His first order, when the strike began was:

"Don't let the women and children suffer."

The lowest wages paid at Homestead were a dollar and forty cents for ten hours' work; the highest were twelve dollars for eight hours. The average pay of a roller was about eight dollars a day. Stories are told of rollers who made seventy-five and even a hundred dollars a day, when the improved machinery was first introduced. During the strike two mill-workers, who gave bail for a prisoner, were found to possess twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of real estate between them. Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the strike, owned a three-thousand-dollar residence, comfortably furnished.

For the work done by a roller, eight dollars a day was fair pay. His position was a responsible one. Success depended largely upon his judgment. At that time a roller had from fifteen to twenty men under him, so that he was an officer and not a private soldier in the army of steel workers. Carnegie had every reason to believe that he was paying fair wages. Indeed, no other employer was paying so high a rate.

If Carnegie had been on the spot, the strike might still have occurred. Indeed, it had to come. But his way of settling it would have been to shut down and wait until the men surrendered. He would not have forced matters by sending Pinkertons and non-unionists to Homestead. He would have shown more patience and diplomacy than Frick.

#### HOMESTEAD AFTER THE STRIKE

After the strike the Homestead mills opened as non-union, Charles M. Schwab undertook the difficult job of superin-

tendent, and the vast six-million-dollar plant was soon running as smoothly as a watch. Jones & Laughlin, who owned the second largest steel-works in Pittsburgh, soon after declared their mills to be non-union. In Chicago the Amalgamated maintained an insecure footing until 1901. Then the workmen were ordered to strike by one of the chief officials of the union. They refused. He pleaded with them for four hours, without success. Then he sprang to the platform, seized their charter from the wall and tore it into shreds.

"I brand you as cowards!" he shouted.

The men sat in stolid silence. They had come into the hall as unionists; they walked out as non-unionists. One more feeble struggle with the United States Steel Corporation, and the mighty Amalgamated was in the dust. The era of machinery was in full swing.

Frick, Schwab, and Dinkey now proceeded to make Homestead one of the world's wonders. Julian Kennedy had already made it the best plant of its kind; but it was now perfected into a vast organic whole, as automatic and continuous as brains and millions could make it. For centuries the great iron pillar at Delhi, in India, had been regarded as the most wonderful iron product of the human race. It weighed seventeen tons. How it was made had been an age-long mystery. But here in a young republic, in a spot that had been a wilderness a hundred years before, immense white-hot ingots of steel, each one five or six times heavier than the Delhi pillar, were being flicked about as though they were cakes of soap. Here the molten metal was not carried in hand-dippers by sweating slaves, but in steel tank-cars hauled by locomotives. Here the power that moved the wheels and lifted the burdens was not a thousand half-naked laborers at the end of a rope, but the omnipotence of electricity at the end of a wire. Here there was the touch of a button, not the crack of a whip.

In Homestead fact has beaten fancy. The mechanic has outdone the poet. American days surpass the Arabian Nights. It is the dream of Archimedes come true. The tropical imagination of the East told of a flying carpet that could

lift and carry one or two people from place to place; but it could not conceive of the hand of a boy raising at once the whole population of a country. Yet at the Homestead works there is a hydraulic press which has power to lift up all the people in the State of Idaho. Compared to it, the hammer of Thor was a baby's plaything.

#### THE ERA OF MACHINERY

To describe all the processes in this amazing era of machinery would fill an encyclopedia; but here, for instance, is the story of a steel rail, made at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. Starting at the ore yards, we see a vast pile of ore containing, perhaps, half a million tons. Near by are the bins for the coke and limestone. Properly mixed, these three materials go in a continuous stream of cars to a row of eleven big furnaces. The furnaces are insatiable monsters. They must be fed with ten tons every minute.

Every little while the furnaces are "tapped," and the molten iron flows into a train of small cars, which hurries off to the great mixer. This is a steel box on rockers. The cars are emptied into the mixer, which rocks up and down till the iron is all of one quality. Then a second train puffs up, receives a load of iron, about two hundred tons, from the mixer, and scurries away to four Bessemer converters. These blow iron into steel at the rate of four tons a minute.

The converters spout their steel into big ladles, which pour the spluttering fluid into molds, pushed into position on a third train. When the molds are filled, the train runs about fifty yards away and stops. As soon as the steel is cooled into red-hot ingots, they are taken out and put into gas ovens so that they will not become cold. From here, one at a time, they are jerked out and dropped upon a small electric car, which rushes them to the rollers to be squeezed into shape.

Back and forward they plunge through the rolls, which are operated very much as is the wringer of a laundry. Every time an ingot goes between the rolls it becomes longer and thinner. Soon it looks

like a flaming red worm, twisting and squirming to escape. Sparks splash from it as it writhes and springs savagely at the rolls. You notice that it is now a rail.

In a second it is switched to another track, and springs away as if it had succeeded in escaping from its tormentors. If it thinks so, it is mistaken. Two whirling saws cut off its ends, with a sudden shriek and blaze of fireworks. Steel hands grip it again and fling it through a cold rolling-machine, so that its surface may be hardened. Nothing now remains except to straighten it and drill holes in the ends. Its agony is ended.

No human hand has touched it, from beginning to end. The only hand labor is the drilling of the holes. As you follow it in its course you see very few workmen. Here and there you notice small switch-towers, in which are quick-eyed men. There are no swarthy Samsons. Most of the men are alert, but not muscular. The day of brute force has set.

Here is the secret of the profits. It is not the high tariff that has brought the millions into the steel treasuries, although the tariff was an indispensable aid up to fifteen years ago. It is not the exploitation of labor, nor the plunder of weaker capitalists, nor the watering of stock. It is not primarily the possession of vast natural resources, as Europeans claim. The secret of American supremacy in the steel business is in the application of intelligence to every department. Here the inventor is appreciated. The ability to invent and to improve has risen to the dignity of a profession. The man who would have been a puddler fifty years ago is to-day probably a machinist or an electrical expert.

The Carnegie company swept past all its competitors because it laid hold of these new forces of the nineteenth century. It focused the most energy and the most intelligence upon its business. It paid the highest price for brains. It hitched Ambition and Enthusiasm to its car. And, as we shall see in the next chapter, it staked all its men and all its millions on the future of steel, and won.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The remarkable career of Charles M. Schwab, and how he rose from a day-laborer's work to the presidency of the Steel Trust, will be told next month; also the romantic history of the forty young workmen whose faithfulness to Andrew Carnegie was rewarded by a shower of millions.

# FIRE FIGHT FIRE

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HARDLY had Dr. Deane Miller landed at the Dorian Club's boat-house to take on more supplies for the rest of his hunting-trip, when Merle, the pop-eyed negro boy, thrust into his hand a telegram marked "Rush."

Dr. Miller ripped open the envelope with a large, well-tanned forefinger, and this message flashed into his brain:

Come at once; stop for nothing; urgent operation; must have you. BENEDICT.

The doctor pursed his lips into a "Whee-e-ew!" of annoyed surprise, and shoved back his canvas hunting-cap. His curly hair—he hated it—lay heavily clustered on his forehead; his eyes ached with the sunlight and the glare of the Lower Bay; he was dog-tired all over. Decidedly this message did not please him. He turned it over meditatively, as if he might find on the other side some solution to the difficulties of a twenty-mile train-ride and a delicate operation at the other end, without even so much as a change of raiment; but the blank yellow paper offered him no counsel.

"Hang this!" he grumbled, striking the paper with his big left hand. "Hang it! Can't a fellow clear out for a couple of weeks to shoot ducks and try to forget a girl?"—he groaned at certain memories—"without this sort of thing yanking him back to work again? If I was what she called me—a coward—I'd fake up some excuse, or say I never got the message; Merle, here, isn't above money and without price—but no, guess I'll have to cut for town."

Out came his watch. Twelve minutes to train-time—no, the electrics couldn't possibly do it.

"Here, Merle, you blackbird!" he commanded, weighing a half-dollar sug-

gestively in his broad palm. "You bring me a telegraph-blank and rustle me up a cab the quickest you ever did in your life! While it's coming, fix me a basket with sandwiches and a bottle of—no, I can't even have *that* if I'm to operate! Well, make it 'Pollinaris! Scoot, now, you calcined charcoal!"

## II

DR. MILLER'S entrance into the operating-room of the Trall Hospital, clad in full khaki hunting-togs, with even his revolver and cartridges girded around his equator like the rings of Saturn, caused a flutter of consternation among the three prim nurses waiting beside the little glass and iron table. The Trall Hospital, private, sedate, conservative, maintained its dignity even in the face of life and death emergencies. Dr. Miller was, at times, a disturbing factor in its routine, though an absolutely indispensable one. The three nurses, not having been informed regarding the situation, exchanged scandalized glances.

"Where's Benedict?" demanded Miller curtly of Miss Willett, quelling the young women with a sweep of his eye—an eye which never yet had been disobeyed.

"Hullo, there, doctor!" answered a voice from the sterilizing-room. "I'm washing up. Say, but I'm glad you're here, though! Come on and scrub."

Miller strode through the door.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Trouble enough—patient's just being etherized now. I was never so relieved in all my life as when I got your wire saying you'd be here. Everything's figured out to a T. If you'd been late, though——"

Benedict looked around with a gri-

mace as he soused his hands in the third solution, preparatory to drying them on a sterilized towel.

"Who is it? What is it?" Miller persisted, the while he slipped his operating-tunic over his coat and took a handful of green-soap. He glanced sharply at the younger man, his class-mate of five years ago, now his assistant at the Trall.

"Young woman, about twenty-five or so," answered Benedict. "Didn't get the name very well, but I think she's from Hillingdon. No matter—she's a stranger here, anyway."

"Well, what's the difficulty?" interrogated Miller, a shade of impatience rising in his voice. The word "Hillingdon" recalled the bitter quarrel, the shame of being misunderstood, the curt dismissal—all the miserable affair which his hunting-trip had so signally failed to obliterate. "Well, what is it?"

"Aneurism of the left jugular."

"So?"

"Yes—rather unusual, eh?"

"I should say so. Badly distended?"

"Liable to end fatally any hour—been coming on for some time, but diagnosed as neuralgia or some such foolishness—very unfortunate error of some local doctor down there."

"Why didn't you call in Ferrell, or go ahead with it yourself?"

Benedict shook his head.

"No, no," he answered, "I thought we'd better wait for you. Don't want to throw bouquets, you know, but——"

"There now, that'll do!" grumbled Miller, rinsing his hands. Miller was impervious to compliments. Not even the fact that at twenty-nine, only four years out of college, he was already something of an authority on aneurisms, could upset his strictly impersonal attitude toward his own skill. "Everything all ready?" he went on. "Hemostats? Scalpels? Silver wire? Must have it very fine, you know—can't wrap a jugular with ship's cable!"

"You'll find everything correct," Benedict assured him. "There, she's being brought in now!"

The quiet opening of a door and the roll of rubber-tired wheels, joined with a sickish whiff of ether, heralded the introduction of the patient into the bright

glare of the operating-room. Miller heard a whispering and a shuffle of feet as the orderly and nurses laid the woman on the table; then a slight scraping noise told that they were dragging the instrument-stands into position. Benedict walked out to take his place; Miller gave his hands a last dip, a final drying, and followed him.

For a moment he did not see the face of the woman; then Miss Willett drew from it the sterilized cloth, and—Miller's heart gave a sick jump; all the blood in him seemed rushing to it, leaving his ruddy face as gray as winter's dawn. His stout knees trembled; and that steady hand of his, which had so often held the even balance between life and death—where was now its cunning? Little glistening diamonds of sweat came prickling out all over his forehead.

He stepped back into the sterilizing-room, shaking like a frightened child.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped. "You—Isabelle! Benedict," he called a moment later, in a choking voice, "come out here!"

The assistant surgeon came to him.

"Say, Benedict, I—I——" stammered Miller. "Say, what does this mean? How did Isa—she—this patient get here? She—she—why——" He choked, stared, remained speechless.

"What in time's the matter with you?" questioned Benedict, alarmed. "Touch of sun?"

"No, no—nothing! Just tell me the—the circumstances, can't you?"

"Why, there's nothing much to tell. Got a telephone from Mrs. Dill, up there on Benton Avenue, you know, last night. Went up. Found she had a friend visiting from Hillingdon—this woman here. Pain in throat, abnormal pulsation, and all that sort of thing—made the examination—found the aneurism, that's all. Had her kept quiet till this morning—then brought here. Consultation. Decided to wire you on the chance—you said you'd be at the Dorian to-day. Well, you're here, and so's the patient—everything all right so far. Get it? Anything our of order? . . ."

"No, no, but——"

"But what? Here's your patient all anesthetized and waiting. It's up to



GATHERING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN IN HIS STRONG ARMS, HE BEARS HER OUT OF THE  
FIERCELY FLAMING PLACE



you now. If there's any irregularity anywhere, let it go till later. Professional etiquette—if that's it—can't stand in the way now! What's up, eh? You look like a cadaver, and, that's a fact! Pull up, Miller, and come along out here!"

The assistant seemed to have taken control; Miller was, for a moment, as clay in his hands. But only for a moment; then he elbowed Benedict out through the door.

"All right," he said. "Get everything ready; I'll be there in a minute." He gripped his strong, sterile hands together so tight that the knuckles whitened under the tan; he clinched his teeth till the big jaw-muscles bunched like cordage. "Now, boy!"

### III

DR. MILLER'S hand was steel and his eyes were as glass when he made the primary incision. His voice was even and low:

"Clip, here—now the scalpel—no, no, the other one—forceps—hold here—so—that's right!"

He was beginning one of the most curious, difficult, and dangerous operations known to surgery—that of exposing and wrapping with silver wire a weakened, swollen artery of vital importance. "Aneurism" is a word of dread; if one bursts, or if the surgeon's knife slips, cutting the distended walls—farewell!

Miller's knife did not slip; his hand, large and strong, held the keen scalpel with a fine precision of which an etcher might be jealous. His eyes did not wander higher than the patient's throat; all sense of her personality was gulfed in that almost mechanical accuracy, that nerveless, deliberate skill which from the beginning of his career had marked him as one of the few. His face, nevertheless, continued to be putty-gray, and the little diamonds on his forehead did not evaporate.

Benedict seconded him like the able assistant he was; Miss Willett stood at the head of the table, ether-cone in hand; the other two passed instruments, took them from their glass trays of solution, dropped them back, when used, into other solutions. Quiet brooded be-

neath the glare from the broad skylight—quiet except for the deep breathing of the patient, the clink of the instruments in their trays, or the cool words of the surgeon. The artery lay exposed.

"Now the wire!" commanded Miller; and Miss Schwenk, the second nurse, reached it to him with silver forceps.

"*Brrrrrrrrrrrr!*"

Through the hospital thrilled and vibrated a harsh electric gong, the gong that meant only one emergency—fire!

Benedict started nervously; the nurses shifted positions a trifle. Miller knitted his broad brows, but otherwise paid no more heed to the strident alarm than if it had been a summons to dinner. He looped the first strand of silver, dexterously introduced the second, then said impersonally:

"Lock the door, please, Miss Schwenk. Lock both doors!"

The nurse hesitated. Through the reek of ether an acrid odor of smoke had filtered into the windowless room; and over the skylight there was drawing something like a bluish veil. Far down the street jangled a faint distant clangor of bells, mingled with a thin wail of fire-engine whistles.

"Lock—the—doors!" repeated Miller, and this time his eyes were on Miss Schwenk.

She gave a nervous little giggle, quite unprofessionally feminine, and obeyed.

"Now bring me the keys," murmured the surgeon, bending to his work. "Lay them right here, please."

His glance indicated a little clear space on the operating-table. Miss Schwenk obeyed again.

"Thank you," said Miller courteously.

The operation continued, Miller icy-cool, the others beginning to fidget a trifle. The engines were drawing near; cries, shouts, hoarse bawlings sounded outside; they heard the clang of the chief's wagon hurling down the street; the clattering hoofs, the thundering wheels, as the great machines whirled on. A crowd was gathering—the noise welled up as the tide wells against a cliff-shore.

Some one rattled the handle of the operating-room door, screeched "Out!

Out! East wing's goin' fast!" and then rushed off down the corridor, where immense chaos reigned—whence came cries, groans, the sound of hurrying feet, screams of terror, as nurses and orderlies rushed the patients unceremoniously, in wheel-chairs or in their arms, over into the west wing, to temporary safety.

Then, over all that tumult from within and without, blared the hoarse whistle of the heating-plant—three long, bellowing blasts as from a brazen, tortured Minotaur—the signal of extreme emergency—"All out!" And at that sound the tumult waxed into a hurricane of rushing terror.

"Quiet, Miss Chase!" commanded Miller. "Ten minutes, and this patient can be moved—not before! Please sterilize this clamp!"

Calmly he made another loop with the silver wire. Thicker and thicker the smoke puffed in around the door which communicated with the corridor; across the skylight whirled a darkening veil. Miss Schwenk began to sob hysterically.

"Quiet! Quiet!" repeated the surgeon; but Benedict, pale to the lips, interrupted him:

"Really, Miller, this is——"

"Shh-h-h! Hold that hemostat!"

"But—but—five of us—we'll be cut off in——"

"Remember you're a surgeon!" was Miller's only answer, yet it covered Benedict's drawn face with a hot flush.

Outside, the engines were whirring and puffing; the tumult was that of a great concourse. Inside, the operating-room door was beginning to smoke; the air was thick and blue, difficult to breathe. The skylight was obscured; burning brands and cinders were whirling down upon it, faster and faster. It was growing dark.

"Miss Chase, the lights, please!" commanded Miller.

The wires, he knew, came in from the front, and were as yet intact. As Miss Chase clicked the switch-button, a bright, warm radiance filled the white-walled room. A louder shouting rose outside. The crowd, mistaking the glow from the skylight for the glare of fire, believed the operating-pavilion itself invaded.

Miller glanced up for an instant with contracted brows.

"You can go now," said he to the women. "Benedict and I can finish this alone. Get out as quick as you can, and shut the door after you, *tight!* Down the basement stairs and out through the laundry. Understand?"

Two of the nurses, with scared but grateful glances, took unceremonious leave. The key grated; footsteps pattered out through the sterilizing-room—then came a gush of smoke as the corridor door opened and closed. The iron stairs into the basement faintly echoed their running steps—they were gone.

"Well?" asked Miller, looking up and seeing Miss Willett still at the patient's head.

"I'll stay!" said she. "The pavilion won't cave in for five minutes yet, I'm sure—maybe more. I won't desert! Go on!"

She spoke rapidly, with the fever of a gambling chance in her eyes—eyes with dilated pupils and dark, inscrutable depths, that rested upon Miller with a look which no son of Adam ever misunderstands. Miller did not misunderstand—he simply did not care.

"Oh, very well, as you like," he answered. "But go any time you please; nothing but the dressings to do now."

"In that case," spoke up Benedict, "I'm going! You and she can finish all right—this place is afire now—it'll cave in any minute! Look at that door—burning! I'm off!"

He laid down the hemostat he was holding, stood up, and faced Miller defiantly, his face twitching, his eyes glittering in the electric glare; all around him curled and eddied the thickening smoke.

"Sit down!" said Miller. "Don't be a coward!" His firm hands made the last loop. "Don't let any one ever call you *that!* It hurts; I know! Hand me over those dressings now, and *sit down!*"

Benedict, with an oath, started for the door. As he came around the end of the operating-table, Miller, holding his needle in his left hand, flung back his tunic with the right and whipped out his long-nosed revolver.

"*You sit down!*" said he. "I've got

some fire of my own, right here, and it's quicker than what's outside, too! Take your choice—but remember I can't miss at such short range! There, that's right, I knew you'd be reasonable. Hand that tray of bichloride over here—I've got to sterilize my fingers. That gun's aseptic."

He dabbled his hand in the sublimate, carefully dried it on the sterile sheet, and started on the dressings. Benedict crouched in his chair beside the table, dazed, mechanical, obeying as a whipped dog obeys. Miss Willett, breathing hard, helped apply the collodion, the cotton, and the bandages.

The task was nearly done—the blazing corridor door was warping inward; thin little tongues of fire licked up along the panels. Outside reigned pandemonium as the fire spread—spread toward the west wing, unheeding the engines, which shook and sobbed and spat glowing cinders up into the smoky pall. The skylight, all drifted over with fire-brands, was sagging, fusing; the air inside the operating-room seemed glowing like a furnace, in the electric glaze. Then something shook and gave; a roar burst up into the sky; through the fire-shot smoke flared a glorious fan of radiance, and the multitude shouted hoarsely—the east wing had fallen in like a cardboard-house, and the brick operating-pavilion, with blazing roof and cracking walls, was standing alone in that carnival of flame.

"Hose, here hose!" the shout rang. "Crash!" went the skylight as a stream

hit it; down jingled and clattered a shower of glass, down soused a torrent of muddy water. Miller's big arms and body shielded the woman's face; smoke poured in, down, all about them—gray, greasy, strangling smoke.

"That blanket! That blanket!" cried Miller in a choking gasp. "There! Now, raise the shoulders! That's right! Now under—now over—so! . . ."

The woman lay wrapped, head and all, like a monster cocoon.

Smash! smash! The door from the etherizing-room trembles, breaks, gives—sharp spurs of firemen's axes splinter it, shatter the lock—the door breaks down—two, three firemen stumble in, heads muffled, axes in gloved hands.

"Out! Out!" they roar dully. "Only chance is through de winder out here in de nex' room! *Clear out!*"

One seizes Miss Willett and carries her off bodily through the curling smoke. Benedict, shielding his head with his hands, rushes out wildly. Then comes a sudden dash of waters all over Miller and the woman, as some other firemen get a line of hose up the ladder into the next room.

"Wait! Hold on!" yells Miller. "Turn that the other way!"

And gathering up in his strong arms, as if she had been a child, the unconscious woman who had branded him a coward, he bears her out of the now fiercely flaming place, through the window of the etherizing-room, down the swaying, smoking ladder.

### THE CALL OF THE TROPICS

OUT of the brazen city's clam'rous mouth  
A message came to-day; methought I heard  
A sudden song-burst from a hidden bird,  
Far in some tropic island of the south.

What charm is there that on my spirit lies?  
I know not now, but only that the day  
And all the mocking glitter of Broadway,  
Have faded even as a dream that dies.

While sweet and swift from out the years of yore  
Some memory floats, a breath of palms, perhaps,  
A parrot's cry, and then the distant lapse  
Of dreaming sea-waves on a dreaming shore.

It is the tropics' call, and joy nor grief  
Has power to bind me now, as forth I go  
Far from the Northland with its storm and snow,  
To stray heart-careless on a coral reef.

Walter Adolf Roberts

# THE ENDURANCE LIMIT

BY W. BERT FOSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE RECKLESSNESS OF EDWY," ETC.

PARSONS came out of the big office building on Fourth Avenue smiling. He had smiled the fortnight before when Cameron "turned down" the novelette on which he had been at work the better part of six weeks. It was exactly the sort of story that Cameron usually liked; but unfortunately somebody had been ahead of Parsons with a somewhat similar idea.

"Try us again—try us again, Mr. Parsons!" the editor had said cordially.

Parsons had tried. He had spent this last fortnight in soul-sweating labor over a second manuscript, and—well, he was carrying it gingerly in his hand now as he came out of the building in which the offices of the *Week-End* were situated. There was a feeling at the back of his mind that he might as well drop the story—like a dead kitten—in the nearest refuse can.

There are some experiences which, months or years afterward, we can tell over again and laugh at their humor; at the time of their occurrence, however, they are tragic. It is tragic when a man has not eaten for thirty-six hours, has not a penny in his pocket, and carries in his hand a rejected manuscript which he had expected to bring him the where-withal to hush the cravings of an insistent appetite and to satisfy the demands of a more than insistent landlord.

Parsons walked steadily, but involuntarily, toward his cheerless room, which, he felt confident, would not offer him shelter much longer. It was in a "studio" building; the landlord was accustomed to giving impecunious Bohemians a short shrift.

Parsons had been a year now in the city. They had all discouraged him at home. His brother had even intimated, perhaps not without some truth, that he

was leaving just at the opening of the spring in order to escape the farm work.

That drudgery *had*, heretofore, seemed depressing to Parsons. To-day, as he had passed the new-turned mold in Union Square, where the gardeners were getting the beds ready, he had remembered how fine a thing it used to be to go in from work with a healthy appetite and—have it satisfied. Not that he had any intention of giving up and going home! How Ben would laugh and chaff him, if he did. Still—

He had a vision of his sister-in-law's temptingly laid supper-table, and the remembrance was enough to bring the salt drops to his eyes and a lump to his parched throat.

"Good God!" he thought, clenching his hands. "I'm getting to be a baby. I couldn't go back—how'd I pay my fare home, anyway? I couldn't ask Ben for it."

He dropped into a chair, resting his elbows on the arms of the seat, and his head bowed in his hands. That gnawing in his stomach was terrible. He might find somebody to take this story that he had brought back. He knew it was a good one, only Cameron didn't want it. Yet Parsons hadn't the pluck to take it into a second office. He had pretty nearly reached the endurance limit.

Suddenly he saw a letter lying on the floor where the postman had pitched it, and stupidly read the card printed in the corner: "The New Century Reversible Collar, Princeton Building, New York." The words reminded him vaguely of something, or somebody, but he could not think what, or whom, until, on opening the envelope, he saw Gerry Birdsall's name signed at the bottom of the letter.

"Oh, Ben wrote me that Birdsall had

come on to New York to accept a good position. He's a hustler—he'll get along anywhere. Wish I were he," murmured Parsons.

A year before he would not have been guilty of wishing himself like the rather coarse and extremely volatile Gerry Birdsall. But the letter gave a new trend to his thought. He read it once carelessly; then he awoke to its meaning and devoured it with glistening eyes, while the color rose in his cheeks.

We are looking for short fiction of a high quality—not like that usually found in trade papers. We feel sure that you can supply some of these stories, and would consider it a favor if you would call upon us at your convenience—the sooner the better—when we can better explain our needs. Ask for our Mr. Birdsall.

At another time Parsons might have shrunk from writing for an advertising medium, pure and simple; but when a man's stomach cries out for food, it is no time for hesitation.

The Princeton Building was not five blocks away. When he had climbed the stairs just now it seemed as though he could hardly drag one foot after the other; but hope is a wonderful revivifier. These trade journals always paid fairly well, and promptly, too. He might have something—this very manuscript Cameron had refused to-day might do. Parsons hustled into his coat, seized the manuscript in question, and locked his door.

He trod the pavement with hopeful stride. It was not yet noon, and Birdsall was probably in his office. At the door Parsons halted a moment. The old hopelessness smote him again; but that was because of his physical condition. He crowded down the thought of his clamoring hunger, brushed an imaginary speck from his coat, settled his hat firmly on his head, and stepped briskly into the office of the New Century Reversible Collar Company.

The place had every appearance of a business that was outgrowing its quarters. Desks were crowded together, with narrow aisles between. An unbearable clatter of writing-machines smote upon his ear.

He saw Birdsall come hastily toward him from the other end of the long room.

The "hustler" looked much the same as formerly, though he had an air of increased prosperity, and even additional assurance.

"I didn't expect to hear from you so quickly, Parsons," he said cordially, offering his hand. "Got your address from Ben. Ben says you're doing well here. I've read some of your stories myself in the *Week-End*. That about the man who owned the pet alligator was great—great!" He laughed in his boisterous way at the remembrance of it. "We can't talk here. Can't hear ourselves think, much less talk. They'll give me a private office as soon as we get our new quarters on the next floor. I tell you, the business is booming."

"So it seems," observed Parsons, trying to show appreciation.

"Well, why shouldn't it?" demanded Birdsall in his belligerent way. "This collar of ours is a great thing. Not new—of course not. Nothing is new in this world. But people had forgotten the days of the old-fashioned reversible paper collar. We want to remind 'em of it. That's what I want you for—and some other bright fellows that can write."

"You are going to publish a trade paper?" asked Parsons tentatively.

"Better than that!" cried Birdsall, with another laugh. "It's a great idea; you'll say so yourself. I tell you what, Mr. Parsons. Are you in great haste? No? Suppose you go out to lunch with me? We can talk in the restaurant. It's noisy here. You'll come? All right! I'll be with you in a jiffy."

The room swam around Parsons as he stood there by the door waiting for Birdsall's return. A year ago he would have politely but firmly refused the invitation to lunch at Gerry Birdsall's expense. He did not like the fellow. It seemed a blackguard trick to eat with him under these conditions; but his will was not strong enough to say "No!"

## II

TEN minutes later they were on opposite sides of a table in a quiet corner of the dining-room of a hotel, and the waiter had put the soup before them. Parsons ate it slowly, spoonful after spoonful, while Birdsall talked.

"No, it isn't a trade magazine. There's nothing in that. It's been worked to death. Nobody reads trade papers but the retail dealers. We've reached them—as well as we can. The thing is to make a demand for our collars. And I believe I've struck the right idea. There isn't a man of thirty in these United States—native-born, I mean—who won't remember the old-fashioned paper collar. To get the people to buy reversible collars, they've got to be reminded of them. Advertising is all very well; but there are many people on whom any sort of newspapers or poster advertising hasn't the least effect. Those are the people we wish to reach."

"I don't see——" began Parsons, letting the waiter remove the empty soup-dish.

"Don't see where you come in, eh?" asked Birdsall. "Well, I'll tell you. We want you—and some other writers, if we can get 'em—to write stories which will remind the readers of these collars. Not of the New Century Reversible Collar in particular. Oh, no! That wouldn't do at all. But the idea is to mention a reversible collar in the course of the story, in such a way that the reader will be reminded that there is such a thing. Do you see the point?"

"Why," murmured the hopeless Parsons, "I don't just understand how it can be done."

"Easiest thing in the world. A man with your powers of description should find no trouble at all. See here! That a manuscript you got there?" He eyed the envelope Parsons had laid upon the table. The latter nodded. "Sold it yet?" asked Birdsall bluntly.

"No," Parsons said, dry voiced.

"Let me read it, will you? I'll bet my idea could be worked into this very story. Why, I lay awake one whole night and planned how the reversible collar business could be worked into every story I had read for the past six months. Could have used it in that pet alligator story of yours. That was a good yarn, Parsons!"

He reached for the manuscript, and Parsons did not stay his hand. Birdsall neglected his luncheon while he perused the typewritten sheets swiftly. He evidently enjoyed the story, too, as Par-

sons could see when he raised his own eyes from his plate.

"Fine!" cried the advertising man. "Why, Parsons, here's the place right here. See where *Shabby* turns his wagon through the puddle so as to splash *Featherstone* with muddy water? The man isn't presentable to go to the deacon's house, and has to borrow a coat from the fellow trimming the hedge. You've got it here that he puts a silk handkerchief around his neck to hide his soiled collar. Just make that collar reversible—simplest thing in the world! Have to change only a few sentences. And this is a good story. You won't have any trouble selling it."

"But if I can change it, as you suggest, and should sell it to you, what would you do with it?" queried Parsons, again eager.

"That's the point!" cried Birdsall. "I'm not going to buy it of you. You're to sell it just the same, wherever you please. The better the class of magazine you get it into, the better you'll suit us, and—the bigger money we'll pay you for it."

"But you say you don't want to buy the story," said the mystified Parsons.

"You don't see it!" laughed Birdsall, enjoying his amazement. "You see, if we bought these stories and tried to dispose of them, the editors would be 'next' to the advertising of the collar at once. But you can sell the stories as usual, and we'll pay you a lump sum for each one published which mentions reversible collars. For instance, if you made the change I suggest in this story, and sold it to the *Week-End*, or to *Grassleaves*, we'd be willing to pay you twenty-five dollars. You'd get more than that from the editor, of course, and this would be in addition to your usual check."

Parsons gazed at him open-mouthed.

"What do you think of it? How does it strike you?"

"It certainly is a great idea—and does you credit, Mr. Birdsall," Parsons finally said slowly. But the flush rose in his cheek. "Let me understand you. This matter of the reversible collars is to be a secret between you and me?"

"Sure!"

"The editors are not supposed to know it?"

"Of course not. If they knew it, they'd cut it out in a hurry. What they don't know won't hurt 'em."

"But I shall be buncoing them—isn't that it?"

"Nonsense! It's not really an advertisement. You don't mention the New Century. You might mention a man wearing a coat-shirt; that wouldn't advertise any particular brand of shirt, would it?"

Birdsall's laugh rang out again, but his eyes narrowed as he scrutinized Parsons' face. The other looked confused. A dozen thoughts flashed through his mind. Two returned with persistency. He had no money, and the landlord would not wait longer than to-morrow noon.

"You—you would pay me twenty-five dollars if I sold this story to *Grass-leaves*?" he asked. He was sure of selling the tale in that office, only he would have to wait for payment until publication.

"Well, ordinarily," said Birdsall slowly, "I wouldn't be allowed to give a check until the story appeared in the magazine. But I want you to do this. I want you to use the idea in this story. It's great! I tell you what, Parsons. If you'll make the change I suggest—perhaps you can do it better than the way I thought of—and show me the manuscript, I'll hand you the twenty-five-spot cash." He laughed again. "Is it a bargain?"

"I—I'll see," stammered Parsons.

Twenty-five dollars! It meant salvation to Parsons—food, shelter, a chance to pull himself together.

"Come, don't hesitate!" cried Birdsall. "All nonsense about its not being square. I wouldn't ask you to do anything underhanded. It's all right. Bring the story over to me in the morning, will you? I'll arrange for the twenty-five meanwhile—though you don't look as though you were short of 'the ready.' Ben said you were making money."

"I—I think I will do it, Mr. Birdsall," murmured Parsons. "Now—if you'll excuse me—"

The luncheon was over. Both rose.

"Jove, I didn't know it was so late! I must get back. I'll look for you in

the morning, bright and early, Parsons," said Birdsall; and shook hands again before he left the writer.

Parsons followed him out into the street. Somehow the sunshine seemed brighter, the air sweeter, the street more clean than when he entered the restaurant.

He turned toward his room again, gripping the manuscript story jealously. As he walked the change suggested by Birdsall evolved itself naturally in Parsons' mind. It was a simple thing to do—a very small thing, indeed.

"Really, it couldn't be called advertising," he muttered. "Nobody would suspect such a thing. Cameron—none of them would see the point. It certainly is a great idea. That Birdsall is a bright fellow, and no mistake!" His heart warmed toward the man. "And that food was good! Twenty-five dollars would be enough to set me on my feet again. I'm not down and out, after all! Ben evidently believes in me, too—good old Ben!"

He went on, muttering. By and by his step lagged. The flush went out of his cheek, and he forgot the luncheon which he had eaten. That is, his mind forgot it; his stomach was still grateful.

Certainly this scheme of selling an advertising story to an unsuspecting editor was not particularly nice. It was not just—well, in the highest sense, perhaps, honorable. But then—

"Pshaw! Somebody else will snap at it if I don't," Parsons told himself. "I needn't do it after this once, if I don't want to. Twenty-five dollars! Ye gods and little fishes!"

He groaned, going on with his head down, and so reached the house and climbed wearily to his room again. An Italian boy was going from studio to studio, selling bunches of lilacs—the first spring flower that comes to New York. A whiff of this reminded Parsons of the great bush by the back door at home. They would be just blooming now.

"Guess old Ben—and Mary—would be glad to see me," he thought.

But he sat down before his table, opened the manuscript, found the place where *Featherstone* meets with his unfortunate accident, and took up his pen.

Easy enough to change it. It would not hurt the look of the manuscript much. But then——

For some minutes he sat there with the pen hanging fire. Then, desperately, he began to change the text of his story.

Yet, now and then, he stopped, and his mind wandered from the tale. When it was done there were two pages somewhat marred by erasures and re-written words and phrases. Ordinarily he would have let them go; but it smote him that the editor of *Grassleaves* might suspect something.

He moved over to his typewriter and rapidly re-copied the two sheets. After reading them for errors, he inserted the sheets in the story in their proper place. Nobody would suspect now!

"Suspect!" Parsons groaned again. "It's a dirty trick!" he muttered. Then he sat far into the evening, without a light in the room, and fought it out.

Before the house-agent's appearance in the morning, such small possessions as he had, with his typewriter, were placed under the care of a fellow-lodger in the house.

"I'm going home for a while," Parsons told him. "Going to take a vacation—a walking tour, I reckon. When the spring comes I always get the *wanderlust*."

"Lucky devil!" exclaimed the hard-

working Bohemian, in whom he confided. "Wish I had the luck with my pictures that you have with your stories, Parsons."

Parsons dropped two letters into the box on the corner, using his last two stamps. One was to the landlord, promising to pay his accrued room rent as soon as possible. The other was to Birdsall, at the New Century Reversible Collar Company.

"Dear sir," the latter read, "I have decided that I shall be unable to accept your kind offer of yesterday, as I start on a little jaunt to-day—a much-needed vacation—may not be in town again until fall."

"That's just like these independent writer chaps," grumbled Birdsall when he received the note. "I guess Ben was right. His brother must be making money."

That evening, some miles beyond the confines of the city, a dusty and travel-worn young man was leaning over a farm-gate.

"Well, you look honest," the farmer was saying, in reply to Parsons' carefully worded request. "Come in and help with the chores, cut a little wood in the morning, and you're welcome to a blanket in the barn and supper and breakfast. Walkin' far?"

"I'm going home," said Parsons.

## HOME

A DISTANT river, glimpsed through deep-leaved trees.  
A field of fragment flint, blue, gray, and red.  
Rocks overgrown with twigs of trailing vines,  
Thick-hung with clusters of the green wild-grape.

Old chestnut groves, the haunt of drowsy cows,  
Full-uddered kine, chewing a sleepy cud;  
Or, at the gate, around the dripping trough,  
Docile and lowing, waiting the milking-time.

Lanes where the wild rose blooms, murmurous with bees;  
The bumblebee tumbling his frowsty head,  
Rumbling and raging in the bellflower's bells,  
Drunken with honey, singing himself asleep.

Old in romance, a shadowy belt of woods;  
A house, wide-porched, before which sweeps a lawn  
Gray-boled with beeches and where elder blooms;  
And on the lawn, whiter of hand than milk,  
And sweeter of breath than is the elder bloom,  
A woman with a wild rose in her hair.

Madison Carwein



JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

*From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston*

## THE CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE AMERICANS WHO HAVE COME TO US FROM OUR NEIGHBOR COUNTRY, THE GREAT DOMINION OF CANADA—THE QUALITIES THAT BRING THEM TO THE FRONT, THEIR MORAL INFLUENCE UPON OUR NATIONAL LIFE, AND THEIR SUCCESS IN MANY CALLINGS

THERE are about fifteen hundred thousand Canadians in the United States—or nearly three millions, if we count those of Canadian descent. No one knows the exact number, for the friendly reason that they are allowed to come and go as they please. So far as our Immigration Bureau is concerned, Canada is prac-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh in a series of articles on the leading races that have contributed to the making of the United States. The first paper, on "The Jew in America," appeared in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for January; the second, on "The Sons of Old Scotland," in the February number; the third, on "The Germans in America," in the March number; the fourth, on "The Irish in America," in the April number; the fifth, on "The English in America," in the May number; and the sixth, on "The French in America," in the June number.

Next month's article will be on the Scandinavian races, including the Swedes, the Norwegians, and the Danes. Other important nationalities will be treated later, including the Welsh, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Italians, and, finally, the Americans.



ALFRED LUCKING, FORMERLY CONGRESSMAN  
FROM MICHIGAN

*From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit*



PHILIP PITT CAMPBELL, CONGRESSMAN FROM  
KANSAS

*From a photograph by Prince, Washington*

tically the forty-sixth State of the Union. Whatever barriers now remain along the boundary are erected only against the commodities of commerce, not against the

men and women of either country. Of all the peoples of the world, the Canadians are the only ones who are permitted to enter the United States unchallenged.



JAMES T. MCCLEARY, CONGRESSMAN FROM  
MINNESOTA

*From a photograph by Bell, Washington*



JAMES A. HUGHES, CONGRESSMAN FROM WEST  
VIRGINIA

*From a photograph by Proctor, Huntington*

At the magic words, "Native Canadian," all our doors fly open and all our door-keepers step aside.

#### OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

The fact that Canadians are our fellow Americans, in the larger sense, is being recognized more clearly every year.

We have lived at peace with Canada for nearly a century, but we have never before been so neighborly as we are today. The tide of emigration and capital is flowing both ways. A hundred and fifty thousand of our Western farmers and their families have recently been drawn across the border by offers of cheap



JACOB H. GALLINGER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

*From a photograph by Kimball, Concord, New Hampshire*

Our Post-Office Department has united the two countries in the bonds of postal matrimony, so that letters and money-orders are carried across the line at domestic rates. Two hundred and fifty passenger trains a day, on sixteen railroads, run back and forward like shuttles and weave the two halves of the continent together. To find the total daily traffic, which has increased wonderfully in the last few years, we must add three hundred electric cars and about seven hundred passenger vessels of all sorts.

land; and since 1900, so says a Montreal banker, our capitalists have invested twenty-five millions in Canadian enterprises. Uncle Sam has learned to regard Miss Canada as one of his best customers. Last year, for instance, her business at his store amounted to more than three million dollars a week, which was eleven per cent of his total sales to outside-purchasers.

We cooperate with the Canadians in all manner of enterprises. We trade our steel for their lumber, and our cotton for

their cheese. We recuperate at their summer resorts, while they never miss our world's fairs. We send them plays and they send us lectures. We read the books of Sir Gilbert Parker and Charles W. Gordon; and they, having few magazines of their own, read ours to such an extent that every American magazine of the first class keeps its Canadian constituency constantly in mind.

If it were not for the French Canadians, the wheels would stop in scores of the New England factories and cotton-mills. Until recently these thrifty and industrious people were not a permanent element in our population. They came and went over the border like flocks of birds. But now many of them are settling down and becoming American citizens, although they cling tenaciously to their French language and their conservative ways. They point with pride, as they should, to the fact that the brilliant premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is of their race.

From a list of more than two hundred names of eminent Canadians now living in the United States—a list carefully compiled for this article—it appears that the principal human exports of Canada are professors, preachers, doctors, and au-



THE LATE MARTIN T. McMAHON, JUDGE OF THE  
NEW YORK COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS

*From a photograph by Anderson, New York*



THOMAS KEARNS, FORMERLY UNITED STATES  
SENATOR FROM UTAH

*From a photograph by Chase, Salt Lake City*

thors. All four might, however, be properly classed under the head of authors, for with scarcely an exception the professors, preachers, and doctors have launched at least one little vessel upon the sea of literature. Owing, perhaps, to the strong Scottish influences in the land of his early training, a Canadian has invariably a high reverence for learning. Go where you will among the Scotch-English Canadians, and you will find, even in the poorest homes, a little shelf of books. To be an author, to write a book of merit and power, is the typical Canadian ambition.

#### CANADIAN-AMERICAN EDUCATORS

Among the thirty-eight professors in this list, the one who stands easily at the head is Jacob G. Schurman, who has been for fourteen years the president of Cornell. In all respects he is a representative Canadian of the highest type. All his honors, and they have been many, President Schurman owes to himself. His first glimpse of the world was from the windows of a little farmhouse on Prince Edward Island. At thirteen he was the errand-boy of the village store. Then his mind awoke and he swept everything before him in half a dozen colleges, rising from post to post until he became the

head of one of the great American universities. And to say that Jacob Gould Schurman is a university president is not enough. He has grown to be a moral force in public affairs—one of the few men who may rightly be called the spokesmen of the national conscience.

The "grand old man" among the professors is one who holds the doctor's degree of sixteen universities, and who is the only American since Franklin to be an associate of the Institute of France—Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer. For fifty-two years Professor Newcomb has taught the American people the story of the stars, and he is still at work on cosmic problems in his Washington home. He is the oldest on our Canadian list, and Professor Robert K. Duncan, who has been called the American Huxley, is the youngest. Professor Duncan has become known as one of our most optimistic scientists since the publication of his book "The New Knowledge."

Others who have risen above the rank and file of professorhood are James T. McCleary, an educator whose work was so highly appreciated by the people of Minnesota that they sent him to Congress as a reward; James A. McLean, president of the University of Idaho;



ELGIN R. L. GOULD, FORMERLY CITY CHAMBERLAIN OF NEW YORK

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*

James Reid, president of the Montana State College; J. E. LeRossignol, of the University of Denver; George Neil Stewart, Frank R. Lillie, and L. F. Barker, of Chicago University; James P. McMurich and James A. Craig, of the University of Michigan; Silas M. MacVane, of Harvard; James E. Creighton, of Cornell; F. H. Sykes, of Columbia; and Henry R. Fairclough, of Leland Stanford. It was recently stated that twenty-four of the professors in Chicago University are Canadians.

#### THE CANADIAN CONSCIENCE

Following closely after the thirty-eight professors come thirty-one preachers. Learning and religion, apparently, are to Canadians the two most important things in life. They have always had the reputation of being a serious people, who put their duties first and their privileges second. On the humorous side they are deficient, and freely admit it. "We have a national antipathy to a joke," says the *Canadian Magazine*. In her whole history, Canada has produced but one humorist of wide reputation—Judge Hali-burton, of Nova Scotia, who wrote under the name of Sam Slick. Even he, when his fame as a humorist was established,



JOHN MACVICAR, FORMERLY MAYOR OF DES MOINES, IOWA

*From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines*



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL R. MORGAN, A  
MEMBER OF GRANT'S STAFF DURING  
THE CIVIL WAR

*From a photograph by Zimmerman, St. Paul*

fled to England for the remainder of his life.

Imagine a land of nearly four million square miles, and not one comic paper! If a Canadian writer does pen a humorous article in a moment of weakness, he is obliged to send it out anonymously. If he confesses his guilt, the consequences are sometimes serious. Recently a professor in an Ontario college, so a Canadian editor tells me, wrote a witty story for a New York magazine. As soon as it appeared, he was solemnly requested to send in his resignation.

The reason for their gravity is plain to see. To the Canadians life is not a song and dance. It is a hand-to-hand struggle against stern natural forces—against immense forests, swift rivers, long winters, and vast lonely spaces of land and lake. Nature, wherever they meet it, has no comic aspect, and the shady side of the street is the widest. They are consequently a serious people, well fitted to be teachers of the lighter-minded; and there are to-day hundreds of earnest preachers scattered up and down the United States whose characters were molded in Canadian homes. The Canadian conscience, in fact, has become an important moral fac-

tor in this country; and scarcely a month passes that some Canadian prophet of the higher life does not thunder against wrong-doing as he sees it.

#### CANADIANS IN THE PULPIT

The most widely known of the Canadian preachers is Bishop Charles H. Fowler, who has added to the strength of the Methodist Church not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, and South America as well. Another minister of the same faith, popularly known several years ago as "President McKinley's pastor," is the Rev. Hugh Johnston, now at the head of his denomination in Baltimore. Joseph F. Berry, also a Methodist bishop, James H. Potts, one of Detroit's pulpit orators, and Edmund M. Mills, of New York, are also Methodist preachers of wide reputation. The latter has the unique fame of having beaten all records in the raising of money for religious purposes. Seven years ago he was appointed to accomplish the apparently impossible task of collecting twenty million dollars as a Twentieth Century Thank-Offering Fund, and actually succeeded in gathering together the whole amount, with nearly a million more for good measure.



SILAS M. MACVANE, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY  
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

*From a photograph by Pach, Cambridge*

Two of the most eminent leaders of the Roman Catholic Church are Canadians by birth—Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, and Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco. So are four bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church—C. P. Anderson, of Chicago; A. L. Williams, of Nebraska; W. W. Niles, of New Hampshire; and P. T. Rowe, of Alaska. Two

Dr. Ball is still president of Keuka College, New York, which was established by him in 1892. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, too, the most prominent Baptist pastor in New York, and author of a score of books, is an Americanized Canadian.

In the Presbyterian body the two most conspicuous ministers are F. R. Beattie, of



SIMON NEWCOMB, THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER, ONE OF THE FOREMOST AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Washington*

other Episcopal clergymen on our list who have been in the public eye are W. A. Crawford-Frost, who is now an instructor at the Baltimore Medical College, and Braddin Hamilton, whose outspoken sermons in a Newport church made one of the year's sensations in 1900.

Among the Baptist ministers of Canadian lineage the most picturesque figure is the venerable George H. Ball, now nearly ninety years of age, who was one of the charter members of the Republican party.

Louisville, and Robert F. Coyle, of Denver; and in the Congregational denomination Joseph H. George, president of a theological college in Chicago, and Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has been a moral force in the New England States for many years.

#### CANADIAN LEADERS IN MEDICINE

Coming to the doctors, of whom there are twenty-four on our list, the one who has undeniably caused the greatest amount

of discussion during the past twelve months is William Osler, who recently became regius professor of medicine at Oxford after sixteen years' service at Johns Hopkins. Canada gave us Osler, and Osler has given us so many new and startling ideas that we scarcely know whether to place him among the philosophers or the humorists. With regard

The oldest doctor on the list is Charles H. Shepard, of Brooklyn, eighty-one years of age, to whom is due the credit of having built in 1863 the first Turkish bath establishment in America. The most learned doctor is J. C. Webster, of Chicago, if we may judge him from the thirteen academic letters after his name; and the most traveled one is a lady—Mrs.



WILLIAM OSLER, FOR SIXTEEN YEARS PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

*From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford*

to his facetious suggestion that people should consider their usefulness ended at forty, and should be chloroformed at sixty, this at least may be said—that Dr. Osler himself is now fifty-seven; that two of his brothers, older than himself, hold important places in Canadian public life; and that his mother is still hale and hearty in her ninety-ninth year.

Saleni Armstrong-Hopkins, who has a long record of medical work accomplished in India as well as in several States of the Union. Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of New York, is one of the world's leading authorities on tropical diseases; as is Dr. Thomas P. Hall, of Chicago, on the medical uses of electricity. Others, whose names are beacon-lights in their profes-



THE MOST REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY, ROMAN  
CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO

*From a photograph*



THE REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, METHODIST  
EPISCOPAL BISHOP

*From a photograph by Garber, New York*

sion, are Sanger Brown and John R. Kippax, of Chicago; E. J. A. Rogers, of Denver; Walter Courtney, of Minnesota; and three in California—Daniel McLean,

William F. McNutt, and D. W. Montgomery.

Right here a word should be said in appreciation of Canadian nurses. For the



THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES P. ANDERSON, PROT-  
ESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF CHICAGO

*From a photograph by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago*



THE REV. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, A PROMI-  
NENT BAPTIST CLERGYMAN OF NEW YORK

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*

past fifteen years or more these northern girls have been doing the greater part of the work in our hospitals. They are nurses by nature, it seems. In New York or Chicago, when a doctor is telephoning for a nurse, he will often say, "Send a Canadian"; as the general impression is that Canadian nurses have the steadiest nerves and are the most reliable.

#### CANADIANS IN PUBLIC LIFE

The men of Canadian birth who sit under the gavel of Speaker Cannon are from widely distant parts of the country. James A. Hughes is from West Virginia; Duncan E. McKinlay from California; P. P. Campbell from Kansas; and James T. McCleary from Minnesota. Alfred Lucking, who was a member of the last Congress, hails from Detroit. The latter city, which has always been a favorite with Canadians, was also the home of the late Senator James McMillan, a man of great force and liberality.

In the United States Senate we find Jacob H. Gallinger, who has represented New Hampshire for fifteen years. Ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, too, now one of Utah's foremost men of capital, was born on a little farm near Woodstock, Ontario.

When statesmen of Canadian birth are the subject of conversation, Iowans invariably point out John MacVicar, who is not only a former mayor of Des Moines, but also the head of the League of American Municipalities. He is the mayor of the mayors, as we might say. Kansans tell you of the Populist leader, Mrs. Annie L. Diggs and the late Congressman Jerry Simpson. And New Yorkers who are in touch with recent political changes call

attention to William B. Ellison, the new gas commissioner whose office is just now a storm-center of reform.

#### SOLDIERS, ENGINEERS, AND LAWYERS

In war as well as in peace the Canadians have stood by us, though to a less degree. They are too humane and too level-headed to become military enthusiasts; but when the Union was in danger, forty thousand of them left their homes to wear the blue. Our two most distinguished Canadian-born soldiers are

Brigadier-General Michael R. Morgan, of St. Paul, who was on Grant's staff in Virginia, and Colonel James G. C. Lee, now in Texas, who also did good service with the Army of the Potomac, and who was chief quartermaster of the Department of the Lakes when he retired six years ago.

Coming to engineers, we find not so many, but they are of high rank. There are James Douglas, who has twice been president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and is now the pres-

ident of the New York Canadian Society; George H. Frost, founder of the *Engineering News*, of New York; Joseph P. Frizell, who knows more about hydraulic engineering than any other man in Boston, and John A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, whose work at the Tokio University earned him the title of knight commander of the Order of the Rising Sun.

In law, as in medicine and theology, there are so many that we can do no more than name a few who are typical of the rest. To represent the far West, we may nominate Judge Merritt J. Gordon, of Spokane. In the Middle States we may choose three—David S. Wegg, of Chicago, ex-president of the Northern Pa-



PALMER COX, CREATOR OF "THE BROWNIES"

From a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

cific Railroad; Chief Justice William A. Johnston, of Kansas; and Judge H. R. Brill, of St. Paul. And to represent the East, we may suggest the names of five—Judge Ashley M. Gould, of Washington; Judge John M. Davy, an ex-Congressman of Rochester; and John Hall Deane, Stillman F. Kneeland, and the late Judge Martin T. McMahon, of New York. If it had not been for the effective work of the last-named, the disgrace of the debtors' prison might still exist in the Empire State.

#### CANADIAN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

Moving ahead to the dramatic profession, we are surprised to find a large group of Canadians whose names are almost as familiar as the names of our States. In Canada, the theater has always been less popular than the church. Speaking generally, the people are sober-minded, practical, and non-emotional. They prefer a lecture to a comic opera. And yet they have given us Clara Morris, who stood unrivaled in emotional rôles, and Margaret Anglin, upon whom the mantle of the elder actress seems to have fallen.

As I said before, Canada is a land without a humorist, yet it has sent us May



AGNES C. LAUT, THE NOVELIST OF THE  
CANADIAN NORTHWEST

*From a photograph*

Irwin, "the woman who makes you laugh"; Marie Dressler, one of the funniest of burlesque actresses; and May Robson, whose character work has lifted her to the front rank as an entertainer. James K. Hackett, a typical representative of the romantic school, made his first appearance on life's stage in Canada. So did the dainty Christie McDonald; the queenly Julia Arthur, now in private life; Eugene Cowles, the basso, who is best remembered as *Will Scarlet* in "Robin Hood"; and the famous prima donna Albani, who was so well known to American audiences a generation ago.

#### IN LITERATURE, ART, AND JOURNALISM

Canada sends us poets, too, from underneath her cold gray sky. She kindled the divine fire in Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. She inspired the tragic prose-epics of Norman Duncan, from whom we are learning to expect the highest work. And she planted the seeds of imagination in the brain of Palmer Cox, the creator of the comical *Brownies*. To this artistic group we may add one of our most promising novelists, Miss Agnes C. Laut, who first learned the art of storytelling amid the prairies and mountain-ranges of northwestern Canada; Alex-



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, POET, NOVELIST,  
AND HISTORIAN

*From a photograph by Pirie McDonald, New York*



JAMES I. BUCHANAN, BANKER AND BUSINESS-  
MAN OF PITTSBURGH

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York*



JAMES DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK  
CANADIAN SOCIETY

*From a photograph by Gessford, New York*

ander Phimister Proctor, the New York sculptor; and Horatio Walker, a painter whose studies of peasant life qualify him for the title of the Canadian Millet.

Seeing that Canadians take as naturally to ink as ducks to water, we are not astonished to find them among the newspaper men of all States. In New Haven, everybody knows Alexander Troup, founder of the *Union*. Frank F. Peard is equally well known in Syracuse. Slasson Thompson is a familiar name in Chicago. Professor Thomas Shaw wields the blue pencil on the *Farmer*, in Minneapolis. New York has Herbert F. Gunnison, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; Acton Davies, dramatic critic of the *Evening Sun*; and James Creelman, the war correspondent. One Canadian pen-pusher, Hubert P. Whitmarsh, went to the Philippines several years ago to write magazine articles and acquired such a grasp of the situation that he is now governor of a province in that region.

As far as newspaper men are concerned, there has never been any boundary between the two countries. The greatest of all Canadian journalists, George Brown, founder of the *Toronto Globe*, learned his profession in New York. The versatile editor of the *Toronto Saturday*

*Night*, E. E. Sheppard, was educated in West Virginia and received the finishing touches in Texas. The Canadian press cannot accuse us of taking away its cleverest writers without giving back something in return.

#### IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

At our own favorite game of business, the Canadians take away the big prizes with remarkable frequency. Every American railroad has its corps of Canadians in places of responsibility. That railway Napoleon of the Northwest, James J. Hill, laid the solid foundations of his towering career in Ontario. His parents were Irish; but he himself knew no country except Canada until he was sixteen years old. What Hill has done for himself and for the United States sounds like a tale of Rome in its heroic days. When President Pierce was in the White House, young Hill was unloading freight on a Red River boat. To-day, he is the master of six thousand miles of railway and of as much iron ore as would keep the Steel Trust busy for twenty years or longer.

Two lesser leaders in the railroad world—Alfred Sully, of New Jersey, and Nicholas Monsarrat, of Ohio—got their

first childhood impressions of railways in Canada. The late Samuel R. Callaway, too, who was for years the president of the New York Central, took his earliest lessons in railroading on the Canadian Grand Trunk. In part payment of our debt to Canada for railway men, we have

Wallace Downey, whose firm built a famous yacht for the German Emperor; and the oldest is William W. Bates, who is now in Denver, enjoying the autumn of a fruitful life.

At the head of the Fuller Construction Company, which holds a world-wide rep-



JAMES J. HILL, THE GREAT RAILROAD-BUILDER OF THE NORTHWEST

*From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York*

given her Sir William C. Van Horne, whose name is so inseparably connected with the Canadian Pacific, and Charles M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk.

In shipping, as well as in railroading, the Canadians have been conspicuous. Their prowess as yachtsmen is known in every American city on the Great Lakes. The founder of the Cunard line—whose son, Sir Edward Cunard, lived for thirty years in New York—began life as the son of a poor mechanic in Nova Scotia. Among living ship-builders, the one who stands most centrally in the limelight is

utation as the champion builder of skyscrapers, is Harry St. Francis Black, who was born and educated in the little college town of Coburg, in Ontario. The Flatiron Building, by the way, stands as the most imposing monument to the skill of this company. In Maine, every one knows E. T. Burrowes, of Portland, both as a manufacturer and as a prohibitionist. In Cleveland, there are two Canadian business men in the front rank—Ryerson Ritchie, at one time president of the Chamber of Commerce, and George T. Worthington, who is the owner of fifty



CLARA MORRIS, THE MOST FAMOUS EMOTIONAL  
ACTRESS OF HER DAY ON THE  
AMERICAN STAGE

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York*

quarries or more. In Salt Lake City, we find William S. McCornick in the front row of bankers. Pittsburghers point to J. I. Buchanan, who is not only the head of the Pittsburgh Trust Company, but of half a dozen other big enterprises as well. And New Yorkers, when Mayor Low sat in the City Hall, became very familiar with the name of E. R. L. Gould, the city chamberlain. Mr. Gould may be described as a professor who evolved into a man of affairs, and who has become one of the most useful citizens of New York. His greatest achievement has been in making it possible for hundreds of families with small incomes to own their own homes in the suburbs.

There are two Canadian-born pioneers of the Wisconsin lumber business whose lives present a remarkable parallel—Alexander Stewart and Isaac Stephenson. Both men were born in 1829 in New Brunswick. The parents of both were poor. Both went to Wisconsin. Both became lumber-dealers. Both got rich. Both became Republicans and rose in the political world. Both were elected to Congress. Both are still alive and active, at seventy-seven years of age. And these

two veterans, with twin careers, are now living in small Wisconsin towns a hundred miles apart.

#### THE TIES OF TWO KINDRED NATIONS

Such, in brief, are the types of Americans we get from Canada. No doubt I have omitted many who are as eminent as these. In proportion to her population, Canada has perhaps been more generous to us than any other country, with the exception of Ireland. There are comparatively few families in Canada which have not given at least one citizen to the United States.

A striking statement, illustrating this point, was recently made by J. S. Willison, editor of the *Toronto News*, in a speech delivered before the Canadian Society of Boston. Mr. Willison said:

I am one of a family of six, all born on Canadian soil and of British stock. For many years my two sisters have lived in one of the border States, the wives of Canadians who are American citizens. One brother settled long ago on the sunny slopes of California. The other two have made their homes in one of the Western agricultural States. All are American citizens. My father lives under this flag. My good old mother is taking her long sleep



JAMES K. HACKETT, AN ACTOR WHO IS A FA-  
VORITE IN ROMANTIC RÔLES, AND WHO  
IS ALSO A MANAGER

*From a photograph by Baker, Columbus*

beneath the sod of your Western prairie. All over my country there are men and women who have just such close and cherished relations with citizens of this republic.

The Canadians have intermingled with us to such an extent that we do not now regard them as foreigners. In fact, our relations with Canada have become almost ideal. Nowhere else in the world are there two countries which live side by side with less friction or more good-will and friendly intercourse.

Hundreds of Canadian students are attending our colleges and universities, not because of any inferiority in their own institutions of learning, but in order that they may have a broader outlook upon life in general. In the past seventy-five

years, nine hundred Canadians have graduated from Harvard alone.

We reciprocate by flocking in thousands to the magnificent summer resorts of Canada. We fish in the lakes of Muskoka and sail upon the rivers of Quebec. In short, there is no people with whom we are so intimate, with whom we feel so thoroughly at home, as with our neighbors who inhabit the northern half of this mighty continent.

Looking ahead, there is not even the smallest cloud on the horizon. The prosperity of each country is a help and a satisfaction to the other. In the long future, as in the present, we shall both continue to work out the problems of self-government, and to press along every road that slopes upward to a higher civilization.

### THE STRONG

*Across the world and back again,  
And up and down the sea,  
Press on the daring, dauntless men,  
Brave-hearted and foot-free.*

WHEN the earth was filled with riot and rage  
In the first gray light of morn,  
From the iron strength of an iron age  
A wonderful race was born.  
As a weakling wolf by its mates is torn,  
They worried the lesser tribe  
Till alone they stood in their manlihood,  
Alert and unsatisfied.

And in open battle each wooed his mate  
With a slaughter and flame and mirth;  
And their love was great as the might of hate,  
When the red ranks guess its worth.  
And their sons were blooded before their birth  
And strong on the days they died;  
And like son and son sprang they still each one,  
Alert and unsatisfied.

And never and never their race shall die,  
Though a new breed comes apace  
Who are listless of foot and soft of eye,  
With a woman's fear and face.  
For in no one land lies the old clan's place,  
But, masters of space and tide,  
Do they force them bold to the earth's last hold,  
Alert and unsatisfied.

When the world was filled with riot and wrath  
Came they who were unafraid,  
And their strength has blazoned the utmost path  
Where the limits of man are laid.  
Faithful and fearless and undismayed  
When the weakling's doom is cried,  
Shall the Lord delight in his men of might,  
Alert and unsatisfied.

*Theodosia Garrison*



SHE LOOKED UPON ME, AND FEAR CAME INTO HER FACE  
[See story 'The Look in the Face,' page 489]

# THE LOOK IN THE FACE

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

"IT will make me glad to tell you about a man whom I wished to kill," said Half-a-Day, puffing at his pipe, and handing it to me, "for we have looked upon each other through pipe-smoke and eaten meat out of the same kettle. We are brothers, though our faces are not the same."

We sat beside the lodge-fire, my brown friend and I. He had the keen, hawk face, and his eyes stared through the flame down a trail I could not see.

"Many winters and summers ago I was young. I am slow now, and I am looking much to the ground when I walk; for," he continued, "I am going there soon. I can see the face of Paezha, the Flower, the one daughter of Douba Mona, for my eyes have grown young a little while to-night. Paezha was not so big as the other squaws, and could never be so big, because she was not made for building teepees and carrying wood and water. She was small and good to look upon, like some of your white sisters. And there was no face in all the village of my people like hers. Her feet touched the ground like a little wind from the south, they fell so lightly; her body bent easily like a willow. I think her eyes were like stars!"

I smiled, because the simile has be-

come so trite among us white lovers. But Half-a-Day saw me not; he looked down the long trail that leads back to youth, the trail no feet can ever follow twice.

"And I looked upon her face," continued Half-a-Day, "until I could see nothing else—not the sunup nor the sundown nor the moon and stars. Her face became a medicine face to me; because I was young and she was good to see. Also, I was a poor young man. My father had few ponies, and her father had as many as one could see with a big look, hand at brow. But I was strong and proud; and in the long nights I dreamed of Paezha, till one day I said:

"I will have her, and I will fight all the braves in all the villages before I will give her up. Then afterward, I will get many ponies."

"So one evening, when the meat boiled over the fires, I went down to the big spring in the valley, and hid in the grass; for Paezha brought cold water to her father in the evenings, carrying it in a little kettle smaller than your head-cover, for she was not big. I lay waiting. I could not hear the running of the spring water nor the wind in the willows, because my heart sang so loud.

"I heard a step—and it was Paezha. She leaned over the spring and looked

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EDITOR'S NOTE—In connection with this story of the Omaha Indians, it may be worth while to quote from a letter written by Dr. Susan La Flesche Picotte, who is a daughter of Estamaza (Iron-Eye), the last chief of the Omahas.

"As a race," Mrs. Picotte says, "we have suffered many things of many writers—writers who, with only a superficial knowledge of the Indian character, may have given to the public something 'readable,' but not true to Indian nature. Mr. Neihardt's delineation is accurate and admirable, for not only has he drawn his information from authentic *Indian* sources, but his sympathetic insight into the mysticism and spiritual nature of the race gives him a true understanding of Indian character.

"Cooper's Indian and Remington's Indian are admirable for having rendered those authors' work 'distinctive,' but their sameness becomes tiresome. As an Indian, I feel a little resentful that they should stand as representative types of all my people, when there is so much that is beautiful, noble, and dignified in the Indian of the past that could be given to the world instead."

down; and there were then *two* Paezhas, so my wish for her was doubled, having the strength of two wishes. I arose from the grass. She looked upon me, and fear came into her face, for there was that in my face which wished to conquer, and I was very strong. Like the antelope she leaped and ran with wind-feet down the valley. I was breathless when I caught her and lifted her with an arm too strong; for I hurt her, and she cried."

Half-a-Day reached toward me for the pipe. His eyes were masterful, with the world-old spirit of the conquering male in them.

"Then, as I held her, I looked upon her face, and saw that which I had never seen before—a look in the face that was sad and weak and frightened, begging for pity. Only it was not all that; it was shining like the sun through a cloud; and it was stronger than I, for I became weak and could not hold her. A little while she looked with big eyes upon me; and I saw then what makes the squaws break their backs carrying wood and water and papooses; also, what makes men do big deeds that are not selfish. Then she ran from me, and I fell upon my face and cried like a baby at the back of a squaw."

Half-a-Day puffed hard at his pipe; then, sighing, handed it back to me.

"Have you seen that look in the face, white brother?" he said, staring with eyes that mastered me.

"I am young," I answered.

"But when you see that look, it will make you old," he went on, "for when I arose and went back to the village, I was old, and nothing was the same. From that time I could look the biggest brave in the eyes, for I was a man; I had seen the look."

"It was in the time when the sun-flowers die—the time for the hunting of bison. So the whole tribe made ready for the hunt. One morning we rode out, and it was good to see the braves and the ponies and the squaws walking behind one another out of the village on the bison trail. And we were so many that the foremost were lost in the hills when the last left the village. We all sang; and the ponies neighed at the lonesome lodges, for they were leaving home.

"Many days we traveled toward the place of evening, and there was song in me, even when I did not sing; for always I was near Paezha, who rode in a blanket slung on a pole between two ponies, for she was the daughter of Douba Mona, who was not a poor man. And I spoke gentle words to her, and she smiled—because she had seen my weakness at the big spring. Also I picked flowers for her, and she took them. But one day Black Dog rode on the other side of Paezha and spoke soft words. And a strange look was on the face of Paezha; but not the look I had seen in the valley of the big spring. So I drove away the sudden bitterness of my heart, and spoke good words to Black Dog. But he was sullen; also he was better to look upon than I. I can say this now, for I have felt the winds of many winters.

"Many sleeps we rode toward the place of evening. When we started, the moon was thin and small and bent like a child's bow, and it hung above the sunset. As we traveled, it grew bigger and bigger, ever farther toward the place of morning, until at last it came forth no more, but slept in its black lodge after its long, steep trail. But we did not rest, though our trail was long and hard. And all the while we strained our eyes from many hilltops, but saw no bison. Scarcer and scarcer was the food; for the summer had been a summer of fighting, and we had conquered and feasted much, hunted little.

"So it happened that we who were still strong took less meat, that the weaker might live until we found the bison. And all the while the strength of Paezha's face grew upon me, so that I divided my meat with her. It made me sing to see her eat. One day she said to me:

"Why do you sing, Half-a-Day, when all the people are sad?"

"I sing because I am empty!" I said.

"Black Dog, who rode upon the other side, he did not sing. So she said:

"Why do you not sing, Black Dog? Is it because we do not find the bison?"

"I do not sing because I am empty," he said.

"All day I was afraid that Paezha had judged between us, seeing me so light of thought and deed. That evening, when we stopped for the night,

there was not enough meat left to keep us five sleeps longer. The squaws did not sing as they pitched the teepees. They were empty; the braves were empty, and the papooses whined like little baby coyotes at their mothers' backs. No one spoke. The fires boomed up and made the hills sound as with the bellowing of bulls; and the sound mocked us. The dark came down; we sat about the fires, but we did not speak. We groaned; for we were empty and we would not eat until we had slept again. Once every sleep we ate, and we had eaten.

"That night the wise old men gathered together in the teepee of the chiefs and sang medicine songs that our god, Wakanda, might see our suffering and send us the bison. I heard the songs and I felt a great strength grow up out of my emptiness. Then I said:

"I will go to the fathers, and they will send me in search of the bison; and I will find the bison for Paezha, so that she may not starve."

"I had forgotten myself and my people; I knew only Paezha. For that day I had heard her moan, having nothing more to give. So I went to the big teepee. I stood among the fathers, and lifted a strong voice in spite of my emptiness:

"Give me a swift pony and a little meat," I said, "and I will find the bison!"

"And the old men looked upon me, sighing. But Douba Mona, Paezha's father, being one of the wise men, said:

"I see a light in his eye, and hear a strength in his voice. Give him the swift pony and the little meat. If he finds the bison, then he shall have Paezha, for well I see that something is between them. Also, he shall have many ponies."

"And these words made me full, as if I had sat at a feast.

## II

"THE next morning," Half-a-Day went on, "I took the swift pony and the little meat, and galloped toward the evening. The people did not take the trail, because toil makes hunger. Two sleeps I rode, singing songs and dreaming dreams of Paezha. And on the evening of the third sunlight, I stopped upon a hill. I was sick and weak, because my

emptiness had come back, and I had not yet found the bison. I fell upon my face and moaned, and my emptiness sent me to sleep.

"When I awoke, some one sat beside me; and it was Black Dog. He breathed soft words.

"I have come to watch over Half-a-Day," he said, "because I am stronger and a bigger man."

"I spoke not a word, but I felt my heart warm toward Black Dog, for my dreams of Paezha made me kind.

"Well I know," he said—and his voice was soft as a woman's—"well I know what Half-a-Day dreams about. And I have come to watch over him that his dream may come true."

"Then, being a young man and full of kindness, I told Black Dog of the look I had seen in the face of Paezha. And he bit his lips, and there was a sound in his throat that was not pleasant. I fell to sleep, wondering much.

"When I awoke, the ponies were gone, the meat was gone, Black Dog was gone. I grew strong as a bear. I shrieked into the stillness. I shook my fists at the sun. I cursed Black Dog!

"I stumbled on over the hills and valleys, shouting, singing angry songs, hurling big words of little meaning into the yellow day.

"Before night came, I found the body of a dead wolf, and I fell upon it like a hungry crow. I tore its flesh with my teeth. I called it Black Dog. It smelled bad. I found a little stream—it was almost lost in the mud—and I drank much. I slept and dreamed of Paezha; I saw her thin and weak; she was starving. I awoke—and it was day. I found the dead wolf again and ate. Then I was stronger, and I went on into the empty yellow prairie.

"Toward evening I heard a thundering, yet saw no cloud. It was the dry time. Still it thundered—yet no cloud. I ran to the top of a hill and gazed.

"Bison! Bison! The prairie was full of bison, and they were feeding slowly toward the camp of my people.

"I turned, I ran! I did not make a sound; I needed all my strength for running. I ran, ran, ran! I fell; I got up; I fell. Night came; I walked. Morning came; still I walked. Night came; I

stumbled. And in the morning I was creeping. I did not know when I reached the camp of my people. I remember only a dim shouting and a sudden moving of the tribe. And then—after many bad dreams—I was awake again, and the people were feasting. They had found the bison.

"Then, when we were on the home trail, I learned of the treachery of Black Dog. He had told the people that he had found Half-a-Day dead on the prairie, and that he was too weak to bring me back. All the people believed for a time; and Black Dog spoke soft words to Paezha, brave words to Douba Mona, till I was almost forgotten. But now I was a great man among my people, and Black Dog could not raise his head, because hate was in the people's eyes for him. And in the time of the first frosts we reached our village and Paezha became my squaw. Also, I got the ponies."

Here Half-a-Day paused to fill his pipe.

"It is a good story, Half-a-Day," I said.

Half-a-Day lit his pipe, stared long into the glow of the embers, for the fire had fallen, and sighed.

"I have not spoken yet," he said. "One day in the time of the first snows, Paezha lay dead in my lodge, and my breast ached. Black Dog had killed her at the spring. He did not wish that I should have her. At the same place he killed her where I had first seen the look. I sat beside her two sleeps and cried like a child; and my friends came to me and spoke bitter words into my ear.

"Kill Black Dog," they said.

"Bring him to me," I answered, 'and I will kill him, for my legs will not carry me'; but the fathers of the council would not have it so.

"When they had buried her on the hill above the village, I awoke as from a long sleep, and I was full of hate. They kept me in my lodge. They would not let me kill him. I wished to kill! I wished to tear him with my teeth as I had torn the stinking wolf! *I wished to kill!*"

Half-a-Day had arisen to his feet, his fists clenched, his eyes shining with a cold light. He made a tragic figure in the dull, blue glow of the embers.

"Come, Half-a-Day," I said, "it is long past, and now it is only a story."

"It is more than a story!" he cried. "I lived it! I wished to kill!"

He sat down again, and a softer light came into his eyes.

"And the time came," he continued with a weary voice, "when Black Dog should be cast forth from the tribe, according to the ancient custom of my people. I said: 'I will follow Black Dog, and I will see him die.'

"He was cast forth in the night, and I followed.

### III

"It was very cold. The snow whined under my feet like a sick wolf, and I followed in the night. But Black Dog did not know I followed.

"I was ever near him like a shadow. I did not sleep; I watched Black Dog. I meant to see him die. I was afraid to sleep, lest he should die and I not see him. In his first sleep I crept upon him. I stole his meat, I stole his weapons; now he would die, and I would be there to see. I would be there to laugh! I would be there to sing! In the cold pale morning I lay huddled in a clump of sage, and I saw him get up, look for his meat and weapons, and stagger away into the lonesome places of the snow. And I sang a low song to myself. The time would come when I would see Black Dog die!

"I did not feel the cold. I was never weary. I was never sleepy. In the evenings I was ever near enough to hear him groan when he wrapped himself in his blankets. Often I crept up to him in his sleep and looked upon his face in the light of the stars; and I saw my time coming, for his face was thinner, and he was not so good to see as in the time when the sunflowers died. I could have killed him, but then he could not have heard me sing; he could not have heard me laugh. So I waited and followed and watched. I ate my meat raw, for I did not wish to let Black Dog see my fire. In the mornings I saw him look upon my footprints with wonder; but he could not know my footprints. Also I watched to see that he found nothing to eat; and he found nothing.

"One day I lay upon the summit of a

hill and saw him totter and fall in the valley. Then I could be quiet no longer. I raised my voice; I shouted:

"Fall, Black Dog! Even so Half-a-Day fell with weakness when Black Dog stole his meat and his pony! Do you remember?"

"And I saw Black Dog get up and stare about, for I was hidden. Then his voice came up to me over the snow. It was a thin voice:

"I know you, Half-a-Day; come and kill me!"

"Half-a-Day never kills sick men nor squaws!" I cried, and then I laughed—a cold, a bitter laugh.

"Black Dog shook his fists at the four corners of the sky and stumbled off into the hills. I followed. And now my time was very near, for Black Dog felt my nearness, and he knew that he would die and I would see him.

"One evening my time came. Black Dog was in the valley by a frozen stream, and he fell upon his face, sending forth a thin cry as he fell—a cry thin and ice-like. He did not get up; he lay very still. I ran down to where he lay—and I laughed, I laughed, I laughed! I heard him groan. I rolled him over on his back and looked upon his face. I wish I had not looked upon his face! He opened his eyes, and they were very dim and sunken. His face was sharp. I sat down beside him. I said:

"Now die, and I will sing for you!"

"Then his face changed. It became a squaw's face—and it had the look! A look that was sad and weak and frightened, begging for pity! And it seemed to me that it was not the face of Black Dog any more. *It had the look!* I had seen it in the face of Paezha by the big spring.

"Now, since I have many winters behind me, I wonder if it was not a coward's face; but then it was not so. I grew soft. There was a great spring-time in me. I wrapped my blankets about him. I gave him meat. He stared at me, and ate like a wolf. I spoke soft words. I made a fire from the brush that was by the frozen stream. I warmed him, and he grew stronger. All night I watched him, and in the morning I said: "Take my bow and arrows, Black Dog. I wish to die. Go on and live." For my wish to kill had been my life, and now I had lost the wish to kill. I wished to die. And he said no word, only his eyes were changed.

"I staggered away on the back trail. I had no meat. I had no blankets. I had no weapons. I meant to die. But, you see, I did not die. When I lay down at night, worn out, half frozen, some one wrapped blankets about me and built a fire. In the morning I found food beside me. And so it was for many sleeps, until at last I came to the village of my people, broken, caring for nothing. I was thin, my face was sharp, my eyes were sunken, my step was very short. The people looked upon me with wonder, saying:

"Half-a-Day has come back from killing Black Dog!"

"But the truth was different. Only my wish to kill had died."

When Half-a-Day had finished, he stared long into the fire without speaking.

"Do you think Black Dog was all a coward?" I said at length. "Perhaps he only loved too much."

"I do not know," said Half-a-Day in a low voice. "I only know sometimes I wish I had not looked upon his face."

#### FRIENDS

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end  
Was spanned by heavens heavy-eyed and drear,  
And all the death and drooping of the year  
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend;  
A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,  
And then we parted; yes, but where I strode  
Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road  
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays;  
And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—  
A God-sent bird voice rioted of spring!

Guy Wetmore Carryl



# THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1905-06



THE past season in our American stageland has been remarkable in that it witnessed more successes and more failures than any previous year. Eight conspicuous winners loom up large indeed beside the three of last season.

A reference to our last twelve months' record (printed in July, 1905) furnishes interesting food for thought, taken in connection with the present showing. A year ago London was credited with the same number of decided successes as New York. Two of them, "The Walls of Jericho" and "Peter Pan," are to be reckoned among the eight on this year's winning score-board in America; while the third, "Beauty and the Barge," was transformed into one of the many New York fiascoes. On the American side, Charles Klein followed up his last year's triumph with "The Music-Master"—which, by the way, continued its career of prosperity in New York straight through its second season, but, not being a novelty, is omitted from this record—by another ten-strike with "The Lion and the Mouse." On the other hand, C. M. S. McClellan, whose "Leah Kleschna" ranked in last year's successful trio, came to grief with "The Jury of Fate," offered last winter in London; while George Ade, going triumphantly for nine months' at one theater last year with "The College Widow," fell down hard at the same house in September with his "Bad Samaritan."

Of the remaining five winners, one was Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," which Robert Loraine's happy art lifted beyond the brief lifetime of a fad. Two were plays of the West, each revolving about a popular star—"The Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates and a Belasco setting, and "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham. Finally, two were farces, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," decidedly of

the American brand, from the pen of George M. Cohan, with Fay Templeton as a house-maid star; and "Mr. Hopkinson," very English, written by R. C. Carton and presented by an all-British company, headed by hitherto unknown Dallas Welford, a sure star-to-be, now that he is in this land where Thespian luminaries are made while you wait. All of which being submitted, it remains to be remarked that the eight big hits of this season do not foot up to as high an average of artistic merit as the three of last year. The aroma of the pot-boiler is more or less strong in them all.

Shakespeare was in his usual minority. Sothorn and Marlowe brought forward new outfittings of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night," with commendable art, but with so little encouragement from the general public that Charles Frohman did not find it worth while to renew his contract with the joint stars, who are to pass over to the Independents with another season. Robert Mantell played a season of some weeks in New York, at the Garden Theater, opening with "Richard III," coming off scantily with "Hamlet," and succeeding best with "Macbeth" and the seldom offered "King Lear"; but the box-office showing was never a dazzling one. Maeterlinck was represented by "Monna Vanna," at the hands of Bertha Kalich, suddenly transplanted from the Yiddish of the Bowery to the English of Broadway. She found less favor in New York than she won later on the road. Something of a ripple was stirred by Henri de Vries, an actor from Holland, who delighted all the critics by his playing of seven parts in "A Case of Arson"—an afterpiece—at the Madison Square. The public, however, remained so indifferent that he was soon snapped up for vaudeville.

As against the ten foreign stars who

visited America last season, this year there were only four. Most famous of the quartet was Sarah Bernhardt, who triumphed mightily in a so-called farewell tour, opening at the Lyric, in New York, with Sardou's "*La Sorcière*." Among her other offerings were the inevitable "*Camille*," her own version of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," and "*Sapho*," minus the staircase and the riot of maskers.

Olga Nethersole came, too, but doubtless wishes she hadn't, as her *pièce de résistance*, "*The Labyrinth*," from the French, went down before the first onslaughts of the critics, and she is not yet sufficiently celebrated to rely on repertoire.

Ellis Jeffreys, another English actress who was introduced to us last season, repeated her visit, but she, too, was more or less unfortunate in her selection of a vehicle. To be sure, the author of "*The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*" was Alfred Suto, with "*The Walls of Jericho*" to his credit; but, as has been proved repeatedly, there is nothing so uncertain as a playwright's output. For the rest, E. S. Willard, who plays here so continually as to be almost one of us, returned in repertoire, including his ever delightful "*Tom Pinch*," varied by revivals of "*A Pair of Spectacles*" and Tom Taylor's "*The Fool's Revenge*," and a novelty from Kipling, "*The Man Who Was*," an afterpiece of striking if somewhat repellent character.

Mansfield, too, as has been his habit of late, relied on his stock list, with one novelty—Schiller's "*Don Carlos*"—as a fillip to his public's appetite. It is to be admitted that neither the play nor the acting of it was comparable with his last year's revival of Molière's "*Misanthrope*"; but Mansfield deserves all credit for seeking to extend the ken of American audiences. He had his reward in bumper attendance, even for the nights on which "*Don Carlos*" was played. He came into New York for only a three weeks' term, but so big was the advance sale that Holy Week, during which he had intended resting, was added to the series. Opportunity was thus given for more repetitions of "*The Scarlet Letter*"—a feature of some years since, which he restaged. All of

this was very gratifying; widespread appreciation of Mansfield and his highly artistic work augurs well for improved public taste.

#### THE PLAYS WITH A SERIOUS TREND

Separating the year's offerings into classes—as far as is possible nowadays, when playwrights seem most happy when defying all attempts to pin labels upon their output—we find some two dozen pieces of the more serious type, as differentiated from outspoken comedy or farce. The first to be seen in New York was "*Zira*," prepared for Margaret Anglin by Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manners from Wilkie Collins' "*New Magdalen*." It was Miss Anglin, rather than the play, that lifted this rather wobbly structure into prominence, and lodged it at the Princess for more than a hundred and fifty performances. On the other hand, Maeterlinck's "*Monna Vanna*" was adjudged to be greater than its interpreters, although Mme. Kalich did wonders with a rôle that stands among the most remarkable ones in all dramatic literature.

One of the multitudinous plays that have been written around Napoleon brought disaster to Virginia Harned, although it is difficult to understand just why. "*La Belle Marseillaise*," written by Pierre Berton, co-author of "*Zaza*," had been one of the big successes in Paris; Miss Harned acquitted herself well as the wife of a conspirator against the life of Napoleon; the great conqueror himself was played not badly by Vincent Serrano; and the critics were generally kind. But the people did not seem to take to the thing, and Miss Harned cut short her season before Christmas.

Better fortune attended another Paris importation—"The Duel," by Henri Lavedan, from the Théâtre Français. It was presented as a starring vehicle for Otis Skinner, but in the acting brought equal honors to Guy Standing in a rôle as important as the star's. The veteran Eben Plympton also made a good report of himself, but Fay Davis, cast for a thankless and uncongenial part, lagged far behind the men.

An odd trend in the bookings brought "*The Clansman*" and "*Lincoln*" to the

same house, the Liberty. Two plays more dissimilar could not well be imagined. "The Clansman," written by the ex-clergyman, Thomas Dixon, Jr., crude, colored in high lights, and seeking to rouse issues long since dead, revolved about the Ku-Klux episodes of the Reconstruction period in the South. "Lincoln," which might better have been called "The White House in War-Time," presented our first martyred President in a series of incidents, not particularly dramatic in themselves, but nevertheless interesting because convincingly true to the nature of a great American. Benjamin Chapin, who wrote the play and impersonated Lincoln, treated his delicate subject throughout in the best of taste; and the public did itself no credit by extending more favor to the less worthy production.

The Liberty was also the scene of another play indigenous to the soil—"The Redskin," destined to be more noted for its manager's heated denunciation of the unfriendly critics than for any merits of its own. Written by a young actor, Donald MacLaren, its *dramatis personæ* were Indians who talked like the princesses and courtiers of some old-fashioned romance. The piece went into storage within a couple of months.

Another experiment tried on the Liberty's stage, towards the end of the season, brought to New York a capable Western actress—Florence Roberts, who in person somewhat resembles Mrs. Fiske, but who, happily for herself, has not imitated that accomplished lady's indistinctness of utterance. She is the wife of Lewis Morrison, who recently retired after amassing a fortune as *Mephistopheles* in a dramatic version of "Faust." Mr. Morrison's money was spent without stint in mounting "The Strength of the Weak," a problem play of uneven merit, written by two unknown women, and affording Miss Roberts scattered opportunities to show what she could do. It is quite possible that more will be heard from her.

One of the failures of the season was Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," which was put on in elaborate style with an expensive cast, but which nothing could save from its inherent stupidity. That this tissue of pretentious insincer-

ity could have made a success in London is one of the mysteries that may some day be explained, along with the equally unaccountable hit there of "Beauty and the Barge."

Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was another miss-fire offering, leading Arnold Daly to fall back on "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the hope of recouping himself. But the police fell afoul of the offensive piece, and its first performance in New York was also its last. Daly still pinned his faith to Shaw, and in the spring returned to town, doing Mansfield's old part in "Arms and the Man." He did it well, too, but the public seemed to have expended its last ounce of Shaw enthusiasm on "Man and Superman." Even Robert Loraine may well tremble over the outcome of "The Philanderer," which it is believed he is proposing to do in New York next season. Nor could the people be baited for "Cashel Byron's Profession," dramatized from the Shaw story, by introducing James J. Corbett into the drawing-room atmosphere of Daly's in the part of the prize-fighter.

#### IN THE LINE OF LAUGHTER

Among the lighter offerings, a charming specimen was "The Prince Chap," marred by a rather commonplace last act, but set forth capitably throughout by Cyril Scott, who at last is happily removed from the rut of musical comedy and French farce. Edward H. Peple, whose humorous work is known to readers of this magazine, dramatized the comedy from a story of his own, and succeeded so well, in the main, that one stood ready to forgive the conventionality of the final act in consideration of the freshness and charm of the two first.

Maxine Elliott, with another comedy by Clyde Fitch, was not quite so happily placed in "Her Great Match" as she had been with "Her Own Way." John Drew, too, found Augustus Thomas' "De Lancey" a rather shaky staff on which to lean throughout the season. But then no star can expect to find such another treasure as last year's "Duke of Killicrankie" at the very next dip into the dramatic lucky-bag. Drew has seemingly drawn a winner for his next vehicle in Pinero's "His House

in *Order*," which was the most conspicuous success of last winter in London in the hands of George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh. Still more weak in the knees than "De Lancey" was George Ade's "Just Out of College," in which Joe Wheelock, Jr., came forward as a star. It just served to keep him going, that was all. Better luck attended Henry Dixey in the dramatized novel, "The Man on the Box."

With the first week in November came Maude Adams to the Empire in Barrie's "Peter Pan"; and at this writing the run is still on, having scored more than two hundred performances. The appeal of a performance like this is altogether new, and while a few inappreciative ones declare that Miss Adams is wasting her time among the fairies, most of us find her at her best in this curious boyish rôle, made up so strangely of human emotions and magic attainments.

Miss Adams herself has said that she enjoys *Peter* more than any character she ever depicted, and she is to continue in it throughout next season. Later on she is to make her first appearance in London in a new Barrie play.

Another Barrie offering, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," not quite so bizarre, fell far short of making so decided a popular hit. A probable reason was the fact that the clash of the humorous and the tragic in the second act of the play was more or less puzzling to the audience. Moreover, Ethel Barrymore lost much of her charm by appearing in a middle-aged part intended for Ellen Terry. Miss Terry created *Alice* in London, and it is said to have been a bitter regret to her that she could not keep the play for her proposed American tour.

Francis Wilson, in a farce from the German, "The Mountain-Climber," used his low-comedy methods to the satisfaction of those who used to admire him in the comic opera field. Later, when he added "The Little Father of the Wilderness" to his bill, he took a real step in the direction of his alleged ambition to do better things. In his new piece, a curtain-raiser by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osbourne, Wilson enacted the part of a Canadian priest who is first insulted and then honored by Louis XV, and made a sincere and successful endeavor

to subordinate his legs and his grimaces to an appeal by more legitimate means.

Viola Allen drew from the theatrical discard Clyde Fitch's "Lady Betty Singleton," renamed it "The Toast of the Town," and—with the help of a good supporting company, in which Isabel Irving shone with particular luster—she offset rather indifferent business at Daly's by big takings on the road. Another trick from the pack of discards was turned by Augustus Thomas with his "Embassy Ball." Written for Lawrance d'Orsay, tried in the autumn, found sadly wanting, and worked over again, the Thomas comedy was started anew in the spring at Daly's, where, in spite of adverse comments from the press, it lingered for several weeks.

Richard Harding Davis furnished "The Galloper," a weak imitation of his own "Dictator," for Raymond Hitchcock, after "Easy Dawson" failed this seceder from comic opera. The Davis play served merely to bridge a gap until Mr. Savage could make ready another musical show, "The Student King," with which Hitchcock is to return to the realm he should never have left.

"The Little Gray Lady," a comedy of Washington life by Channing Pollock, drew favorable notices from the New York critics, but failed to attract big houses in town, although two companies were sent on the road with the piece. The play was refreshing in that it had neither dress-suits nor the sound of an automobile in it, and established Mr. Pollock as an author to be reckoned with, something which his adaptation of "The Pit" failed to do.

Louis Mann scored a rather unexpected success in a play written by his wife, Clara Lipman, and called "Julie Bonbon." Thomas W. Ross, after two or three seasons of triumph in "Checkers," met disaster in a comedy from the same hand—that of Henry W. Blossom—known as "A Fair Exchange."

The copy-cat system, so dear to the heart of the theatrical manager, was never so hard worked as during the past season. Along about the middle of December, a farce from a French idea was put on at the Manhattan under the name "Before and After." Leo Ditrichstein wrote it and acted in it, supported by a

good cast, including Fritz Williams, his wife, Katherine Florence, and Thomas A. Wise. Although winning only faint praise from the critics, the piece followed the fashion of the winter and prospered in spite of the reviewers. Thereupon James K. Hackett, enriched by his and his wife's success in "The Walls of Jericho," imported R. C. Carton's thoroughly English farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," with an all-British company. The result was a hit far exceeding that of "Before and After." As a result, other managers let loose on the community a whole batch of fun pieces, even including a revival of "Charley's Aunt" after a slumber of some thirteen years. "It's All Your Fault," by our own Edgar Selwyn, met with fair favor after a career in London as "The Adoption of Archibald," but "What the Butler Saw" proved not worth seeing.

Nat Goodwin had an unlucky season. He went down early in the game with "Beauty and the Barge," struggled feebly for a while on tour with a dramatized novel of the West, then sailed for London with "A Gilded Fool." His reception in England soon made it clear that the joke was on him, so he came back again, and at last accounts was essaying it in home territory with "The Genius and the Model," which Henry Woodruff had discarded about the time "Beauty and the Barge" made shipwreck.

Meantime William H. Crane was struggling through his season with a weak-kneed affair by Charles T. Dazey and George H. Broadhurst—from whom better things might have been expected—"The American Lord," a farcical comedy of well-worn humor. To be sure, Crane was permitted to be more himself than he was in last year's "Business Is Business," but the only new thing about "The American Lord" was the bad acting of Hilda Spang.

Speaking of Henry Woodruff, he reached comparatively pleasant pastures in the late winter with a play by a new writer—Mrs. Young, wife of the actor James Young. The piece was a college comedy, "Brown of Harvard," set against a background of villainy which was found to be too dark and dire for a boat-race setting, and was judiciously toned down. Thus improved, it settled

into such favor with the ladies that three matinées a week were called for in the course of its lengthy run.

#### THE WANE OF THE MUSICAL PLAY

The cheeriest note in the season's record is the big decrease in the musical comedy output. Twenty-seven separate offerings figured in New York's appalling sum total between July, 1904, and May, 1905; during the same period of 1905 and 1906, there were not more than sixteen in the record.

Of the sixteen two deserve high rank in the realm of real comic opera—"Mlle. Modiste," by Herbert and Blossom, lasting Fritz Scheff at the Knickerbocker from Christmas until the spring flowers bloomed; and "The Free Lance," with Sousa's music and—miracle of miracles!—a really clever book by Harry B. Smith, put on at the New Amsterdam on Easter Monday and still running as we go to press.

Besides these, De Wolf Hopper drew a prize in "Happyland," a tone or two above musical comedy, with score by De Koven, libretto by poor Frederick K. Ranken, who died just as success perched on his banner. Hopper made a find in prima donnas in the shape of tiny Marguerite Clark. Worthy in the artistic sense, too, were "Moonshine," for Marie Cahill, and "Véronique," imported with its English company from London, although neither pleased New Yorkers to any great revenue-producing extent.

Edna May was less happy with her made-in-England "Catch of the Season" than she had been the year before in "The School Girl," from the same source. On the other hand, Lulu Glaser was the gainer by exchanging her last season's version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" for "Miss Dolly Dollars," with music by Victor Herbert.

An English importation, "The Earl and the Girl," featuring Eddie Foy, opened the rebuilt Casino and remained there, to no very extensive business, for more than a hundred performances. Quick and dire, however, was the fate that overtook the annual Drury Lane pantomime offering at the New Amsterdam, for the Americanized "White Cat" proved to be a brainless mixture of costumes, scenery, and crowds of perform-

ers, with neither wit, novelty, nor coherence. The piece was withdrawn after a short season, and sent into the storage warehouse without any thought of the road. Very likely this failure will end the Drury Lane series in New York.

Practically the same criticism might be brought against the new Hippodrome piece, "A Society Circus," but the novelty of the house itself militated against disaster in this case, and even at increased prices there was but little falling off in its profitable business. The fame of New York's Hippodrome has gone forth to the ends of the land, and every visitor to the city must "take it in." It is to be hoped that in "A Roman Circus," underlined for next winter, skill in devising spectacle will be accorded equal place with the wealth that is at command to clothe it.

A big box-office hit was a nondescript affair of automobile flavor called "The Vanderbilt Cup," lifted into prominence through the vogue of Elsie Janis, who became a star at seventeen because of her wonderful gift as a mimic. The popularity of a vaudeville skit embodied in "The Ham Tree" was responsible for the following obtained for this farrago of nonsense at the hands of McIntyre and Heath.

The uncertainty of the show business was well illustrated by the respective career of "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" and "Mexicana." The first, rightly classed as a "unique imaginative extravaganza," was well received by the press and by its early patrons, but did not prove a winner. "Mexicana," on the other hand, was belabored by the critics, but sang its way into the favor of the public with apparently little trouble.

Take another instance. George M. Cohan's "George Washington, Jr.," was far and away better work than his "Little Johnny Jones," but fell far short of making the same hit with the masses. There is some cause for cheer, however, in the favor meted out to the new "summer show" at the Casino, for "The Social Whirl" is more than a lift above the low level of mediocrity on which the hot weather attractions for this resort have usually been based.

Nor must a word be omitted on the Rogers Brothers' latest journeyings, this

time to Ireland, where they seemed to find more to do that was worth watching than in their London or Paris pilgrimage. Lew Fields was not able to secure anything worthy to succeed "It Happened in Nordland," so he gave up his theater in town and took to the road with his last season's standby. For next winter he has leased another New York playhouse, the Herald Square. His former partner, Joe Weber, did not come back to their old music-hall until the first days of January, when he appeared there with a hodgepodge built on the familiar lines of the Weberfieldian days, and dubbed "Twiddle-Twaddle." Later on he bolstered up his bill with a burlesque of two hits of the season, under the comprehensive name of "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West."

#### A RATHER POOR SEASON IN LONDON

London's showing for the year lagged far behind New York's, reckoning from the box-office standpoint. Besides Pinero's "His House in Order," at the St. James', only two novelties scored any marked success—Stephen Phillips' "Nero," staged by Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, and Hubert Henry Davies' light comedy, "Captain Drew on Leave," produced by Sir Charles Wyndham. "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," by a new writer, with Marie Tempest in the cast, did well; and in the musical list "The Beauty of Bath," a new vehicle for Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss, "The Little Stranger," and "The Little Cherub" lifted themselves above the average in drawing power.

Among the conspicuous London failures have been "The Alabaster Staircase," by Captain Marshall, a playwright credited with many past successes, including "A Royal Family" and "The Second in Command"; two one-act plays by J. M. Barrie—"Josephine," a political travesty which went over the heads of the audience, and "Punch," aimed at the Bernard Shaw craze. In the dearth of new winners three revivals went well—"Brother Officers," "The Man from Blankley's," and "Peter Pan"; but it cannot be said that the half dozen transplantations from the American stage repaid the trouble of the sea voyage. At this writ-

ing "The Lion and the Mouse"—which, being racy of the American soil, ought to suit the British market better, if past performances be any criterion—is on the eve of being offered there.

#### THE SEASON IN GRAND OPERA

At the Metropolitan Opera House, the season had little to distinguish it from previous ones. Artistically, it disappointed those who had hoped to see a new and higher level of excellence reached under Mr. Conried's management. That energetic impresario stated that his expenses were larger by ten thousand dollars a week than those of the manager whom he succeeded. Yet the casts were not better than before; indeed, without Caruso—who was the magnet of the season—they would have been distinctly poor. No new works were given, and several of the promised revivals were postponed. No new singer of importance was introduced to American audiences; and the only new conductor was a young man of insufficient experience and authority. Once more the manager had to apologize for presenting operas that were inadequately prepared. And yet, financially, the New York season was exceedingly prosperous, though its profits were wiped out by the losses of the San Francisco disaster.

It was characteristic of Mr. Conried's keen eye for business that of the thirty-one operas presented, "Hänsel und Gretel," a piece that does not require the services of a single highly paid singer, had the largest number of performances. Popular interest in Humperdinck's fairy opera was stimulated by some clever advertising, and it was given eleven times. The rest of the list was as follows:

"Queen of Sheba," "Faust," "Bohème," "Lohengrin," "Rigoletto," and "Lucia," five performances apiece.

"Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Marta," "Meistersinger," "Gioconda," "Favorita," "Trovatore," and "Aida," four performances apiece.

"Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Tosca," and "Pagliacci," three performances apiece.

"Don Giovanni," "Rheingold," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Barber of Seville," "Sonnambula," "Elisir d'Amore," and

"Don Pasquale," two performances apiece.

"Fledermaus" and "Zigeunerbaron," one performance apiece.

To complete the record, it may be added that Wagner led the composers with thirty-one performances of nine operas; Verdi came second, with fifteen performances of four operas, and Donizetti third, with thirteen performances of four operas. In all, of one hundred and nine performances, fifty-three, including five double bills, were in Italian, forty-nine in German, and seven in French. Compared with previous seasons, this shows that the Italian and the German composers shared public attention in about the usual proportions, while French opera, once so popular in New York, is now sadly in eclipse.

Of the individual stars, as has been said, the lion's share of the honors fell to Enrico Caruso. Whenever his name was on the bill, the opera-house was filled to the doors. His singing confirmed his reputation as a tenor of the very first order and the reigning operatic favorite of the day. If his fine physique had not carried him through the season without a breakdown, the management would have been in a sad plight with no more adequate substitute than Dippel to take his place in the Italian and French repertory—except only "Trovatore," in which Knute sang *Manrico*.

The rest of the company was very much as in other recent seasons, with Sembrich and Nordica as the leading sopranos, though important parts also fell to Fremstad, Walker, Homer, Alten, and one newcomer, Mme. Rappold, a young German-American singer. Among the men, Burgstaller and Goritz distinctly added to their reputation; Knute, Plançon, Scotti, and Van Rooy no more than maintained their former standing.

The season at the Metropolitan opened on November 20, with "Gioconda," and lasted seventeen weeks. The company then divided a week between Baltimore and Washington, spent a week—to very disappointing receipts—in Pittsburgh, and another in Chicago, whence, after brief stops at St. Louis and Kansas City, it went to San Francisco, just in time to be involved in that city's terrible ordeal of earthquake and fire.

# A DEFAULT IN PRACTISE

BY ELLIOT WALKER

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSIDERATION OF MR. WHIMPETT"

WARNER GREGSON thoughtfully drummed on his knee with his fingers, while his irreproachable shoes tapped an accompaniment on the floor of the piazza. An obstinate under lip, a blunt nose, and a pair of heavy eyebrows respectively projected, wrinkled, and scowled, as the full meaning of Muriel's words dawned upon him.

"I think I understand," said he sulkily. "It seems to me a little late in the day, and hard to comprehend at first. You have merely exercised a woman's prerogative — 'changed your mind.' Rather a singular thing to do, all circumstances considered, but I suppose you have the right. I can't say I'm feeling greatly complimented, Muriel, not to speak of the 'leaden heart'—we read of that heavily laden organ in books, you know. Gad, I've always laughed at such similes; but I never will again! It's a sinker, all right. I wonder if you have the most remote idea of what this means to me?"

He turned his head and looked at her, his eyes stony with pain, the sarcasm dying in his voice. The girl's lashes were wet as she returned his gaze. Piteously her sweet, set mouth quivered, opening for reply. Her slender hands gripped the arms of her chair.

"It was dreadfully hard to tell you, Warner; but I—I couldn't go on. It is hard for me, too. To have one's engagement broken after two months of all we've had together in the sight of everybody! I can't bear to think of the questions that will be asked, of the gossip, of my people and of your people, and of my own sense of having hurt you cruelly—for I have hurt you, Warner, so much more than I intended. I didn't think you could ever look like *that*."

A sob choked her. She glanced at him appealingly.

"Come, come," said the man kindly, sitting very erect with squared shoulders. "My dear child, the whole business is over and done with, so far as I'm concerned. I'm hard hit, Muriel; awfully plugged, but I wouldn't marry you now if you went on your knees. A homely bulldog has strong affections, you know—sort of sensitive when he doesn't look it. I'm kicked into my proper place, I suppose, and if I growled and felt injured it's the nature of the beast. It's my fate to love you, my wish to help you, and my duty, as I can see it, to tag on behind in case I'm wanted. Feeling sore is no excuse for going back on what is right, is it?"

Muriel Eldredge hid her face for a moment, looking down and surreptitiously applying her pretext for a handkerchief to suspicious drops that would start.

"I—I don't see how you can be so good to me, Warner," she murmured. "You make me hate myself. Lately I have been very unhappy. In the beginning I felt so sure. I thought you were *the* one. No!"

The man looked up eagerly, and was about to speak; but the girl answered the question which she knew was on his lips.

"There is no one else, Warner," she said. "I don't believe there ever will be."

Gregson regarded her curiously.

"Muriel," he said, "our engagement has always been a mystery to me. Perhaps that is why this blow has so queerly steadied me. For a minute I thought you the meanest, most heartless girl on earth; then I felt in my bones that you

must be right about it, although your decision seemed as nonsensical as though you had said, 'I don't want you in the game, that's all.'" He smiled reminiscently. "Not so different," added he, in apparent irrelevance. "Maybe that accounts for some things. Funny!"

Muriel's blue eyes were wondering. Her discarded lover grinned, lounging toward her in the old, confidential way. It was a relief to see the homely visage brighten, the big white teeth show as if in pleasure, the round gray orbs alight with interest at some thought evidently far from his present suffering. He put out a hand and stroked her gown—his habit when telling a story. Warner was notoriously absent-minded. Had he forgotten that this caressing right was no longer his?

The girl did not move. She was again self-controlled and steady. The worst was over. There had been no scene. She had expected something quite different, for Warner's temper was violent when aroused. So she sat quietly, glad of a respite from torturing thoughts. How easily matters were going; how really noble he had been in his consideration! Her breath drew in almost a sigh as he smiled, bending nearer.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked softly.

"Why, about that time old Greenbury dropped me off our college football team. I was on the eleven; played right guard, and didn't suppose that they could get along without me." Gregson's features wrinkled at a recollection. "Maybe I got careless—don't remember. Anyway, Greenbury, the coach—he was a friend of mine, too—chucked me without a word. It was like being disowned by your grandfather, and without explanations.

"I asked him why. 'Don't want you,' said he; 'that's why! If you can't guess, go off and think. I'm disappointed, and I sha'n't utter another syllable, except that you can play with the subs, if you care to keep in trim.'

"Play with the subs, and I on the eleven for two seasons! I told Greenbury I would see him burn first. Was I hot, humiliated, and all torn to pieces? Well, it was slow fire and thumbscrews for a few days. It was an outrage; all the

boys said so. There seemed no reason for such a turn-down. I moped, sulked, kicked, and thought. Gradually it came over me that I had had a few warnings from the old man about playing up and showing more interest. Mere talk, I thought, and only laughed, knowing I was all right. A seasoned player doesn't always feel like capering schoolboy fashion in practise games. I got the ball when I started for it. Greenbury was a crank, and forever fussing over trifles; so afraid of weak spots that he kept himself thin. He could handle a team, though. When a big game was on every man in the line had to be like a hungry cat after birds.

"He tried two or three fellows in my position. I chuckled to myself; then I began to worry. Suppose at the last moment I should be wanted? It didn't seem fair to get out of condition. I couldn't see the team licked for need of a guard. Wasn't it my duty to keep in shape in case of possible trouble? I ought to be fit to help out if called upon simply as a matter of decency. The idea kept pinching. I tied my lacerated feelings in a bundle and dropped them somewhere. Then I went in with the substitutes. It was a bitter pill.

"Maybe I didn't work those five weeks, Muriel. The thing was a fever with me. I had no intention of making the team. Didn't want to. I said so openly, and they knew I meant it. Looking back, it seems as if the only thing I had in mind was to play ball. I played it, my girl—I played it. And the more I got mauled, the more I liked it. What I loved was the feeling that I was better than ever before—a man to be depended upon in any emergency. That sensation was all through me; beyond it, I neither thought nor cared.

"I wouldn't speak to Greenbury, and gave the old boys a freeze. I was only a sub, with no ambitions to take anybody's place—the only one ever heard of, I guess.

"The week before our first university game, Greenbury came up to me.

"'Gregson,' said he, 'I want you next Saturday.'

"'What for?' said I.

"'Right guard, of course,' he snapped.

"'Strickley's doing well,' I said shortly.

"You'll do better. I want the *best*," he replied. "That man can't fill one of your shoes, and never has."

"What was I chucked for, then?" I growled.

"You great calf!" said the old man, grinning. "Don't you know?"

"No!" I blurted.

"I do," grunted he. "Go on the eleven this afternoon and *play up*!"

"So I went in the game after all."

"And you won it," said the girl, a glow in her cheeks. "Yes, you did, Warner. I was there. I saw you."

"That's rot. I only did my share."

His fingers released the edge of her gown. The eager brilliance of his eyes faded. He resumed his former attitude.

Muriel's eyes turned to the brown meadows, and beyond them to the hills, brave in their gay October drapery. Her brain was tense with pictures. Was that mass of color the grand-stand opposite? The field before her, was it alive with struggling men? She saw again a madly fighting figure, soiled, bloody, tearing a way through a tangle of surging forms—heard a swelling roar, a yell—

"The New York express," observed Warner dully. "We hear it plainly with a west wind. Echoes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," the girl replied dreamily, as if she scarcely heard her companion's question. "And that evening I first met you, you were faultlessly dressed, and had a black eye. How nice you were to me! Every man at the reception had a thump for your back, and the girls were crazy to meet you; yet I had your whole attention for a half hour. How proud I was!"

"Proud! Of me?" Gregson smiled grimly. "I never cared much for girls, but you held me. I'm a man's man. Yes, I remember. That began it."

She was silent, and he went on solemnly:

"As you say, Muriel, it's going to be hard on you. I've tried of late to give you more time for your friends, and not to bother by hanging around. I must be dull company for a steady diet, and I suppose that is why you think we couldn't be happy together. Still, we have been pretty well advertised, what with automobiling, riding, parties, and all, not to mention both families talking about us."

Muriel gave a little gasp.

"Yes," he pursued, pounding a knee, "I must think for you a bit. Why you accepted me is a mystery."

"I—I admired you. I do now, Warner. I wish——"

"I know, my dear. Lord! I keep forgetting every other minute. You've tried me and I'm not satisfactory. That settles it; a good, fair ruling goes in all games. The reason I told you that college experience of mine was to point two things. First, old Greenbury knew how to bring me up to his standard by throwing me down. He was sure I would do just as I did; which shows you are right, Muriel, in understanding faults I don't see myself. I think highly of old Greenbury's judgment."

"So do I"—in a murmur.

"Eh! And, second, while of course there's no substitute chance in this game, I wanted you to know I was that sort—a fellow to help out because it's in me to be sensible after I've cooled off."

"Is that all you meant by your story?"

"What more was there in it?" he asked in surprise.

"Mr. Greenbury got you right where you belonged by casting you off, didn't he? Why did he do it?"

"I suppose he felt I wasn't playing up," responded Warner innocently. "I didn't know it, though."

"Put me in his place, although I never dreamed of trying you, my dear——" Her voice was breaking.

"In Greenbury's place! You! Why, Muriel, don't cry, child! What—what do you wish me to do?"

"To kiss me," wept the girl, with an impulsive gesture. "To put both your arms around me. To be as you were at first. Warner, you—haven't for days and days—and you haven't talked, nor thought of anything except autos."

The man caught her to him in an amazement of sudden joy.

"You—you want me back, Muriel?" he stammered. "I—I never supposed—that is, I thought those things——"

"They are not a woman's life," she said. Her bright hair was against his cheek, and she finished in a whisper: "You will not forget, dear?"

"I'll make no more errors in practise," breathed her lover.

# MARGARET ANGLIN

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS GAINED MUCH POPULARITY BY HER EXCELLENT WORK IN EMOTIONAL RÔLES—SHE EARNED HER POSITION THROUGH A DIFFICULT BUT PATIENT APPRENTICESHIP

IT is probably true to say that among our younger actresses there is none who ranks with Margaret Anglin in purely emotional parts. And yet *Roxane* in "Cyrano," the rôle with which she first achieved widespread recognition, runs closer to comedy in its trend, and her own ambition lies in the direction of more subtle work.

"Tears, tearing a passion to tatters, the wrack of a mind driven to desperate pass by stress of circumstance—to indicate this," Miss Anglin recently said, "seems a comparatively easy task for the player. The goal that beckons me on lurks in the shadows of that hill of difficulty—the mental problem. To make an audience understand the motives that inspire a character actuated by a distinct purpose, yet not driven by a visible sweep of events—this is the kind of acting that holds for me the strongest fascination."

Miss Anglin, one of several children, was born in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, and had no leanings toward the stage by inheritance. Indeed, even when she discovered, in her convent school-days, that she possessed a gift for declamation, her ambition soared no higher than to dream of one day becoming a professional reader—the technical term for those entertainers who recite in drawing-rooms, for good pay, if they are lucky enough to become the fad with the smart set. Fay Davis, for instance, was such an entertainer in London when George Alexander discovered her at a friend's house.

But in order to prepare herself for such a career, Margaret Anglin felt that

she needed the stamp of New York training. By tremendous effort and much persuasive power brought to bear on her family, she arranged to spend a winter at the school of acting connected with the Empire Theater. But her stay here was brief. At the very first public performance of the pupils she caught the attention of Charles Frohman, who offered to transfer her at once to the part of *Mildred West* in a road company presenting "Shenandoah." Scarcely seventeen at the time, she was naturally dazzled by the opportunity. To the winds went her aspirations for drawing-room distinction, with such a chance to follow in the footsteps of Charlotte Cushman and Sarah Siddons!

## AN UNWILLING SOUBRETTE

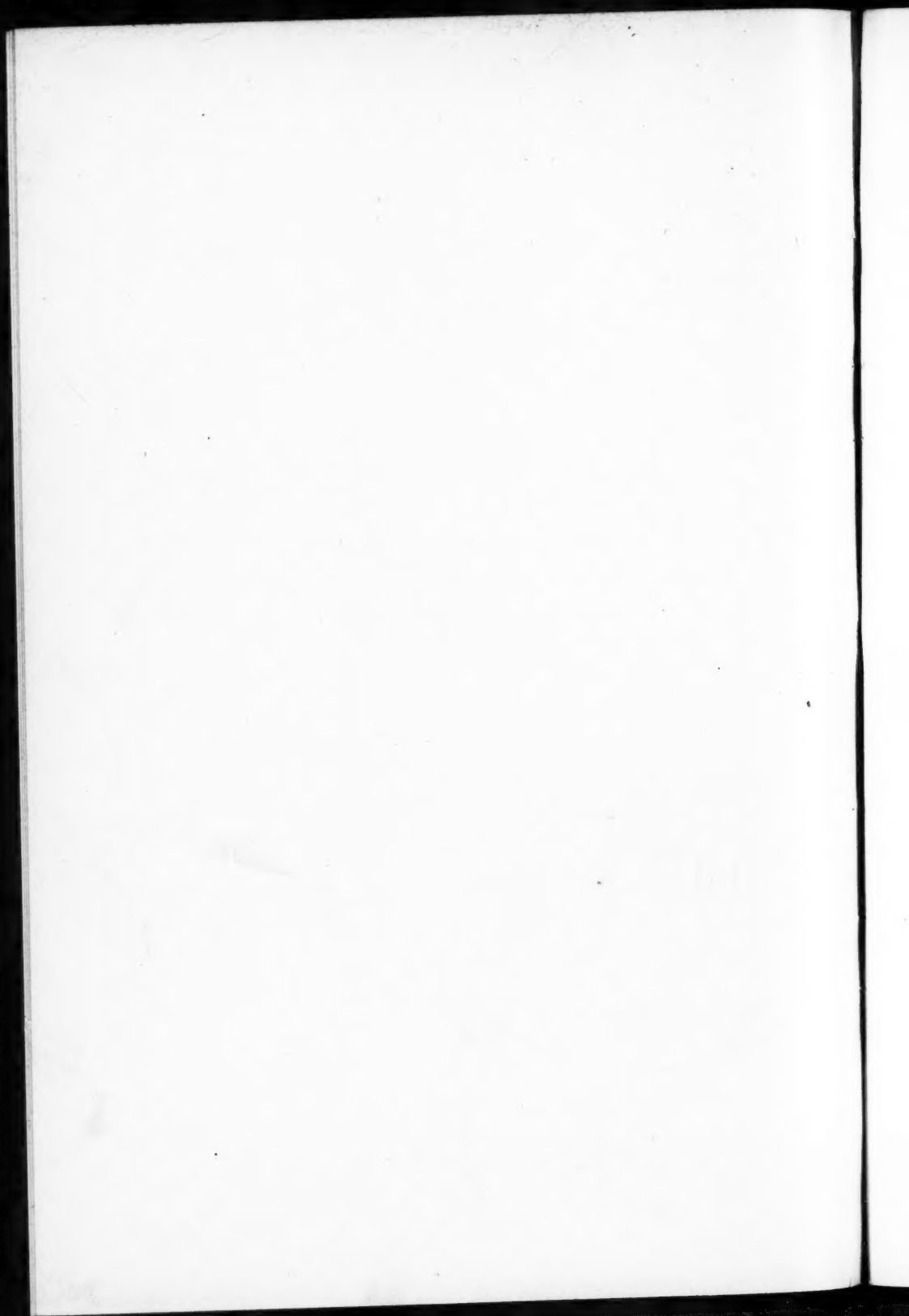
After a season in "Shenandoah," Miss Anglin passed into the company of James O'Neill. Here her talents had a little wider scope, and later they gained a still more extended experience, though not a particularly brilliant one, in a summer stock organization. Next came her engagement by E. H. Sothern for his road revival of "Lord Chumley," to do the part of the smutty-faced slavey, created by Etta Hawkins. The story of her career from this point down to the severance of her connection with the Mansfield troupe is best related in Miss Anglin's own words, in response to the writer's request for information.

"I suppose I should have been delighted to be in such a first-class organization as Mr. Sothern's, and of course I appreciated my luck in that respect; but



MARGARET ANGLIN

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*



I did not want to be promoted along the line of soubrettes. And this was not the worst of my worries. A good part of the time I was not playing at all, for the rôle in 'Chumley' was all that was given me. I was not even an understudy. We were playing in Philadelphia, and one afternoon, while I was walking along Broad Street, it began to rain. I stepped under the shelter of the portico of the Hotel Walton, which I happened to be passing, and here I met the late A. M. Palmer, who was such a good angel to me! He was then manager for Mr. Mansfield. He had a friend with him, and as the rain came on heavier he persuaded me to remain to dinner. Naturally I told of my dissatisfaction at appearing so seldom; whereupon Mr. Palmer suggested that I see Mr. Mansfield, then at the Broad Street.

#### A CASE OF HOPE DEFERRED

" 'I will make an appointment for you,' he suggested, and I went home on the wings of hope. I kept the appointment in due course, but Mr. Mansfield could not see me after all. Another was made, and the same thing happened. When I went to the theater for a third time, I found that Mr. Mansfield had just been bailed out of the police-station, to which he had been haled by his valet for throwing a pair of boots, or something of the sort, at the man's head. As an outlet to his feelings, the famous actor had been telling the Philadelphians what he thought of them in a curtain-speech; and Mr. Palmer decided that it was not the most propitious moment for my interview. Our company left town then, and I had to fold my aspirations carefully up in a napkin, as it were, and lay them aside for a time.

" Meanwhile, Mr. Sothern had brought out 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula,' in which I had no part; but I was retained with the company in case they decided to give 'Lord Chumley,' for Mrs. Sothern, the *Lady Ursula*, was not in the best of health. And yet they would not make me an understudy. I tell you those were dark days for me, traveling about from place to place with the company, and yet never having a chance to appear. On one occasion, while we were in Chicago, I got a telegram at three o'clock in

the morning, ordering me to come to the theater at once. I reported immediately after breakfast, and not only was I re-proved for not responding to the message more promptly, but a new regulation was established, requiring every member of the company, whether playing or not, to report at the theater every night. And then I found that the message had not been sent out until midnight, although written at seven. Of course the others blamed me for the new rule, which put us all to no small inconvenience.

" Well, the crux of the matter was that Mrs. Sothern was feeling worse, and that they had decided to have me get ready to appear in her place if necessary. I remember I studied the part all that day, and that evening I played it. Mr. Mansfield saw some of my notices, and sent for me to talk about an engagement for the following season, when his wife, Beatrice Cameron, was to retire from the stage.

#### AN UNOFFICIAL HEROINE

" Then began the oddest experience I had yet gone through. I left Mr. Sothern because his wife could not be expected to continue ill forever, and my opportunity with Mr. Mansfield seemed more promising, although no word had been said of making me his leading woman. They were, in fact, looking for somebody else to be the *Roxane* in 'Cyrano,' the play billed for their next production. I heard afterward that they tried to get either Lettice Fairfax or Ida Conquest for the part. Meanwhile, the piece went into rehearsal, and until they could decide about the heroine I was asked to read the lines with Mr. Mansfield. My salary was fixed at sixty dollars a week, and I needed every cent of it. I had signed no contract. How could I, when my status in the cast had not been fixed?

" The first performance arrived; still no one else had been engaged, so I went on as *Roxane*. Then, as I was really leading woman, and was in sore need of money, I asked for a contract with a salary that would justify me in turning aside the offers that now began to come from other managers. I even suggested that I should sign for two years, taking

less the second year, for the sake of getting in money to pay some pressing drains on the family purse. They acceded to this, but the weeks went by, and the wage in my envelope was always the same—sixty dollars. And meantime I had plenty of opportunities to earn more in other directions.

#### WHY SHE LEFT "CYRANO"

"At last I grew desperate. One manager had arranged to come to my hotel at four o'clock on a certain afternoon, to receive my final answer. The evening before, I despatched my ultimatum to Mr. Mansfield, telling him that unless he sent the contract for me to sign before that hour I must, in justice to myself, close with another offer. Well, I waited at the Park Avenue all the afternoon. No word came from Mr. Mansfield; at four o'clock the other manager arrived and I signed with him for *Constance* in 'The Musketeers.' That night, when I reached the theater, one of the company handed me a note from the management accepting my terms. I found out afterwards that the messenger had received it in plenty of time to deliver it to me before four o'clock; but it was a matinée day at Weber & Fields', and he had an engagement to attend with an actress friend of his, so he decided that it would do just as well to give me the message in the evening. Sometimes I feel like rising up and calling down blessings on that careless person's head, although I was angry enough at the time."

*Constance* was a small rôle in a big play, but the salary was more than Miss Anglin had been receiving for doing the leading lady in "Cyrano." Moreover, her new engagement brought her again to the attention of Charles Frohman, who secured her for *Mimi* with Henry Miller in "The Only Way"; and this, in turn, led to her appearance as *Baroness Roydon*, the heroine in "Brother Officers," in January, 1900. Of her work in the last-named part, the late Clement Scott, the English critic, who was then on a visit to America, wrote:

Before last night I had never heard the name of Margaret Anglin. It had not traveled to England. But what grace she has, what a sweet, pathetic voice, what ease of movement, what an absence of affectation, what genuine feeling, what mo-

ments of inspiration! Why, I could write a column about that love scene in the last act—womanly, tender, and touching to the core.

It was on the last night of the old century, however, that Margaret Anglin won her most decisive victory, with the name part in Henry Arthur Jones' striking drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." By an odd coincidence, Ada Rehan appeared on the same night at the Knickerbocker in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which had been such a success in England, with Julia Neilson, that Miss Anglin had been seriously thinking of securing the American rights. She must have congratulated herself that she had not closed the deal, as the play fell flat here, and in taking it she would have missed the chance at *Mrs. Dane*.

The next winter she won more praise for her work with the Empire players, first in "The Wilderness," as the daughter of a scheming mama; again in the dual title-rôle of "The Twin Sister," and finally as the quaintly humorous *Gwendolin* of Oscar Wilde's deliciously clever "The Importance of Being in Earnest."

The season before last Miss Anglin began her career as a star. Her first vehicle, "The Eternal Feminine," proved too weak a reed on which to lean for a metropolitan engagement, and she did not come to New York until September, 1905, when she swept the people fairly off their seats with her rendering of a new *Mercy Merrick* from Wilkie Collins' novel "The New Magdalen," rechristened "Zira" for stage use. She continued in this all winter, at the formerly luckless Princess Theater, and expects to return there again in the coming autumn, still under Henry Miller's artistic management. She is to present a series of plays, leading off with a comedy and possibly including "The Sabine Woman," an oddly virile drama by a new writer, which she tried in Chicago last spring. Miss Anglin takes a peculiar interest in this play, partly because it comes close to giving her a rôle of the difficult sort that best represents her professional ambitions.

She will probably give a few more performances of "Zira," and it is also said that "Mrs. Dane's Defense" will be revived for a short period.

# STORIETTES

## Purple and Fine Linen

THE big, white automobile was out for its trial spin—as the men with Dick Gibson knew. As they also knew, and as he half confessed amid their chaff, if it made good on this breakneck, nerve-wrecking journey it was to be a votive offering to Her.

They shot past maples and spreading chestnuts, and skimmed lightly the deep shadowy stains thrown by a low sun on the shell-like whiteness of the road. The drive was almost deserted, and Gibson opened the throttle and raced through the air at a pace which made his companions pull their hats more firmly over set brows. As they swerved suddenly around a curve, they saw just ahead of them a smart runabout, and in it a young couple oblivious of the world. The man's arm, in its dark sleeve, made a sharp contrasting line about the girl's waist, and as he held her close their lips met in a clinging kiss. The idyllic tableau was rudely interrupted by a hoarse *honk, honk*; and at the warning sound the man clutched his lines, steadying the chestnut mare with a word of command. The girl, as they disentangled themselves, buried her face in her hands with swift instinct for self-preservation, thereby hiding her identity completely.

"Kirke's a cad!" said Harris. "A man ought to protect a woman, and not kiss her in daylight on a public road!"

The addendum was received with a shout of derision which relieved the tension, and the subject was dropped, only to be renewed that night at the club.

"Have any of you fellows seen a dress——" began Frank Harris.

"Loads of 'em," interrupted Ames cheerfully; "but they were all occupied. What kind do you want?"

"Shut up, you blithering old owl," retorted Harris with amiable directness.

"Has any one seen a purple dress——"

"It wasn't purple," said Stewart scornfully. Having sisters, he was en-

titled to speak with wisdom. "It was mauve, or something like that; and the hat was covered with violets," he finished triumphantly.

But no one had seen the frock or the violet chapeau, and so the quivering purple shoulders, and their owner's identity, remained a mystery.

Gibson promptly forgot her, for his dreams were all of the girl to whom the white car was to go as a lover's gift—who had promised to ride beside him next day to the tea at the country club—whose blue eyes had answered his mating—his wife that should be. He anticipated her delight in the new car, and was rejoiced that he could give her costly things; for she was poor—a distant connection of the rich young woman whose guest she was.

Next day, therefore, when she came down the broad stairway in Miss Channing's home, the violets that Gibson had sent her pinned against her breast, the rush of happiness obliterated for the moment, all things save her eyes and her voice. But with returning consciousness came a clearer view, and her image was suddenly seared into his soul. She wore a close-fitting suit of purplish hue, and, swathed in a filmy veil, a violet-covered hat! It must be some hideous mistake—it could not be Grace Martin that Kirke had kissed—not the girl he loved! But the picture which rose before his dull eyes was too clear.

By this time they were, he knew not how, at the curb, where the car coughed and spluttered. He jerked up the bonnet and fumbled needlessly over the engine, hiding his burning face from her. He could not take her, he dared not! Take her past the club, to that tea! Impossible! Dazed and stunned, miserable, his ideal destroyed, his happiness blasted, he replied at last to her questions with some inarticulate remarks, and under pretense of showing her a new building, avoided the club windows by devious ways.

He had time to get his breath before they reached the long, white road which led straight to the grounds of the country club, and to the golf tea.

"Would you—would you mind just taking a little spin through East Park and going home?" he asked.

The girl caught her breath, and said in what tried to be a cheerful tone:

"Not if you feel ill—is your head aching again?"

The wistful note cut him to the quick; but he set his teeth grimly.

"No, my head doesn't ache," some perverse devil prompted him to say.

Miss Martin stiffened.

"You promised to bring Cousin Kate and Mr. McGruder home," she reminded him coldly.

"I don't think they are going," he hazarded.

"Why, they are already there," she replied, amazed. "They are playing a foursome with Mary McGruder and Mr. Kirke."

Kirke! He clenched the steering-wheel and threw in the high speed clutch, whereat they bounded viciously forward. So she wanted to see Kirke! Well, she should see him. But why had she worn that dress?

As for the girl, her beautiful edifice of trust and love was crumbling. Yet, with a woman's pride, she continued to talk, and Gibson knew that he would have been charmed at any other time. Finally, puzzled and disconcerted by his strange mood, she leaned back in her seat with flushed cheeks and dangerously bright eyes. Thus they rode in silence.

At the clubhouse the men were perched for the most part on the wide railing, with their heels tucked comfortably in the grillwork below, while the chairs on the shady veranda were left for the prettily gowned women. Kate Channing, playing with her favorite brassie, her forearms bare and burned to a delicious brown, her fair hair tucked under a natty golf cap, was a radiant picture.

"Bring some tea for Grace, Mr. Ames," she commanded, as she saw the white car coming.

Ames obeyed—every one obeyed Miss Channing unquestioningly—and as he came back with the brimming cup Miss Martin was accepting a proffered seat.

"Here's your cup that cheers," he began; then, catching sight of the betraying raiment, he floundered, and though he did not entirely lose his self-possession, he did lose the tea.

"But it must be taken internally to be efficacious," Grace exclaimed, just escaping the deluge by a quick yet graceful movement.

Ames only stared stupidly at his friend, seeking some explanation for that purple-clad and violet-crowned figure; but he met a steel-cold look, and when at last Gibson spoke there was a strange, weary note in the man's voice.

The dull red that had swept into Kirke's face at their coming grew deeper. Miss McGruder and her brother, who had lost the foursome, were explaining their defeat to the circle around them. Miss Channing's brown fingers were beating an impatient tattoo on her golf club. Grace Martin's glance, oddly troubled and puzzled, sought Gibson's, not Kirke's, as the former noted with a thrill of miserable satisfaction, and he wondered why.

When Harris and Stewart drove up with a couple of girls in their brake, Gibson knew that the men had told the joke; it was too good to keep. Commiseratingly he looked again at Grace, so sweet, so fair; her coat, partly open, showing the white blouse of linen and lace within, and the great bunch of violets at her breast. How he loved her! His passionate anger burned out suddenly, and he determined to save her from the consequences of her own folly. She loved Kirke—the kiss had disclosed that. She should be free; and then, if the engagement was announced immediately, the tang and flavor in this gossipy story would vanish. Fortunately no one knew as yet of their own betrothal.

Gibson's face cleared, and for the first time that afternoon his eyes met hers reassuringly. She responded quickly with a forgiving ghost of a smile.

Just then the four newcomers joined the veranda group. Mischievous merriment leaped into their eyes as they greeted Miss Channing and her visitor, while Gibson nerved himself for the fight, deciding that Miss Martin should somehow leave the field with colors flying.

"What an odd, beautiful shade of

purple Miss Martin's suit is," murmured one of the girls presently.

"Is it purple?" Harris quizzed. "Stewart called it mauve, but I said it was purple."

Kirke's face had turned to crimson, and he seemed incapable of speech; but Grace Martin, strange to say, appeared perfectly cool and self-contained.

"It is an odd shade," she said, "and beautiful, too. Don't you think so?" Her frank and innocent reply provoked a laugh, and almost disarmed her malicious tormentors.

"Yes; it is beautiful." Stewart was mercilessly outspoken. "We could not see it so well yesterday. But it is lovely—and so is the wearer," he concluded.

"Yesterday?" she questioned. "Yesterday? You did not see it then."

Gibson groaned, with a morbid desire to kick Stewart.

"Oh, yes, indeed we did! Don't you remember when we passed you?"

"No," she answered, with a pleasant, positive shake of her head.

So this was why she wore the dress, merely for the opportunity to disclaim participation in the osculatory episode. He had not suspected his sweetheart of such duplicity or such shrewdness. She would make them think it was some other girl, some other purple gown! He admired her courage and wit; but the voice was going on meanwhile, softly, gently.

"No, you could not have seen me in this dress, because I did not have it." She smiled fondly across the circle. Kate Channing's fingers ceased to play nervously with her golf club, and she half rose, as if to interrupt; but she was too late. "My cousin, who is so good to me always, gave me the dress this morning," Grace went on. "She was generous enough to say that it was more becoming to me than to herself; but I know she only wanted a pretext for giving me a frock of my favorite color."

Only Miss McGruder and her brother were unmoved as Grace Martin finished. Kirke's eyes were fastened on Kate Channing's scarlet face. Ames, Stewart, and Harris were ready to explode, if their countenances spoke their true condition. The two girls talked volubly, not daring to glance at each other nor at the generous Miss Channing.

To Dick Gibson it was given to know sudden, delirious, mad bliss. The world had never seemed so lovely, the sky so blue and pure—blue as his sweetheart's eyes—pure as her heart; and to that purity he would pay everlasting homage.

*Robert Armstrong*

### "All the Latest Magazines"

THEY had parted forever at two o'clock—forever, mind you—and now here they both were at half-past three, in the same Pullman, Janette bound for New York, Bill for New Haven. Bill was sitting only three seats behind Janette, too, which was most vexatious; she could feel his angry eyes boring coldly through the back of her head like twin augers of blue steel. No, she hadn't turned around to see, but she felt them bore, just the same. And how could they be anything but angry after what she had said to Bill that morning at the Malcolms'? Bill hadn't said anything in answer, she remembered, but his face had been terrible. Dear me, to think that big, kind, brotherly Bill—but then, what did it matter, now that they had parted forever?

Heavens! That wretched, impertinent mirror at the end of the car! It showed Janette with perfect distinctness the scattering half dozen passengers reading or dozing; Bill's shoulder was reflected, too, though his face was hidden. How big the shoulder looked! Shaking? My goodness, it couldn't be as serious as that! Eh—what? A comic weekly in Bill's hands? Bill choking with laughter? Well, that settled it! Perhaps Janette might have relented after ten years—or a week—but *now*! No, it was all over, all, every bit, forever and ever. Her healthy young cheek reddened hotly as she thought of Bill's unreasonable insistence that he must get back to his lectures just when she wanted him to stay for an automobile tour.

She stared resentfully—no, no, indifferently—out of the window at the whirling landscape, which wheeled past in Titanic minutes. Her fingers drummed the pane, just loud enough to let Bill hear how care-free she really was. What right had he to take the same car? He might at least have had

the decency to wait over another train! But no matter; she was going home to mother, to eternal forgetfulness. As Janette eyed the softish white circle on her finger where Bill's ring had been, and wasn't any longer, she realized to the full how irrevocably, unutterably dead the past was.

Forever! What a portentous word! Twenty-two years of feminine life shrank to pretty small proportions beside "forever." Janette felt that she might possibly miss Bill a trifle, and the chocolates, the flowers, the magazines, the little trips to see her. Her having forbidden him such extravagances had never had the least deterrent effect, she remembered; his ulster pockets were always bulging with surprises. No wonder Bill was perpetually "busted." Bill, by the way, was awfully slangy, wasn't he? There were several things about him that she didn't approve of, and some that she didn't understand. And there he was, three seats behind her, chuckling and making a perfect fool of himself over those old Methuselah jokes.

"Maggerzines an' papers here!" The train-boy's raucous chant recalled her with a jump. "Here y'are! All de lates' maggerzines!"

"Have you a copy of this week's *Inlook*?" Her voice was carefully modulated, as cold and clear as new ice. She would rebuke that frivolous Bill and his funny paper. "If you have a copy, I'd like it, please, to finish an article on 'The Fallacies of Marriage!'"

"Git it fer you in half a minute, miss. Be right back!"

Once more Janette stared at the whirling view; but the boy did not come back in half a minute.

"I wonder where he can be?" she said to herself after more than five had passed.

She fidgeted with her pencil, her gloves, her time-table; behind her she could hear Bill's chuckle now and then; really it was most trying. Ah, there was the boy again! She could see him plainly in the mirror, that horrid, staring mirror. What? Stopping at Bill's seat? Grinning? Intolerable!

Now he was moving on again.

"De *Inlooks* is all sold, miss," said he apologetically.

"Very well; let me see the *Eclectic* then," she replied in a very scholarly tone.

"Sorry, miss, but we don't handle 'em. Here's de latest copy of de *Screamer*, though."

"I don't care for it, thank you."

"I'll leave it, anyway—got to. De gent t'ree seats back said as how you was to have it. It's paid fer."

"Oh, indeed?"

The train-boy laid the magazine respectfully down and took a fresh grip on his burden.

"Anythin' else, miss?"

Janette's silence would have frozen an Arctic explorer solid; her nose tilted up with magnificent scorn. The boy, however, more callous than any Peary, only grinned and moved on down the car, monotonously calling:

"Maggerzines here! Here y'are, maggerzines an' papers!"

"Humph!" said Janette to herself, when he had disappeared. "Just fancy the impertinence! The *Screamer*!"

For five minutes she stared resolutely out of the window. The luckless magazine lay neglected, slipping and sliding from the seat. Finally it fell to the floor and lay wide open at the advertising section. She glanced down scornfully at it; then gave a little start of curiosity and wonder, for she saw that a strongly held blue pencil had traced bold quadrangles around certain words in a couple of the advertisements:

**DON'T EXPERIMENT!**

**BEGIN** THE SEASON BY USING

**CROSS** TON'S SARDINES.

A Little **Dear** er, **But** —!

CHIC TO**LETTES** REQUIRE YOU TO

**MAKE UP** YOUR GOWNS WITH

**FORMANSKY'S BRAIDS!**

They **Give** Distinction!

S**old** only by **BILL**INGS & HOVER.

Janette frowned, then smiled, then laughed outright, thereby suddenly awakening the silk-hatted mature person behind her. The smile dispelled all her ugly clouds and fogs; with the laugh

a clear, blue, sunny sky overspread her soul. Picking up the magazine, she hurriedly ran over its pages till she found something that looked promising; a minute later her silver-mounted pencil was busy making quadrangles of its own. Presently Bill, slyly peeking, spelled out joyously around the obstruction which the mature person's newspaper offered, these not absolutely correct yet eminently satisfactory words:

---

DEER ING & BOY NTON, Real Estate,  
 Choice Lots, of Every Description, For Sale.  
 Rooms, Flats, and Houses to Let  
 in Manhattan.

---

ENGAGE CHOICE SEATS FOR ALL THEATERS  
 WITH  
 JANSEN & ARKETT,  
 General Ticket Agents.

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## II

WHEN the train pulled into New Haven, Bill came out of his tête-à-tête long enough to say:

"Jan, dear, wait just a moment till I get a ticket through to New York, and I'll go on down to the city with you. We'll take in the very best show on Broadway to-night."

"But college?" she asked, with a provoking smile.

"Can wait!" he answered, letting his fist fall solidly on his knee.

"They're *very* strict," she murmured demurely.

"Very," he assented; "but I'll ring up old Thorax from the station, here, and tell him I'm not in any condition to go on with my work for a day or two—unavoidable—many regrets—will report Monday morning, and all that line of josh. I'll fix it all right, you'll see!"

"But if he asks what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, he won't—I know him. If he does, why, I'll just tell him the plain truth."

"You will?"

"Certainly; say I'm laid up with a serious attack of——"

"Truancy?"

"No—heart-trouble!"

And Bill, giving her hand a good big squeeze, walked rapidly down the aisle in the direction of the ticket-office.

Milton France

## Melissy and the Milliner

MELISSY put her head out of the window to catch the last words of the little knot of jokers who called their bucolic jests from the platform.

"Tell the parson to tie ye up in a hard knot, 'Lissy!"

"Milliners is awful handy untinyin knots!"

"If she asts after ye, shall we tell her?"

Melissy laughed back gleefully.

"Sure! Soon's ever this train's turned the curve, jest you tell Miss Helen Louise Kay that I've gone to Chicago to marry Barlow—and she can call on Mrs. B. B. Stimms when she comes to the city fer styles!"

There was an appreciative titter from the crowd, and then, as the bell sounded a warning, hurried good-bys, wavings of varicolored handkerchiefs, and parting injunctions as the train pulled out. With a last look toward the town, a look untinged with regret, Melissy gave a little wriggle of delight at finding herself in a Pullman, turned to survey the plush grandeur of her surroundings, and encountered the calmly impudent gaze of the milliner.

The milliner! Poor Melissy grew suddenly as limp as her handkerchief, and shrank into her seat in a vain endeavor to hide behind her valise. It was a long time before she ventured to look over the top of that antiquated portmanteau again. When she did, in the reviving hope that she might be mistaken, the impertinent eyes across the aisle were gazing out of the window. But it was certainly the milliner's provoking profile, just as certainly her full, tight-corseted figure and mammoth pompadour, the envy and despair of every girl in the village.

In the next hour Melissy relived every minute of those awful three months following the milliner's first descent upon Red Oak—the city milliner with her smart, tailored clothes and her metropolitan airs. That almost all the eligi-

ble male population of the town had instantly capitulated to her charms had not troubled Melissy much, for Barlow—Barlow alone, resisted the siren and stood loyally by his country sweetheart. And then the charmer, scornful of the small fry that clambered into her net, had angled openly, shamelessly, for the only unwilling swain. Melissy had had the satisfaction of seeing her devoted refuse the bait repeatedly.

Finally the angler, tired of legitimate methods and deliberately violating all the laws of true sport, speared her prey. How it happened not even Barlow himself could tell; but he awoke one evening, after choir practise, to find himself annexed to Miss Kay's plump arm, while Melissy, hurt and humiliated, trudged home in the wake of her younger brother.

Barlow Stimms was big, handsome, rich, and slower to assert himself than any bovine in his father's herds. He fetched and carried for the milliner and came to heel like a huge, meek Newfoundland puppy. Miss Kay's black eyes danced with a joyful triumph. The village youths openly envied Barlow; the girls called him spineless, a worm. Melissy's blond prettiness faded visibly, every day her eyes grew more hurt and wistful. Then the poor worm—tormented by the look in 'Lissy's eyes, and lacking the courage to turn—fled; whither, no man knew, and only one woman—his mother.

The day the letter came with a ticket to Chicago and the injunction that she should hurry on to "her faithful lover, Barlow," Melissy almost fainted with joy. The report that the worm had at last developed a spine spread like wildfire through the ranks of Melissy's supporters, but with it went the injunction "not to tell." That her camp had held a traitor was now only too evident to the unhappy Melissy, as she surveyed the trim, determined lines of the milliner's smartly clad figure. The country girl's soul was oppressed by a mental picture of the big city, the skyscrapers, the trolleys, the noise, the crowds, and in the midst of the hubbub two figures—Barlow, attached to the round arm of the milliner, being led meekly away.

In the strangeness of her berth Melissy cried herself to sleep, and in her

dreams the same vision tormented her with fearful reality. In number eleven the milliner rustled and primped for the night, having emerged from the dressing-room with the pompadour transformed into an array of curl-papers, and a kimono of virulent red and yellow hues replacing the smart suit. Melissy heard her issuing commands for the night:

"I've hung my suit in the dressing-room, porter, 'cause it gets so rumpled in the berth. Don't wake me till the second call."

The next morning began twelve long hours of suffering for Barlow's poor fiancée. Swollen-eyed, with her frock limp and rumpled, it caused her untold anguish to behold the milliner trim and smart as ever, without a crease in the well-hanging breadths of her suit; the pompadour towering proudly aloft, her manner contained, triumphant. The height of effrontery was reached when Miss Kay, passing on her way to the diner, stopped before Melissy with an exaggerated gasp of surprise.

"Why, Melissy Winters! Who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

Melissy fluttered a weak "How d'ye do, Miss Kay?" toward her rival, who had ostentatiously failed to notice her until this minute.

"Coming to breakfast?" the inquisitor persisted.

"I'm not hungry," Melissy faltered.

"Well, I am. Sorry you won't join me!" and Miss Kay departed.

Melissy waited to hear the door slam behind her before extracting from her paper bag one of the sandwiches, of the thickness and solidity of paving-stones, which her mother had so carefully provided.

Scarcely had she brushed from her lap the telltale crumbs when another rustle announced the milliner's return. Sinking down with studied nonchalance on the seat opposite her shrinking victim, she began a cross-questioning that reduced Melissy to a condition resembling pulp.

"Going all the way to Chicago?" she questioned with a wicked gleam in her wide, black eyes.

"I guess so," Melissy returned uneasily.

"Ain't sure, then?" Miss Kay laughed impudently. "Shopping tour?"

"N—not exactly. I'm goin' to visit." Melissy writhed.

"Oh! A relative?"

"Er—sort of." Melissy felt the hot color mount to the roots of her hair as she said it.

"Indeed! Going to stay long?"

"That—depends."

The grim suggestion underlying the word was not lost upon the observant Miss Kay. An irrepressible smile curved her full lip as she returned to her yellow-backed novel.

Melissy went to bed with a cold fear clutching her heart. Chicago in the morning! Oh, if she had never left home! If an accident would only happen and kill her—or, better still, kill the milliner! Or—when that savage thought brought a reaction—if the accident would only maim Helen Louise, so that—but at this point the hated voice broke in upon her musings.

"Call me early, porter—I'll need lots of time to dress!"

As she opened her eyes upon a cheerless dawn, Melissy heard her rival already stirring. No doubt that wonderful toilet was under way, the inimitable pompadour in course of construction. Every vestige of hope fled from Melissy's bosom as she donned her own crumpled finery.

Drawn by an irresistible fascination, she opened her curtains and peeked over at number eleven as the milliner emerged from her berth. Miss Kay was not yet dressed, the rustlings having been but the merest preparation for the toilet to follow. She was headed for the dressing-room. The pompadour was still in the curl-paper state, the red and yellow kimono billowed out behind her in shimmering silken waves. Robbed of its glossy black frame, her face looked older, less rosy than it had seemed before; but Melissy knew what half an hour in the dressing-room could do for the milliner, and moodily watched for the radiant one's return.

This was sooner than she had expected. Still clad in the kimono, Miss Kay swooped down upon the porter as that worthy was making up beds.

"Porter," Melissy heard her ask in

a high, excited tone, "where's the car that was back of this one last night—the Concha?"

"Dunno, miss," was the laconic reply as the white teeth extracted a pillow from its casing.

"But I've got to know!" came more shrilly from Miss Kay. "Some poky women took so long in our dressing-room last night that I went through into the other car. I left my dress hanging there, and now I can't find the car!"

"Lordy!" and the porter showed the whites of his eyes.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?"

Miss Kay confronted the brass buttons of the Pullman conductor.

"Where's the car—Concha it was—that was next to this last night?" she demanded wrathfully.

"Concha, eh?" The conductor pondered deliberately. "Oh—that was booked for St. Louis. It was switched off at midnight."

A wail broke from the milliner.

"But my dress—my best tailor-made suit—is on it!"

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the conductor, "I reckon that suit is pretty nigh St. Louis by now!"

With a gasp Miss Kay fled behind her curtains.

The early passengers at the Union Station that morning might have been highly edified to see a pretty, blond country girl in a badly rumpled blue frock, and with a heavy satchel bumping against her knees, go running into the outstretched arms of a smiling young giant—had the early passengers been looking. But a more amazing sight engrossed them just then—a woman racing wildly past the throngs at the gate, a woman in a kimono of virulent red and yellow hues. Past the crowds, with one fleeting glance toward the couple exchanging caresses in a whole-souled and unrestrained manner, went the fleeing figure, with the kimono blowing in the breeze like the flag of the Celestial kingdom; through the startled mob in the waiting-room, and into a cab, where she sank down with the gasping injunction:

"To the nearest department store—quick!"

*Edyth Ellerbeck*



"I TELL YE, SQUIRE TUMLEY, NO GOOD EVER COME OF TRYIN' TO HELP ELIAB WHEEVEN BETTER HIMSELF"

## THE OLD SQUIRE

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

THE old squire gazed stolidly at the kitchen hearth, and elevated his boots above the oven door, but ventured no reply to his spinster sister's observation. She, a thin, disappointed-looking woman, the old squire's housekeeper, viciously ran a knife around a newly made pie, and repeated:

"I tell ye, Squire Tumley, no good ever come of tryin' to help Eliab Wheeven better himself."

Her brother—whom she always addressed by his title—attempted to mollify her without retreating from his position.

"Lurinda, I'll admit he strikes some as a worthless cuss, jest because he's unfortunate. If good luck, with a brass band, was gunning for him on the new State road, he'd miss meeting her, and wander off and fall down in front of a fast freight train. But it's my duty as a man and a neighbor to give him a lift when I can. In a way, he's a kind of a genius."

"Huh! I guess geniuses are like beets. Plant 'em too near together, an' ye git nothin' but greens. With Mose Tibbets inventin' churns, there ain't room for another genius in this neighborhood."

Then, as she waved him away and slid the pie into the oven: "He's onthankful, don't appreciate nothin', and is two-faced, or I miss my guess."

The old squire was always loyal—loyal even to every stray tramp he had ever fed.

"Why, Lurinda, there ain't enough venom in Eliab's whole body to embitter the nature of a wood-tick. He's all right. The post-office will pay him seven hundred dollars a year, and that will be clover to him. Yes, he must have it."

"Thought he was a Democrat," she sniffed sarcastically.

The old squire's blue eyes twinkled mischievously as they surveyed his vinegary relative, but his voice was grave as he explained:

"Eliab can't afford new clothes, but he's a regular dude when it comes to politics. New rig every year! But he's a Republican now; so it will be all regular. Remember what the Good Word says about fetching back the one stray sheep?"

"He's a muttonhead, certainly," she replied bitterly. "The idea of puttin' him in for postmaster when our minister's brother would like it! Guess the Bible don't say we sha'n't do nothin' for the ninety and nine."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled the squire. "So you and the elder and his brother have been playing politics, eh?"

"We ain't never favored a man because we was once foolish enough to be in love with the girl he married," she retorted.

"Tut, tut," he remonstrated shortly. "Dorcas Wheeven had lots of us chaps after her when we's young; but that's no reason why we should turn agin her husband now."

Yet the old squire's sister knew she had touched a tender spot by the way he stamped from the kitchen. She seldom reminded him of his boyish dreams. That was a grim pleasure to be saved for the more weighty occasions. In her innermost heart she had a great deal of admiration and crabbed affection for her brother, and ever since Eliab Wheeven won away his young sweetheart she had cherished a radical dislike for the successful suitor and his spouse.

With all her pessimism, she had meas-

ured Eliab almost correctly. Through all the years the old squire had helped his boyhood rival to earn a livelihood. Of late he had seen a worried look stealing into Wheeven's eyes, as one after another of the man's visionary prospects faded, and credit became hard to obtain. Although younger than the squire, Eliab was run down. He had stopped.

But he had played a final card. He asked Squire Tumley to get him the post-office appointment.

At first the squire hesitated. Eliab's political vagaries had made the thing well-nigh impossible. He had set both Republicans and Democrats against him. And it was not until he clinched his entreaty with "Dorcas would be so pleased," that the old squire relented and promised to do what he could.

He had made no open move in the matter when his sister upbraided him in the kitchen, and as he stamped from the room he appreciated more fully than ever the task before him. As the leader of the Republican organization in his town, it seemed almost treachery to his party even to propose it. Thus far he had been content to defeat his natural enemies, the Democrats, and ask nothing for himself. Now that he was to make his first requisition, his ruddy face turned, if possible, a deeper red, and a sneaking inclination to try diplomacy crept into his open soul.

By the time he had reached Tibbets' store, he had found the germ of an idea; and when Joshua Philbrick drew him aside, he began to think it might work.

"Squire," hoarsely whispered Mr. Philbrick, affectionately securing a finger-hold in the squire's buttonhole, "I want the post-office. Stigley has had it two terms, an' don't need it longer."

"Wal, Josh, of course I can't be arbitrary," replied the squire solemnly. "The best thing for ye to do is to hustle around and git all the signers ye can. We caucus next week, and the man that can show most strength gits it. I think that Stigley ought to step aside now."

He did not call for his mail until he knew the small post-office would be cleared of the afternoon crowd. Then, true to his anticipation, Stigley pressed his face against the small grated window and whispered:

"I hear Philbrick is after the office."

The old squire, with a blush suffusing his ears, looked cautiously about and replied:

"He is; and he's showing some strength. Ye know, Stig, there are them that say ye've had it long enough."

"I don't keer a darn about the office; I can go back to my farm. But I hate like sin to see that man git it!" growled Stigley, slapping the squire's weekly paper under the grate. "Any one but him. He let a note I'd indorsed for him go to protest once."

"I don't think, Stig, ye could beat him out, man to man, as ye've had it eight years. Of course, if ye joined forces with a dark hoss ye probably might," remarked the squire carelessly.

"Think so? I vum, but that's what I've been thinking on myself," declared the postmaster, closing one eye with a world of cunning.

"O-ho!" murmured the old squire, closing one eye in return, but more slowly. "So ye're in the game, eh?"

"What game?" asked the postmaster, deeply puzzled and trying to hide it with a knowing leer.

"Why, this move to ring in Eliab Wheeven. Is it true that Lawyer Fox is backing him, and intends to oust me as leader of the organization?"

Several thoughts, new ones, lumbered laboriously through Stigley's slow mind at this suggestion. He had not heard that the young lawyer had ever avowed his intention of supplanting the squire; but it was quite likely, and if the old leader was to be deposed the postmaster did not intend that the falling pedestal should nip him. One thing he could not understand—why should Eliab be used in effecting the change?"

"Of course, squire, you've got to give way some time," was his non-committal answer, after he had thoroughly absorbed the suggestion. "But we ain't fully decided on Eliab yet. I thought he was a Bryan man."

"He was," affirmed the squire, smiling inwardly at the other's use of the pronoun; "but he's a Republican now. Tried 'em all, and finds our party best."

This was also new food for reflection, and the postmaster looked a bit dubious as he replied:

"Well, anything to beat Philbrick. Are you going to be active in the fight?"

The old squire fidgeted a moment, and then suddenly saw the position to take without violating his conscience.

"No, I shall take no active part," he at last announced. "I'll be honest and admit I'd rather see Eliab git it than Philbrick—if he can show the proper strength. But Lawyer Fox will probably run the campaign. I'm gitting 'most too old, I guess. Anyway, I think I'll take a vacation."

An hour later Lawyer Fox was surprised and pleased to receive a visit from Postmaster Stigley. The postmaster's intelligence was fully in accord with the other's plans—plans that no one but the old squire had hitherto fathomed.

"I want a seat on your band wagon, Mr. Fox," the postmaster announced.

"What wagon?" the young lawyer inquired, mystified, but hiding behind an ambiguous smile.

"Oh, I know all about your ousting the old squire. We all know it. I like the old squire, but there ain't no sentiment in politics. A man never gits assaulted by prosperity unless he gits in line with the winners. Only I don't see why it wouldn't be better to make the fight on some one other than Wheeven."

The young lawyer peered intently into the bottom of his ink-well and began to suspect that he saw the truth.

"So you think you'd stand more of a chance than Wheeven, eh?" he said, and then asked himself: "Chance for what?"

"I kind of think so," slowly decided the postmaster. "Of course, as the old squire says, I've had the office for eight years, and there are lots in the party that want to see it passed around. But I don't think Philbrick is very strong."

At last it was out. Beneath his enigmatical smile the young lawyer had a great deal of respect for the old squire's political strategy, and as he mused over what had been told him he saw the light full and strong.

"They'd beat you," he said. "Philbrick might not get it, but some one else would. And if you stick in the race I really think Philbrick would win. What did the squire say about Wheeven?"

"Oh, he said he supposed you'd make

the winning fight on him, as he's so neutral. Been in so many dickers no one knows just where he does stand. Well, anything to beat Philbrick! He let my indorsement go to protest once."

Truth is, Eliab was the last man the young lawyer would have picked as a

The postmaster silently extended his hand, and a strong clasp cemented the inception of the new organization.

At about this time the old squire met Eliab near his home, and drawing him to one side, said:

"Eliab, I think ye'll git it. Only re-



"SQUIRE, I WANT THE POST-OFFICE"

vehicle to draw him ahead of the machine; but here was the Stigley faction ready to accept Wheeven, and there would be some among the Democrats who would push his canvass. Verily, the old squire was a shrewd one. He had anticipated the situation perfectly.

"I think, Mr. Stigley, we'd better make a strong stand together and be sure of it. If we take Eliab, as I'd originally planned, there will be lots of other good things for you to choose from. There's the sheriff in two years, and the Legislature next year; meantime there are several smaller plums, such as highway commissioner, superintendent of schools, and so on. Now, are you with me?"

member this—don't make a move yourself. Unless ye want to lose it, don't show yerself in the open. Better go fishing for a week. Remember, not a word, even to Dorcas!"

"Supper 's been waitin' a hour," snapped Miss Tumley as her brother, with mouth drawn down a bit, entered the room with slow steps. "Where've ye been?"

"Up to the village," he replied gloomily. "I guess, Lurinda, ye won't be troubled with my being in politics after this. I guess a new man will run the machine."

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. For, although given to decrying her

brother's activity in politics as being immoral, she could no more conceive of his abandoning his party leadership than of his losing his title of "the old squire." "Will the new man give the post-office to the elder's brother?"

"I don't think so," replied the squire, with a faint smile. "Both Philbrick and Stigley want it."

"Who'll git it? I hope I won't have to see that Philbrick's smug face every time I go to the office. And I'm tired of lookin' at Stigley and his squinty eyes. Why is it that they always pick out such men to read yer postal cards?"

"I don't know," he mumbled. "But the new man, Lawyer Fox, will fix all that."

The next day rumors began to creep lamely about, then to fly, that Squire Tumley had been ousted by the energetic newcomer. Stigley did not want the post-office again. Philbrick did. On the second day several other citizens discovered that they had as much right to the position as Philbrick had, and Mr. Fox received many callers. And each and every one of the prospective candidates left him declaring:

"Wal, if I can't have it, why should Philbrick? If we're to take a new start, let's not use any old timber. Philbrick has had all the town offices."

Before the week was out the new leader announced his position. He believed in giving the heretofore unrecognized a show. Under present conditions, with so many candidates and so many cross-purposes, he wanted all his friends to unite on the one available citizen, the one who had made no bid for the job—Eliab Wheeven.

The town had not recovered from its astonishment when caucus day arrived. At the very outset, Mr. Fox made a ringing speech, showing just why Eliab was the only choice. It was a sad thing to see the grand old party split in twain on such a minor question. The G. O. P. should be united. The Stigley faction were opposed to the Hon. Mr. Philbrick, and the Hon. Mr. Philbrick and his many friends were as strongly opposed to the Hon. Mr. Stigley, or any of his friends. Should the G. O. P. remain in a hopeless muddle, and allow the Democrats to steal the indorsement

of either faction and to ring in an enemy? Never! Unite! Unite on Eliab Wheeven, well known, well liked, and a life-long resident of the county.

As a result of this effort the caucus unanimously voted to instruct the local Congressman to obtain the appointment of Eliab.

Mrs. Wheeven was naturally elated. The dormant qualities of her husband had at last been recognized. And Eliab, returning from his fishing-trip, called on the young lawyer and thanked him warmly.

"I had hoped," he said in leaving, and his right hand mechanically sought his double chin, "that my worth would have been discovered by a neighbor, and not left for a stranger to point out."

The young lawyer winced. He wanted to be regarded as one of the mainstays of the town, not as an interloper.

"I had expected," continued Eliab, turning in the doorway, "that such an old friend as Squire Tumley would have worked for me. But I guess old friends ain't always the best. Why, attorney, that man actually discouraged me at the start. And when he saw I was bound to git it, what does he do but advise me to keep shut and go fishing! And I trusted him and went, when I ought to have been here fighting my own fight."

Eliab shook his head in sorrow as he passed down the stairs. A cloud passed over Mr. Fox's face, and he gave a low whistle. Again he peered into his inkwell, and again he found truth.

"Told you to go fishing, eh?" he murmured. Then he meekly bowed his head over his book and mumbled: "Sly old fellow! Had heard I was to boom Wheeven, eh? Going to oust him as leader, eh? I wonder if he has any more cards he wants me to play!"

The appointment was speedily made, and at last Mrs. Wheeven enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of standing at the small window when her husband was away on a fishing-trip, which was very often, and handing out the mail. It made all the difference in the world in her social status, she found, on which side of the window she stood. On the inside, accosted by the high and the low, she became a person of consequence. She was invited to take a prominent part

in all church affairs, much to Miss Tumley's disgust, and was appointed to the ladies' auxiliary committees. It was very sweet, and she felt very kindly toward the young lawyer who had made it all possible.

As she handed out the old squire's mail she was a bit more precise and a bit more expeditious than usual. But if she reflected on his failure to help her husband's fight for the office, she showed it not. And he, when buying a stamp, or receiving his weekly paper, never congratulated her on Eliab's victory. At such times they stood so near that he could not help but notice her whitening hair and her pale and pinched cheeks; yet in her eyes he caught the glance that carried him back to his far-away youth. Although he smiled a bit sadly, he could not help but live over the old times, and see only a face full of girlish beauty.

One day he met the young attorney at the door, and cordially saluted him.

"Young folks will take the reins in their own hands every now and then, and drive wherever they please," he smiled genially, crooking his thumb toward the little window with the least perceptible motion. "They must feel very grateful to you."

The young attorney looked his appreciation, but concluded by eying the old man furtively as he said:

"We young folks would feel better if the old driver were to return and take the reins again."

"Trying to let me down easy, eh?" grinned the old squire. "And me dumped!"

"And you on a vacation, you mean," whispered the young lawyer, a bit shamefaced. "Oh, I knew it was only a vacation! I've tired of driving. Just give me any old kind of a seat when you return."

"Tut, tut!" expostulated the squire.



"I CAN'T FIND IT, LURINDA"

The effect of the office on Eliab was pronounced. He dressed better, and recovered much of his old elasticity. He repaired his house on a scale that many thought his salary scarcely warranted.

He grew haughty to the squire. He had so long been accustomed to seek the old man's aid that he enjoyed the novelty of being brusque. And he could not forget that the squire had advised him to go fishing when his appointment was at stake. Once, when the squire's box-rent, twenty-five cents, was a day overdue, he wrote him a caustic note calling attention to the fact. The old squire smiled in his whimsical fashion and shook his head sorrow-

fully. He would almost prefer the old order of things. He had grown so accustomed to aiding his needy neighbor that he rather missed the signals of distress.

"Thank goodness," cried his sister, giving her bonnet a sharp twitch as she prepared to leave for a church sewing-circle, "ye ain't been called on to help them Wheevens for nine months now. I guess we're shut of 'em for good. That is, if he can git the office another term. An', Lordy, how precise we are when we meet! Dorcas always calls me 'Miss Tumley' now. She'll be there to-night, an' like as not will talk about us if she gits there first. Now, where's them mits?"

"In the right hand," reminded the squire. Then he added: "But don't say that, Lurinda. Dorcas never talks about no one. She's a good, clever woman."

"Man call me clever an' I'd scratch him," she replied over her thin shoulder. "Sounds if I was a hoss. Leave the porch door unbolted."

Alone with his reveries, the squire lighted a pipe and leaned back to enjoy tracing out his days from his earliest remembrance. Now he was a boy, and

could smell the apple-blossoms on the old place. Why had he never hunted up the old swimming-hole? He would do it before another snow.

Now he was a young man, experiencing his first thoughts of love. It was a pleasure to go to the academy, even when all outdoors called him to be a companion. Across the first aisle—no, it was the second; he was getting forgetful—sat Dorcas. How sweetly pretty she was! What a world of laughter in her eyes as she stole a timid glance at him! What a wealth of music in her voice!

"Alone, squire?" she asked.

He sat motionless for a few seconds with his old head bowed, bent to catch the voice again. Then he slowly wheeled, and—yes, it was Dorcas. She had been hastening; for there was a hint of color in her face.

"Why, Dorcas," he mumbled, half expecting the schoolmaster, so long dead and dust, to correct him—"why, Dorcas, I—I guess I was asleep. Sit down."

"I saw you smoking through the window," she explained rapidly. "Lurinda out? I'm glad. Squire, I'm in a hurry, and in trouble. Trouble on Eliab's account. And he ain't to blame, either. Just his carelessness."

"What is it, Dorcas?" he inquired kindly, laying aside his pipe.

"Why, he had a hundred dollars paid in to-day for money orders, and he's either mislaid it in the office or lost it out of his coat," she cried hurriedly. "He can't remember whether he slipped it in his coat for safe-keeping, or left it in the office. I've been there alone all the afternoon, and ain't seen it."

"But he'll probably find it in the morning," said the squire, smiling to think that they still brought him troubles.

"Oh, but he must have it to-night," she cried, wringing her hands. "The post-office inspector is over to Whitneyville, so the stage-driver just told us, and will be here to-morrow morning."

The squire jumped from his chair, and began searching for his hat. He realized what it meant if the office was found short. And a hundred dollars lost or—well, a hundred dollars missing—would be as hard for Eliab to replace as a thousand. His hat found, he began a search for money. By borrowing

a little from his sister's purse he could make it.

"Come!" he said, and for the first time since the old academy days she clung to his arm and passed out into the dark road.

She gave a little sigh of relief as they neared the post-office, and she rested more heavily on him for support.

"First, put this in the till," he told Eliab, who was pawing over some newspapers with trembling hands.

The postmaster drew a deep breath as he clutched the precious notes.

"That saves me!" he panted, wiping the sweat from his pallid face.

"Mebbe we'll find it in the morning, dear," soothed his wife.

He stole one furtive glance at the reproachful face of the old squire, and then stepped back from the rays of the dim lamp.

"I don't think so," he mumbled. "I'm afraid I slipped it into my coat pocket and lost it outside. But I'll make this up quick, squire. If Fox got me the office, you've saved it for me!"

As Mrs. Wheeven preceded them to the door, the old squire laid a hand gently on the other's shoulder, and whispered:

"Don't do it again, Eliab. Don't slip office money into your coat again. If you ever need any ready money come to me, but don't ever have to send that woman out into the night searching for help again! Thank God to-night that she does not know. But remember, Eliab, never again. Promise me!"

"So help me God, squire, never again."

When the squire's sister returned home that night she found him searching his pockets, while a poor simulation of perplexity wreathed his cheery face.

"I can't find it, Lurinda. Plumb lost it—a hundred dollars. Made me a little short until I can git to the bank, so I've borrowed ten dollars of your egg money."

"First ye lose the leadership of the machine, as the elder calls it; and now ye lose yer money!" she sniffed.

"I guess I've lost the money for a while," he chuckled, slapping his empty pocket. "But the elder's mistook. I'm still boss of the machine!"